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My Literary Life

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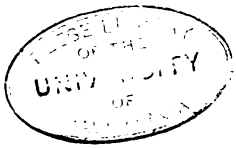

MY LITERARY LIFE

MME. EDMOND ADAM.

From an etching made in 1879.

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MY LITERARY LIFE

MME. EDMOND ADAM
(JULIETTE LAMBER)

1904
D. APPLETON & CO.
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COLLEGE OF
UNIVERSITY

REESE

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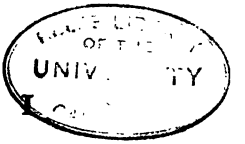
MY LITERARY LIFE



CHAPTER I

MY EARLY LITERARY PURSUITS

THE house in which I was condemned to live through my unfortunate marriage was a most gloomy one. Its principal frontage looked as though it were pushed back to the end of a narrow court-yard by a building two stories higher. Behind the house was an immense and threatening wall that cast its shade over our very small garden.

How often I thought, while living there, of my father's small house, so prettily framed in verdure, and of my grandmother's comfortable and spacious residence.

I was to pass three years here, my husband having agreed to put in order the very litigious affairs of an aunt who had recently become a widow and who had left him some of her property. I knew no one in Soissons but this very small aunt, who had lost a very large husband. Everything

he had left behind him was in accordance with his own size—horses, carriages, furniture, were all colossal—and Aunt Vatrin remained crushed even by the ghost of a disproportionate husband.

Now, what could one do in such a house except to make dreams? I dreamed, I read, I tried to write. Fifteen months after my marriage I had the greatest joy of my life, when I became a mother.

My father and husband became reconciled when my daughter was born. I nursed my little Alice, who was, alas! very delicate. I worked with her beside me or else I took her walks, in all kinds of weather, in little Aunt Vatrin's garden. The latter had rented a portion of her house and garden to Monsieur Riballier, the organist of the cathedral, and a composer of talent.

Monsieur and Madame Riballier, who had no children, took a great fancy to my young daughter and to me. He finished my musical education, and she amused my little Alice with toys that were constantly renewed.

One day I took Monsieur Riballier some poetry I had written: Myosotis. He found it pretty, and composed a charming air to the words—tying, as it were, a ribbon of harmony around my little bouquet of *Forget-me-nots*.

He had it published by Hengel,* at Paris. Really at Paris! I was wild with delight. I can still see myself as I sang it, holding the published music and poetry of Myosotis in my hands and feasting my eyes on the *published* words, although I knew them by heart.

Monsieur and Madame Riballier often entertained at their house during the summer the owners of the châteaux in the environs of Soissons. He was called "the marvellous organist," and he gave lessons to the young sons and daughters of the notable families round about. They had a reception every week, at which five or six of his pupils would sing, and play on the organ and piano. One day the authoress of Myosotis sang the song, accompanied by the composer. It was a great success, and they were encored twice.

Among those present was Monsieur de Courval, who inquired about my "work," and said to me, "that a Comtesse de Courval had also been a writer." Ah! that "also," how much I was flattered by it.

Monsieur de Courval invited me and Monsieur and Madame Riballier to spend a day at the Château de Courval, together with several of his

* The principal musical publisher of Paris —Translator's note.

friends who were present at the Riballiers' on that occasion. It was at Courval that I first heard the legend of Blanche de Coucy, about which I wrote my first work of length—about fifteen pages..

My father thought my Myosotis and my Blanche de Coucy rather good, but he advised me not to let them turn my head, "as they could not pass," he said, "as having been inspired by the age of Pericles." This jeering humiliated, but did not discourage me. On the contrary.

I took up at that time some serious reading, which my father had reproached me for neglecting. For a year I had taken no interest in anything except poetry.

I have said before * that my husband was a Positivist. I was scarcely married before he began to fall upon me with his doctrines. I could not say a word without bringing upon myself some epithet, the sense of which I did not quite understand, through ignorance, but whose contempt I felt.

It is difficult, now, to imagine the infatuation that Auguste Comte's partisans felt for him at that time.

A Positivist held in his hands—and no one was allowed to question it—the past, the present, and

* The Romance of my Childhood and Youth.

the future. Science and philosophy, governed by the Positivist mind, bowed beneath the Master's ferule, the "one alone," who, amid all the great reformers of humanity, had understood "entire universality." All that the human mind thought it possessed, outside of positivism, must necessarily be dissolved in it: religion, knowledge, social problems, etc. When Monsieur Lamessine pronounced the word humanity you felt crushed beneath it, because you were obliged to evoke at this word all that man had ever been since the first created one, all that he was at the present moment, all that he would be "world without end."

To this he could not make me say "Amen." I listened, for a time, to these imposing affirmations, but finally they exasperated me to such a degree that I plunged headlong into the reading of Auguste Comte's very ponderous and very numerous volumes.

Oh, what wearisome length of phrases, how many oft-repeated adverbs weighed them down! How much easier to digest was Proudhon, whose works my father had made me read, and how much less overwhelming were the pamphleteer's demolitions than Auguste Comte's massive constructions.

One can fancy what manner of distraction such daily reading was for a young woman. I was

obliged to prove that I understood the "one Master." I was forced to discuss the double tendencies of egotism and self-interest, or those of altruists or unselfish persons, on the historical developments of these inclinations, the groundwork of humanity and the future basis of true justice, on the great classification of humanitarian periods, on the conformation between Positivist philosophy and Republican ideas.

Ah, no, no! Being a sincere Republican, I protested strongly against this last theory, declaring with proofs in hand, that the political philosophy of Comtism was made up of authoritative ideas, and that it barred all the roads through which Democracy could pass.

Positivism had already established this singular rule in the minds of its initiated: that they should not admit the discussion of any of its texts, but that by the example of their lives, guided by these texts, they might accommodate themselves, however, to all manner of circumstances.

On the one hand, my husband was enthusiastic in speaking of Clothilde de Vaux, and put on airs of mystical compunction, while on the other hand, he denied the power of love and of idealism.

"The Master," converted by Clothilde, declared that life should be led by feeling, the disciple

affirmed "that love was an emotion that tended to disappear." But it should not be adduced from this that the "Master" and disciple were not in perfect accord.

I cannot describe with what disdain Monsieur Lamessine treated me, nor how many accusations of childishness he showered upon me when I spoke of my Homeric gods.

"You are belated, in the metaphysical phase, in the search for the absolute—that is to say, in absurd 'primal and final causes,'" my husband said to me.

I took Positivism in utter abhorrence at that time. "The Humanitarian doctrine," Monsieur Lamessine went on preaching, "is tangible. We know what it is, from whence it comes, and whither it is going. Immanent justice is a different thing from the partial, capricious justice of a Jehovah, a Jupiter, or an incomprehensible Threefold God; yes, quite a different thing from hypothetical eternal justice! To believe that the future will live from us, as we live from the past, to know that our bodies will go to fecundate Nature, as she has fecundated us, that is something certain, positive."

"Phew! all that is very illusive," I replied. "You drown yourself, your thoughts, your conscience, your morality, your responsibilities, in the

'universal' because you are not upheld or bound by anything. You Positivists are fluctuating, you are infirm persons with weak eyelids, who only half raise them, and who only see what is beneath and around you, without ever looking upward. The humanity of your Auguste Comte is a half-blind humanity. It only conceives what it accepts. It legitimizes the law of the strongest, of the most audacious, even of the most contemptible. To arrest the search for the unknown, for what is incomprehensible, and for all truths except those we can spell out; to accept that everything ends, where interrogation becomes mysterious—ah! no; I will never accept that."

"You intoxicate yourself with words whose sense you do not understand," Monsieur Lamessine said to me in a fit of anger. "All your ideas about research, the unknown, are very well known and already classed in their ancestral rank. The idea that morality is received from Heaven, that love of country comes from a circumscribed corner of the earth, ah! that is thoroughly false. The foolish absurdities about religion and country have been discarded, and rejected into the past, and the clear minds of Positivists are forever delivered from them."

I should have become idiotic had I continued to

read Auguste Comte's works exclusively, and to discuss them. Happily, I had an adviser, a very intelligent man, the librarian of the town library, with whom I had become on friendly terms, and who guided my studies a little.

Having found Auguste Comte's works in our library, I did not speak to him about them; but one day, being specially bored by my husband's oft-repeated conversation on this theme, I questioned him about the "great Master" of Positivism.

"Oh! as to that man," he said, "I have an especial aversion to him. He ought to be shut up in a mad-house. To tell the truth, he was really crazy from 1826 to 1828. Saint-Simonism had already turned his brain, and he delivered popular lectures on astronomy that completely upset it. The calculation of probabilities has always been beyond his power. His religion of Humanity has but one object: to make himself a pope. His letters are written like pontifical briefs. In the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, where he resides, he has an altar in his apartment, and he lives from it. He supports himself by the religion he has invented. It is really amusing to see a man who has disowned all religions, ancient and modern, take one he has founded out of his pocket at the proper moment,

for his own personal benefit. And then, besides, this materialist and positivist has become mystical, and is platonically in love with Clothilde de Vaux. He is simply a fraud."

Some exceedingly bitter discussions between my husband and myself followed my librarian's revelations.

When the house became no longer bearable, by reason of these disputes, I would go to pass a few days with my beloved aunts, Chivres being only a few leagues from Soissons. My daughter improved in health and took much pleasure there, on account of the donkey, Rousset, the hens and rabbits.

Aunt Sophie always felt the greatest interest in all that occupied my mind. I spoke to her of Auguste Comte, of my conjugal quarrels apropos of Positivism. She advised me not to reply by a single word to my husband on this subject. I followed her advice, and soon no more great discussions about Auguste Comte took place, except between Monsieur Lamessine and my father when they met. Both being very violent, they waged veritable battles against each other.

Every family, at this time, had some "system" to which it was devoted. My father, who was a phalansterian, desired the happiness of the majority. My husband, a Comtist, declared that a select

few alone should govern the masses, with this principle: "Regulate the present by balancing the past against the future." On the theory, "No God, no King," they were both agreed; but when my husband spoke of certain ideas of Auguste Comte's, which he had designated under the name of "revolutionary maladies," they had endless disputes.

My father admired Littré, who refused to bow down to the "pontiff," and he made many jokes about Auguste Comte's love-affairs. Firstly, about his matrimonial misfortunes, and his choice of an extremely light woman as wife, and then on the passion of the old "Hindu priest" for the blond and langourous Clothilde de Vaux.

My husband replied, "that what Auguste Comte felt for Clothilde was not passion, but the Positivist sympathy for a superior mind." And he related endless stories about the Master's chastity.

"Involuntary chastity," replied my father, "idealism suffered with regret, a sorrowful continency, with which he often bitterly reproached his lady-love, but which was imposed on him by this clever and romantic woman, who had had a legend invented about herself by an old corrupt man."

My father discovered a book which he brought to me, and which, he said, would wash my mind clean of all the too positive insanities of Comtism.

It was Leconte de Lisle's Poèmes Antiques. We could not praise the work enough, whose elevated inspiration was derived from pure Homeric sources.

I wished Aunt Sophie to admire them also, but she had read somewhere that this "young author" had called Virgil "a Byzantine," and had written "that in their civilisation the Romans were not superior to the Dacians," and she refused to read a single page of it.

"This gentleman," she said, "pretends that there has been no true poetry written since that of Sophocles, until his own. Lamartine, Victor Hugo, de Musset, not to speak of the present poets, count for nothing, it seems, according to this conceited young man. Don't speak of him to me, dear niece, don't speak of him!"

When, having returned to Soissons, I went to Aunt Vatrin's with my daughter and her nurse, I passed through a small street in which the Revenue Office was situated, the manager of which was Monsieur Ratisbonne, who was very intimate with the Under Prefect, Monsieur Papillon de la Ferté, the son of the author of a book on the Vie des Peintres, and who had been guillotined in 1794. The Under Prefect of Soissons said that one should make merry while one had the chance, as no one knew

what might happen, in proof of which was his grandfather's unfortunate fate.

These two men alarmed me very much by their haste to rush to the windows as I passed, and by their impressive bows. People did not flirt in the provinces in those days, and I would have been severely criticised had I merely smiled at these two gay bachelors, already past their prime.

I became acquainted at that time with two of my best and most faithful friends—Monsieur de Marcère, then a very young barrister, who became later in life a minister of state, and with Lieutenant Guioth, who rose to the rank of a general and the commander of the 12th Army Corps. After the War of 1870 he became the aide-de-camp of the Duke d'Aumale, and was made officer of the Legion of Honour at Metz, for a brilliant feat of arms. He was born in Lorraine, and having always suspected Bazaine of treachery, he was able to enlighten his commander-in-chief, the Duke d'Aumale, at the time of the dramatic court-martial. Guioth wrote out all the reports, we can imagine with what sorrow, for he had lost by the traitor's crime his province, his small country.

Many years after, one day when the Duke d'Aumale was talking to me of the Bazaine court-martial, and of Guioth, whom the Prince called "our

friend," he repeated to me the words he had said at the time of the court-martial.

"Guioth's conscience and mine are both full of indignation," and he added, "because the desperately ambitious man whom we were trying was perfectly conscious of his acts, and of the harm that might result from them."

"Do you believe, Prince, that this man realized that the fate of France was imperilled by what he was doing?"

"Yes, and he preferred the most dastardly, dishonourable personal intrigues to it."

But we have wandered far from 1855.

CHAPTER II

I GO TO PARIS

ONE of my cousins, Madame Fischer, of Laon, came to see me as she was passing through Soissons, and as we were talking of literature, she spoke indignantly of a book, whose author was the son of the head editor of the Journal de l'Aisne.

"This young fellow," she said, "has made our city, Laon, ridiculous forever. It is odious of him. In our own family we have had several of its members victimized by this Champfleury in his Bourgeois de Molinchard."

As soon as my cousin had left, I ran to the library and found the dreadful book. As I knew the greater part of the persons caricatured in it, I was greatly amused. It is a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind.

The greatest public event of that time, besides the Crimean War, which we of the opposition party continued to blame, and whose slow action we criticised, attributing it to the carelessness in the orders given, and to the insufficiency of the English army, the greatest event, as I have said, was the Universal Exhibition.

My husband advised me to wean my daughter, to leave her with my parents, and to go and join him in Paris, where he proposed at first to remain some months before taking up our final residence there.

I was really to know Paris! The thought alone terrified me. I felt my fate was to be decided there. My grandmother's spirit seemed to take possession of me as soon as Paris assumed a fateful place in my life.

"Bah! don't be afraid of it," my father said to me. "Step into it bravely. Look Paris in the face. One of two things will happen: either you will become somebody, as your unhappy grandmother hoped and desired, and, in that case, the trials of your unfortunate marriage will not have been unnecessary, or you will break the chains of your moral servitude and will return to your father, with whom you will have, if not a happy life, at least one freed from your matrimonial responsibilities, which make me anxious for the future."

My father only said *anxious;* but being aware of many things of which I was ignorant, he was already frightened. I knew this a long time afterward by the zeal which Monsieur Lamessine evinced in putting into practice one of his favourite formulas: "We must aid social corruption, in order

that a new vegetation may spring all the sooner from it."

Paris! "the height that you must climb," as my grandmother so often repeated to me. "Paris! the Minotaur, that devours its victims without a cry escaping from the labyrinth," as grandfather said.

Paris! I was really in Paris, where the Universal Exhibition was at its height. Twenty thousand exhibitors from thirty-six nations were gathered within a few hundred square feet at the Palais de l'Industrie, where they displayed the wonders of their productions, the riches of their countries, and their practical art under all its forms.

I said over to myself the figures that were talked of, and the impressions that overcame me when, as a child, I first saw the sea, could alone compare with what I felt. It would be impossible to imagine the bewilderment that a provincial woman experienced on coming to Paris for the first time at the sight of all the quantities of hitherto unknown things that rose before her eyes.

One of our friends, who had been present at the opening of the Exhibition, had told me, on his return, of the overwhelming sensation he had felt; but, being a Republican, like my father, he saw many disadvantageous sides to it. It would de-

liver up to strangers the secrets of our manufactures and would ruin trade in the provinces, for all those who were attracted by novelties would empty their woollen stockings to buy Parisian or foreign articles, and then the grotesque inauguration would make other nations laugh. "Had not Plon-Plon put on the uniform of a general of division brought back intact from the Crimea?" The smile with which the word *intact* was accentuated was suggestive. Those who lived at that time could alone understand the allusions to "bullets" and to "fright" which this word implied. "And then," added my friend, "the Emperor's famous speech to the said Prince, his cousin, which ended with these words: 'I rejoice to open this Temple of Peace, which invites all nations to concord.' 'Ah, no!' said sensible persons like ourselves, 'that is carrying things rather too far, to dare to speak thus during this interminable Crimean War, when they are killing Russians to please the Turks, and are getting killed themselves, for the sole benefit of English interests. To speak of peace at this time is a manner of challenge thrown out to public opinion. And the proof of this is, that Napoleon III is impatient at not being able to proclaim some brilliant feats of war, for Alma and Inkermann already date some time back. The splendid attack

on the *Mamelon Vert* does not compensate in his eyes for the check the Franco-English forces have suffered. The Emperor,' they said, 'wished to relieve Pélissier of his command, but MacMahon, with his blunt frankness, prevented him.' "

I repeated and wrote all the political gossip to my father, but I did not take part in the Parisians' jokes about the Palais de l'Industrie and its ugliness.

"Paris is smothered since they have shut off her perspective view from the Champs-Élysées," was the current reproach; "the provincials are encumbering us; the strangers are ruining us, putting up all the prices," they added, etc.

What dominated my thoughts was wonderment. Two weeks had scarcely initiated me to the hundredth part of all I wished to know, and then there were the museums, a whole world in themselves!

We lived at an hotel on the Place Louvois. As soon as I had a spare moment, I ran, alone, to the Museum of Antiquities. My gods were there, living, palpitating under the marble. I saw Grecian beauty, triumphant, made divine in the Venus of Milo.

From that moment I was pursued by the desire to live in an apartment on the Rue de Rivoli, near the Court of the Louvre. What comfort I could

find there, on the threshold of my temple! But my enthusiasm was dampened and crushed as soon as I crossed the Boulevards, or when I was hemmed in by the crowd, for I said to myself that never, never could I make the smallest place for myself in this multitude, in all this tumult, in the capital's immensity, where everything seemed to me full to overflowing and crowded to excess.

I went to the Imperial Library. What urged me to go there when I knew I was of no account? Would a book conceived by the mind that my Aunt Sophie and my father had so strangely educated and formed ever find a special pigeon-hole amid so many *chefs-dœuvres?* The more I wandered about Paris, the more I became conscious of the impossibility for me to become somebody.

The only thing which distinguished me from other people, and which I was obliged to recognise because it was so often said to me, was that my youthful presence was attractive. Madame Récamier's famous little chimney-sweeps became known to me. People looked at me and murmured a complimentary word; but this manner of success would suddenly frighten me in this Paris, of whose dangers and allurements I was aware.

I ask myself now, how we could have been pretty with our hair worn in flat bands and in knots at

our necks, with ungraceful curls falling from them, and our frightful bonnets with strings and ruffles at the back?

My husband took great pleasure in telling me of the daily scandals of Parisian life. I knew them all, perhaps exaggerated, and they terrified me, so that the smallest compliment seemed offensive to me. Those who addressed them to me certainly had their minds filled with the stories I knew myself, and, at a first glance, thought me, no doubt, belonging to the class of "cocodettes." Brought up, as I had been, by my grandmother, mother and my aunts, all of whom were savagely punctilious where there was question of light conduct or of honour, I was fairly shamed when these compliments were made to me.

The theatre was the one taste in common shared by my husband and myself; I laughed, I cried, I was enthusiastic when I went to one. I saw Frédéric Lemaître, of whom my father had spoken to me as the greatest actor of the century, at a beneficiary representation. He played an act of Les Trente ans, ou la vie d'un Jouer. The gambler came on the stage, his features drawn and deeply lined by suffering and by vice, a repulsive and heart-rending face at once; his clothes betrayed great poverty, although the arrangement of the rags he

wore gave evidence that he tried to hide it. His hair was all dishevelled from sleeping in wretched hovels. His hand trembled and rested weakly on a stick, which from its form alone, and its worn-out appearance, revealed the aimless wanderings of a homeless man. All this was suggested, one felt it, and it inspired pity and disgust together.

Frédéric Lemaître had no longer any teeth, he could hardly speak, but what expression in his face, what gestures! All his acting showed such grief in degradation that it made you feel absolute anguish to see him play this part. They said Frédéric Lemaître was finished. But such an artist never is.

I saw Rachel at the Théâtre Français in all her tragic beauty, when she played Andromaque, at her last but one representation, on the 23d of July. She left a few days after for America.

Eetion's daughter, Hector's wife, appeared before me, as she is described by Homer, by Virgil, Euripides, Racine, and all those who have sung the praises of Astyanax's mother, the legitimized slave of Pyrrhus and Helenus. Never was virtue, sorrow, revolt, the latter dominated by the knowledge of fatality and felt by a modern heart, so vividly portrayed as by Rachel. Never was the woman of antiquity dressed in more noble folds, never was a

Frenchwoman more elegantly draped. Rachel's charm and art were to personify Greece itself, and at the same time all the epochs in which Greece has been comprised. She is still present in my memory, as she has never ceased to be since I saw and heard her, whenever I have read of a daughter of Athens or of Troy.

When Rachel had gone, the public rushed to see Ristori, who was splendidly supported by Rossi, then very young and unknown. He played Paolo to her Francesca da Rimini, and his success was almost equal to Ristori's. Those representations at the Salle Ventadour delighted me beyond words. Some persons with narrow minds, incapable of feeling a two-fold admiration, were determined to call Ristori a rival to Rachel. The two great tragediennes resembled each other in nothing. They could only be criticised by contrasting them.

Madame Ristori in Myrrha, in Marie Stuart, in Alfieri's Antigone, was sublime, but everything was different in her and in Rachel: their acting, their comprehension of the character of a rôle, and their attitudes. Alfieri suppresses action; there are no confidants, no lovers, whom he deems useless. He creates situations by dialogues alone. Madame Ristori delineated the effects of passion externally, so to speak, by expressing its cruelties. Rachel

graduated passion by increasing, restrained effects. Her idea of intensity was that it must be profound, and depicted half inwardly. Rachel personified tragedy, Ristori the tragic.

Monsieur de Lamartine, Théophile Gautier, and Alexandre Dumas were loud in their admiration of Ristori. Legouvé, Scribe, Jules Janin, all three, extolled her, a little the less for her talent, it was said, than to revenge themselves on Rachel.

Monsieur Fould went to Ristori in the Emperor's name, begging her not to leave Paris, and endeavouring to persuade her that she would make a greater reputation for herself at the Théâtre Français than anywhere else, above all, than in Italy.

Madame Ristori quickly unravelled the various reasons which, outside of sincere admiration for her, influenced some of her friends to be exaggeratedly fanatical about her. Legouvé and Scribe could not forgive Rachel, the first for the non-success of his Médée and both of them for her caprices about Adrienne Lecouvreur. Jules Janin still felt hurt about certain things she had said of him.

Madame Ristori answered: "I am an Italian woman. I have the temperament of my race, its spontaneity, an accent that would be shocking in the house of Molière. My education would need

to be remade, for it is far from classical. I desire nothing more than what has been given to me in France. The kindness with which they have overwhelmed me, and which is expressed for my country's art, for my nation's welfare, and for myself, makes me deeply grateful. How could I take a Frenchwoman's place, when it is as an Italian woman that I am specially happy at being applauded?"

Madame Ristori was one of the first to make oppressed Italy loved in France. Cavour wrote to her: "Brava! in the name of Italy *unified*, which you serve by your success." The majority of the Imperialists were enthusiastic over Italy's struggles for liberty, and Victor Emmanuel won a place, even in our Republican admiration.

Madame Ristori became a great friend of Legouvé during her first sojourn in Paris. She had played his Adrienne Lecouvreur in Italy, and the following year his Médée, translated by Montanelli, with immense success in France.

A few days before our departure from Paris, in the early part of September, we heard the news of the attack on Malakoff, the Russians' defeat, and of the taking of Sebastopol. The joy at the success of our army was great in all parties, but we were grieved at the thought that our victories

were shared by the English. At the *table d'hôte*, where we had become acquainted with several persons, a retired officer exclaimed, to every one's delight: "At last we can become again friends with the Cossack's and Albion's enemy."

Towards the end of our stay in Paris, my husband wished to take me to see Auguste Comte. He spoke to me about an "initiation," a "Comtist marriage," "a blessing on our union," which he desired me to accept, or undergo. I was so carried away with indignation that he did not press the subject.

After I returned to Soissons, I took no interest save in things concerning Paris. What was taking place in literature, new philosophical ideas, and politics alone occupied my mind. I wrote long letters to my father about the "events."

I cannot describe what highly important conversations I had with my friend Pauline Barbereux, my daughter's godmother, whose father, a barrister, was my husband's companion in pleasures and in hunting, and who gave his wife the same cares, sorrows, and anxieties as those I had myself. Madame Barbereux shut herself up and wept. I occupied my mind and exchanged ideas with her daughter, who adored my little girl, whom we brought up together. Pauline Barbereux and my-

self were enormously interested in the Treaty of Peace with Russia. As soon as we could sum up forty years between us, we considered our "maturity" complete, and, in our conversations together, we recognised that we each held surprising views on European affairs.

My father, to whom I communicated our superior appreciation of things in general, did not seem to think them of much account. He was absorbed in the movement of public opinion. He had long since forgiven his "dear exiles," Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc, and was impatiently awaiting their return. The failure of Edmond About's Guillery, at the Théâtre Français, had delighted him. "When the students hissed the *joker* who made sport of contemporaneous Greece they also hissed the so-called son of Voltaire and the prop of Plon-Plon's anteroom. The too trifling writer, and Voltaire's plagiarist, had learned at his own expense that popularity is not solely acquired by courting power, or by disrespect shown to a people just freed from the bloody clutches of a conqueror. The non-success of Guillery is entirely political," my father added, "and is also a protestation directed against the author's personality, for the play itself, it seems, is good, and Got is marvellous in it."

The opposition journals cried out loudly against Guillery, its immorality, and against the influence of Imperial corruption, "which was filtering through everything more and more. There were such scandalous things in Edmond About's play," they wrote, "that they could not be repeated except with veiled faces." Every one wished to hear them, but proper-minded persons did not dare to smile at them.

CHAPTER III

MY FURTHER LIFE IN PARIS

FEBRUARY had come, and Pauline Barbereux and I continued to read and talk together. My daughter, who was eighteen months old, would play with our journals, which we would give her, and would accompany our conversations with a sort of monotonous chant that delighted us.

Alphonse Karr was publishing at this time weekly papers in the Siècle which recalled his Guêpes, under the title of Bourdonnements. He criticised crinoline with a great deal of wit and common sense at once. I had courageously resisted the "steel circle," the amplitude of starched petticoats seeming preferable to me, not because men loudly applauded my resistance, for I was not bent on pleasing them, but because I found the fashion grotesque. In one of his articles, Alphonse Karr declared "that there was not a single young or pretty woman in France who did not wear crinoline," whose indiscreet inconveniences he set forth, as shown in stairways, in descending from or getting into a carriage, or when a woman sat down in a too narrow chair.

Pauline Barbereux used to bring me the Siècle, her father being a subscriber to it. She envied me my starched petticoats and detested crinoline, which her mother made her wear as being "more proper." We read Alphonse Karr's article in turn, out loud. At the passage, "there is not a single young or pretty woman in France who does not wear crinoline," I said to my friend: "I suppose I should write to Alphonse Karr that there is myself?" "Yes, yes, do!" she cried, and I had soon finished my letter. Of course, I did not intend to sign it, so I expatiated complacently on my good looks in the note that accompanied my Reflections. "Yes, Monsieur, there is a pretty woman, twenty years old, who does not wear, and who has never worn, crinoline. There is one in France, in the provinces, and it is myself—Juliette."

I took the liberty of writing a number of reflections on woman's rôle in our epoch. I imitated Alphonse Karr's style as much as I possibly could, and I read my rough copy to Pauline.

"Ah, ah, ah!" cried my little Alice.

Pauline declared the letter superb; she took it from me and dictated it to me solemnly, while I copied it on some gorgeous paper. Having read "the article," as Pauline baptized it, a second time,

I placed it tenderly in a large envelope, sealed it with a beautiful seal bearing the name of Juliette, and we carried our missive to the post-office.

How Pauline and I counted the very hours of the next eight days cannot be described. Would Alphonse Karr speak of my answer? All the week such discussions as we had on the possibilities of this or that!

I had dreamed of Myosotis the night preceding the day on which the Bourdonnements would appear. I thought it a good sign. Would Paris read, on awakening on the 20th of February, 1856, some prose by "Juliette"? But on that day, Pauline entered my room, pale, scarcely able to hold herself up. The Siècle trembled in her hand.

"It is in it, Juliette! The whole of it is in it!"

The whole of it?

We stood, looking at one another, each one holding an end of the paper. We took two chairs, which we placed close together; we unfolded the Siècle. My entire letter was in it. I read it, Pauline reread it. Not a word had been changed!

I burst into tears. Pauline wept. My little Alice, who was playing on the floor, cried at seeing our tears; but her godmother sang to her and consoled her. I thought of my beloved grandmother,

who was dead, for it was in this very room that she had appeared to me, and I cried out:

"Grandmother, I will be a writer!"

I sent the article to my father, and explained to him the reason for my writing it.

"At last," he replied, "I see in this, for the first time, a promise of talent."

The birth of the Prince Imperial, with the Pope as his godfather, made my father furious. "There was an heir to the Empire, and he was vowed to papacy from his birth! Was it not all abominable?"

The time for us to leave Soissons drew near. In a few months my fate would be decided; we were going to live in Paris.

I read with feverish haste all that I could lay my hands on, knowing that I should not have the same leisure at Paris.

The year sped by rapidly. While my husband was looking about in Paris for an apartment, which he wished, like myself, near the Louvre, "astride the two banks," as he said, I went with my daughter to pass three months at Chauny. I heard there, with many unknown details, of the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris by Verger. This Verger was a *protégé* of one of my father's

companions at the Seminary of Beauvais, with whom he had remained friendly. This companion, who belonged to the "Missions," and who died later in China, frightfully martyrized, wrote a long letter to my father, in which he pleaded extenuating circumstances for Verger. My father had his own ideas about it, and indignantly condemned the act.

When I left Chauny with my daughter, to join my husband in Paris, I travelled with Madame Ugalde in the same railway carriage. She talked to me of my daughter, of her own, then of her happy home, and of Fiammina, by Mario Uchard, which had just been played at the Théâtre Français, and about which all Paris was wild.

The celebrated Galatée and I, a *bourgeoise*, were both agreed on this point: that no matter how many passions an actress might feel, no matter what her love for celebrity might be, she was eminently culpable when she abandoned her child, as Fiammina did. It is well known that Mario Uchard wrote his own story in this play, and that Fiammina was Madeleine Brohan.

At last I was living in Paris, Rue de Rivoli, opposite to the Louvre. If my grandmother had been still living, she would have inspired me with some of the confidence she felt in myself.

During the first days, I had but two sensations: that of being isolated in this immense city, and of being oppressed by the noise made by others. I knew no one. Those of my husband's friends whom he presented to me I thought odious. They talked of nothing but business, of easy or difficult money-making. I ought, however, to have been satisfied. One of my dearest desires was realized: I was very near to the Museum of Antiquities, to the temple of my gods.

We had a balcony, and as soon as I would return from my visit to the Tuileries with my daughter, I took up my abode on it, in order to grow accustomed to the noises of Paris, that resounded in my brain as though in a metal vase. I suffered from dreadful neuralgia, which a physician in the quarter finally cured. In talking with Doctor de Bonnard, I discovered that he was in correspondence with my father apropos of a pamphlet of the latter's concerning typhoid fever, of which he had made marvellous cures. This pamphlet he had sent to every doctor in France.

Doctor de Bonnard became my friend. He advised me, as I wrote poetry, to become a member of the Union des Poètes. He was very intimate with Émile Richebourg, a member, who introduced me to the society. Richebourg wrote poetry in a

light vein and was, they said, a *protégé* of old Béranger. He took me one day to see the author of the songs my grandfather sang, up to the very time of his death, and whom he called, lisping solemnly, "the Emperor's poet," and whom my father named "the poet of liberty and of the people." I never met a more charming, fatherly, or simple old man, or one kinder, although in a sarcastic way. I took him what I considered my "finest inspiration." After reading it, he clasped my hands and said: "My child, you will never be a poet, but you may be a writer."

The future hope did not mitigate the criticism. But just as Richebourg had smiled at Béranger's severity to me, and at my unhappy air, so did I smile at him in return, when Béranger added: "It is just like my dear Richebourg, who sincerely thinks himself a poet, a charming poet of light verses! Now, I predict that he will be an ultra-dramatic novel writer, since I heard him relate the story of an assassination he had seen."

Béranger was a prophet. Émile Richebourg wrote many dramatic plays and novels, and is spoken of as "the author of L'Enfant du Faubourg, which appeared in Le Petit Journal, where it had great success. The popular song-maker had divined the popular novel-writer.

Béranger said to me, when I left him: "Good-bye, my child. You will not be offended with me long." I asked him, sadly, why "good-bye" and not "till we meet again"? Had I displeased him?

Shrugging his shoulders, and looking out of the open window, he replied: "I think I shall go before long to see 'the God of good people.'"

He died soon after.

I wrote no more poetry, and gradually gave up going to the Union des Poètes. Richebourg, also, withdrew from it, and soon after he told me, one day, that he had begun to write a novel—Lucienne.

I became acquainted at this time, again through Doctor de Bonnard, with Charles Fauvety, the founder and editor of La Revue Philosophique. There was a gathering once a week at his house, in the Rue de la Michodière, where they talked and discussed philosophy and social science. These questions had always interested me. Madame Jenny d'Héricourt, who had acquired deserved authority in this circle from her serious studies, could not bear that I should take part in debates in which "the most serious questions were proposed and which," she said, "demanded mature knowledge with which to answer them." Both Monsieur Renouvier and Monsieur Fauvety were much

amused at this rivalry, that existed only in Madame d'Héricourt's mind, whose superiority I frankly admitted, but as she became more and more bitter every week, sometimes I lost patience. There was a word in these discussions of which Madame d'Héricourt made too frequent use, which was the word antinomy.

Monsieur Renouvier often spoke of "synthesis, of contrary things, of the different attributes that could be observed at one and the same time, in one human being." Madame d'Héricourt's "antinomies," as can be supposed, easily found a place in these discussions.

Monsieur Renouvier had contributed largely to the Encyclopédie Nouvelle, founded by Pierre Leroux and Jean Reynaud. He had been writing for three years on his great work, Essais de Critique Générale, which he did not finish until many years later, and he also wrote for Monsieur Fauvety's Revue Philosophique, of which he was the most important collaborator. Renouvier was considered the most erudite of all the philosophers of that epoch. He was pronounced superior to Victor Cousin, from whose theories he had separated himself by attacking eclecticism as a doctrine which led to the abasement of man's character. Renouvier was the first to establish, in most admirable deduc-

tions, the connection of the philosophic doctrines of each epoch with the state of science of their times. His ambition was to reform Kantism, and to replace philosophy by criticism. Although admitting, with Kant, that our knowledge cannot go beyond phenomena, he was not a Kantist; although recognising with Auguste Comte that the search for the absolute led to an abyss of error, he was not a Positivist. He condemned the materialism of positivism severely. He affirmed the idea, of course, which Kant and Auguste Comte did not accept, and he separated from them both by a very haughtily expressed opinion, "I establish," he said, "between certitude and faith, between belief and will, an immense connection."

I felt great admiration for Monsieur Renouvier. He had a noble, liberal mind, eager for truth; he possessed strong opinions, but without sectarianism of any kind, which was the besetting sin of the writers in the Revue Philosophique, and especially of Madame Jenny d'Héricourt. One of her bugbears was Proudhon, of whom she could never speak without growing angry. She was the author of a valuable work on the theories of the great dialectician, which I had read, and she was inexpressibly irritated with me because I had had the audacity to speak to her of this book. All

my early youth had been passed in battling with my father about Proudhon. I knew all the phases of his mind, but this Madame d'Héricourt would never admit. "Do you see that silly jade who pretends to explain Proudhon to me," she said to Monsieur Fauvety, who repeated the conversation to me.

"She does not mean to explain him to you, she is only proving to you that she knows him and can pass judgment on your book," replied Monsieur Fauvety.

"A woman of her age know Proudhon! Oh, come now; you have been prompting her!"

Madame Fauvety was an intelligent, intellectual woman. She had received a first prize for tragedy at the Conservatoire, and some persons had endeavoured, a few years before, to rank her as a rival to Rachel. A success she had obtained, and which was brought about especially by a party of friends, induced her to believe that she was, in truth, if not superior to Rachel, at least equal to "Phédre." But Rachel soon put aside this so-called rival. Madame Fauvety thought it was the Émpire and Monsieur de Morny, who had sacrificed her to Rachel, and was consequently one of the most ardent among us to take up arms against "the reign of pleasure."

The Fauvetys had a country house at Asnières, where they lived during the summer, and where they went in winter, when the weather permitted, to pass Sundays and to exercise their "children." The "children" were two handsome dogs, one very small, the other very large. One day I received the following note from Madame Fauvety: "Come to me as soon as you possibly can; we have lost one of our 'children.'"

I went to the Rue de la Michodière. "Zozo," Madame Fauvety said to me, "has disappeared since yesterday morning. You must help me to find him by going to a fortune-teller. I am afraid of sorcerers; Fauvety is strong-minded, and laughs at me about this plan, but, nevertheless, he will be glad, I know, if some one will consult a clairvoyant for us. Go to Edmond, Rue Fontaine, about poor Zozo, I beseech you. Will you go?"

"Very willingly," I replied.

I said to myself, as I was walking to see Edmond, these persons are all shameful charlatans. They have accomplices in the anterooms. I will not answer a word, not even a yes or a no, if any one speaks to me.

I arrived at Edmond's residence, and was ushered into a very dark room. I sat down. Three persons were to go in to consult him before me, and

several others arrived after me. They all seemed much impressed and asked each other many questions. At the end of a quarter of an hour I could have told them all their fortunes. At last my turn came. The drapery over the door was raised for the fourth time, and I went where the three other persons had gone, and whom I did not see again. I entered a rather large drawing-room, sombre in spite of its coloured-glass windows. Edmond was tall and very handsome in his black velvet tunic. His eyes had an earnest and enveloping gaze. After motioning me to sit down, he did likewise, and began playing with some cards, to show, I thought, his beautiful hands. An hour-glass, several stuffed owls, and the symbolical chain Edmond wore over his tunic attracted my attention. We looked attentively at each other. Silence still reigned between us.

"Cut," he said, presenting me the cards. I cut them, and then, holding his cards in his hands:

"You have come," he said at length, slowly, "about a dog."

I started.

"The dog is not lost," he continued. "He has gone back to the country, whither he went to see one of his friends. A lady met him, caught him by the collar, and wishes to keep him. He is now

tied up, but after six weeks she will think he has grown accustomed to the place, and will let him loose. He will escape and go back to the gate of his master's garden. They must be warned, so that he can be let in."

I rose and thanked him.

"But, madame, I have not finished." Edmond added: "I must tell you your fortune."

"My fortune will not be a good one to tell."

"It will be good, as you will hear."

"Ah, no!" I replied, moving toward the door.

Edmond did not move.

"You are fond of formulas," he said. "This is one of yours: 'We are charlatans.'"

"I have not said so to you."

"Yes, charlatans, when we endeavour to disentangle the destiny of a star from out the mazes of the Milky Way."

I approached him.

"But when we have a star visible to the naked eye——"

"What! am I a visible star?"

I sat down.

"You see, I was right," said Edmond, smiling, and then he made me draw cards from out his pack, and told me that in a year I would suddenly become well known from a book I would write, in

answer to one that was being written at that very moment, and then, almost year by year, he predicted to me the life I have since led.

Madame Fauvety was delighted at the news I took her, and even the sceptical Fauvety declared they would search no longer for the dog, but would wait for the six weeks to expire, in order to prove the truth of the sorcerer's predictions. We swore to each other to keep all this a secret. When I returned home I found my mother had arrived to see about a loan my husband had asked my father to make him. Edmond had spoken to me of this, and had said: "Never lend money except to those who can give you guarantees; on no account to any others."

I told my mother, who believed strongly in predictions, all that Edmond had said to me, and she wrote it down and took it to my father, who laughed at my credulity in such a quizzing way that I finally lost patience. I made a bet with him that the dog would be found, leaving each one of us free to choose what the forfeit would be, and my choice was that he should pay for the publication of my famous first book, for I then supposed that I would be obliged to pay for the cost of publishing it.

One fine day the dog went and barked at Ma-

dame Fauvety's garden gate. She had counted the days, and had gone there the day before the six weeks had expired. I was at once informed of Zozo's having been found, and I confess I felt some emotion on learning the news. Did it not make it possible that the other predictions might come true?

When I went, the day after, to my friends' evening reception, Zozo recognised me. His large eyes seemed more expressive than ever, and somewhat tinged with sorcery.

That evening, Messrs. Fauvety and Renouvier talked of Taine, who had just published his Essais de Critique et d'Histoire. Only a year had elapsed between this volume, a veritable monument of knowledge, and the preceding sensational appearance of Les Philosophes Français. In speaking of the Essais, Monsieur Renouvier again expressed his admiration for the Philosophes. "The young writers are admirable, most admirable," he said, and their precursors, such as myself, rarely have the happiness I feel in being able to count on their disciples. I had something to do with hatching Taine, but as a hen hatches a duck. He was really too severe on Cousin."

"Yes, almost cruel," added Monsieur Fauvety, "and you yourself were not too tender toward

him; but his definition of eclecticism, 'a system of philosophy which consists in having none,' is a stroke of wit, and a proof of French common sense, that will never be surpassed. These simple words became the 'Shut Sesame' of the temple erected to Cousin by University adulation."

"What I reproach Taine with," answered Monsieur Renouvier, "and which is apparent in everything he writes, is his hatred of the French Revolution, of democracy, and of the masses. He becomes in this wise a champion of positivism. The theory that a government should be formed of a chosen few will enlist him among the disciples of Auguste Comte. It will be a pity, for see how much time Littré has lost in getting rid of Comtist ideas."

"No, no," Monsieur Fauvety replied; "Taine will never be enlisted in that party. The Essais de Critique are a fresh proof of it. What independence, what individuality of ideas in his criticisms and in his style! Taine will ever be a hope and a dread to all philosophical systems. He has taken a whip in hand and will make himself the executioner, and during the next half century he will flagellate all ideas that have deteriorated by usage. I, who am a philosopher, fear only him, and have confidence but in him alone."

Madame Fauvety, naturally, liked to discuss the theatre. She knew every play that was produced, but, with a taste peculiar to herself, she always waited until the last performances were announced before she went to see them. After she had read all the reviews about them, "and felt," as she said, "that the actors, from having played their parts for a long time, had become thoroughly identified with their rôles," she went to see the play, and then felt she could criticise its merits in a proper way. The first time she took me to the Théâtre Français we saw Fiammina, of which Madame Ugalde had spoken to me. The younger Dumas was her favourite author. She talked of nothing else but of him during the *entre actes* and of Fiammina. She was enthusiastic over the Dame aux Camélias, Diane de Lys, and, above all, over the Question d'Argent, which had been played at the beginning of the year. "The younger Dumas's work," she said, "has a particular signification. It is social."

Living among philosophers, and taking part in their discussions, she delighted in argument.

"As Catholicism," she said, "grows more material, the spirit of Christianity will enlighten us the more. Pity felt for sins emanates from Jesus. The younger Dumas is a true Christian, for he is merciful to Magdalen."

MY FURTHER LIFE IN PARIS

One of my friends belonging to the "Union des Poètes" presented a young artist to me, a pupil of Ary Scheffer's, who was sometimes given to writing poetry, who had thought of becoming a member of the "Union" and wished to know why I was about to leave it. His name was Claudius Popelin, and he had already painted several pictures that had been much remarked: a Dante reading his poems to Giotto, etc. Son of a rich manufacturer, handsome, elegant, very artistic, he was destined to rise to a high Parisian reputation. He delighted to ridicule the dress we were then doomed to wear, and I made him read my letter to Alphonse Karr, which greatly pleased him.

I was a little less rotund than my contemporaries, but Claudius Popelin thought I was not yet enough "like a true woman," as he said, and he declared I ought to put myself at the head of a league of "Gaulish" protestation against crinoline, as having Velléda's type, my mission was clearly indicated.

"Certainly," he added, "you are less rotund than the others, but you still resemble a beetle, with a small head and an enormous paunch."

I can still remember how delighted I was to receive from Alexandre Weill an invitation to an "travestied ball," as they said in those days.

Richebourg had procured it for me. I had never worn a costume. My husband consented to take me only on condition that he might go in ordinary evening dress. Monsieur Weill refused the permission to Richebourg, but he confided to him that there would be coloured silk blouses and belts provided for the recalcitrant guests, and that he would array them in them when they arrived. I took good care not to mention this to Monsieur Lamessine.

I at first wished to go to the ball as Nausicaa, my father having so advised me; but Claudius Popelin, who was also invited, told me that he was going as Vercingétorix, as he resembled him, and that I must go as Velléda, and he drew me such a pretty and simple costume that I finally selected it.

All artistic and literary Paris was to be present at Alexandre Weill's ball; the journals all spoke of it, and I was very proud at having been invited. Monsieur Alexandre Weill lived in the Faubourg St. Honoré. He was an Alsatian, and, having been educated in Germany, he had at first remained in that country, whence he wrote for the journals and Socialist reviews, of Leipsic, Cologne and Stuttgart, Francophiles at that time! Alexandre Dumas having met him in Frankfort, during one of his numerous travels, had persuaded him to live

in Paris, where he soon made himself a position in Parisian journalism. He wrote for the Gazette de France, then very eclectic, and, being rich by his wife, one of the most fashionable milliners in Paris, he entertained a great deal and very handsomely.

I wore Velléda's long white robe, and, as my father had never allowed me to wear corsets, I was quite at my ease in a garment whose folds were simply held about the waist by a narrow gold belt, from which hung a gilded sickle. My hair, of dark chestnut colour, tinged with red, fell down unbound, and I wore a crown of mistletoe. My arms, for the first time in my life, were bare up to the shoulder, for, at that time, even at balls, they wore small sleeves. My husband consented to wear a *blouse*, Monsieur Weill kindly dressing him in it. But I was very much confused when the master of the house, taking me by the hand, fairly dragged me into the middle of the drawing-room, crying out:

"Velléda!"

Vercingétorix was already there, and he and a number of artists, whom he presented to me, gathered round me, and complimented me very warmly for having chosen a costume so well suited to my type.

I looked for Madame Weill, to whom I had yet not been able to speak, and whom I only knew slightly from having once made her a short visit, and I was, besides, impatient to get free from the circle that surrounded me, and where I received too many compliments about my arms. Thanks to Vercingétorix, whose help I claimed, I escaped from the serried crowd of painters. I first found Alexandre Weill, who pointed me out to a little old man, to whom he said, as I approached them, leaving Vercingétorix's arm:

"Shall I introduce you?"

"No, no," replied the old gentleman, "I am afraid of her!"

"Afraid of me, Monsieur," I said, laughing. "Why?"

And then Monsieur Weill introduced . . . Meyerbeer to me!

I was an enthusiastic admirer of Meyerbeer, and I told him so. He was embarrassed by his accent, and was both timid and reserved, and he said to me, hesitatingly, that I should not say such things to him. They were too complimentary, coming from me. Alexandre Weill laughed and exclaimed: "Love at first sight! Love at first sight!" Meyerbeer hurried away.

"You see," Alexandre Weill said to me, "when

you entered the room, he was thunderstruck, for he is even a greater poet than he is a great musician, and he has thought for a long time of creating the rôle of Velléda, and when he saw you, he came and said to me, as though frightened:

"'She will make me forget my Séleka! I am too old to fall in love with a new face, even in Art. I never wish to see that woman again.'"

"Let us find him," I said. "He must resuscitate Velléda."

Meyerbeer had disappeared.

Every morning after the ball, I received, during many months, a little bouquet of violets, and with the first one these simple words:

"A tender souvenir to Velléda.

"MEYERBEER."

Later he sent me a box for the first performance of the Pardon de Ploërmel, but I never saw him again.

CHAPTER IV

MY CONTACT WITH POLITICS

POLITICS were a burning question between those who took the oath of allegiance to the Empire and those who refused to take it. In June, when the elections were to take place, a committee of old Republicans decided to make an appeal to the Parisians with regard to the oath-taking, and drew up a list of nine candidates faithful to the principle of not taking the oath.

Monsieur Nefftzer, editor of la Presse, and Monsieur Havin, manager of Le Siècle, offered a seat to Émile Ollivier, son of Demosthène Ollivier, the old Republican and exile of 1848. This excited us immensely. Émile Ollivier, through his father's influence, who enjoyed great popularity in the South, had been made commissary of the Government at Marseilles by Ledru-Rollin. Although, since those days, Émile Ollivier had endeavoured to make a high position for himself, he was, at that time, at very low mark. All parties complained of him, and he only escaped from the effects of his conduct by the most precocious duplicity. Held in disgrace as prefect, he did not

leave his position until ruined by Louis Napoleon. The compromise he accepted in 1857, though in contradiction to his birth, was not so as regarded his character. Darinion, Proudhon's secretary, and a contributor to La Presse, was chosen by Nefftzer as twin candidate with Émile Ollivier.

The great electoral committee, composed of veterans of 1848, advocated the non-taking of the oath, declaring that no one could condemn Louis Napoleon for the violation of his oath, except on condition of not admitting that his own could be violated. Cavaignac, Hippolyte Carnot, Garnier-Pagès, Arnaud d'Ariège, Carbon, Charton, Goudchaux, Laurent-Pichat, Eugène Pelletau, Jean Reynaud, Jules Simon, and Vacherot signed the manifestation to the Parisians.

Darimon and, naturally, Émile Ollivier, used as their defence the volume Proudhon had published after the Second of December—La Revolution Sociale demontrée par le Coup-d'État—in which the great polemist declared "that the partisans of Legitimacy could refuse to take the oath, because, in their case, the *Feudal Oath* bound with a unilateral and personal bond the one who took the oath to the one who accepted it."

In 1857, Proudhon continued his demoralizing campaign. "I confess," he said, "that I do not

understand that a Republican should have so many scruples, and Messrs. Cavaignac's and Carnot's arguments have not convinced me. The oath, for a Republican, is merely the recognition of the people's sovereignty in the person of the Head of State, and consequently a synallagmatic contract." Proudhon decided that Republicans could perfectly well take the oath.

However, no one, not even himself, dared to be the first to assume the shame of this oath. Messieurs Émile Ollivier and Darimon, under Proudhon's orders, did not have a moment's hesitation.

Monsieur Émile Ollivier's father, who had been dragged from prison to prison at the time of the "Second of December," and designated to be deported, was still in exile at Florence, after having been expelled from Nice, before its annexation, at the demand of the French Government. But Émile Ollivier felt so little indignation at the Coup-d'État and its crimes, that he one day called it "an event of providential significance."

The oath-taker surrounded himself with young men, ambitious like himself, and impatient to play a rôle. As soon as he was a Deputy he became their head; all of them had not his duplicity, but they all suffered from his dangerous influence. People commenced to talk of these young men, new up-

starts of political life, and to call them "the little Olliviers." By a second polling, Émile Ollivier became the first oath-taking Deputy of Paris. Messrs. Darimon and Hénon, of Lyons, alone kept him company.

General Cavaignac, Hippolyte Carnot, and Goudchaux, also elected, refused to take the oath. Monsieur Émile Ollivier, promised already, bearing "a light heart,"* to uphold the Empire in the discussions that would take place during the elections.

Proudhon took it upon himself to do all the arguing in favour of the oath, and apropos of the indignation roused against those who took it. "He has made perjury pardonable," we said among our party.

The small circle of philosophers, writers, and poets in which I lived were in despair at the state of moral decay into which we had fallen. Those in exile wrote to their friends: "What are you doing? Take care! It is criminal to absolve, by an identical act, lies and perjury."

Monsieur Thiers said:

* Referring to Émile Ollivier's famous speech in 1870, when he said he began the war with Germany "with a light heart." —Translator's note.

"It is impossible to submit to the oath imposed upon us by the Empire. It is a vexatious measure thrust on the vanquished by the perjurer."

My father wrote to me: "There is gangrene in the hearts of the Republicans, and it will destroy them. No one thinks of the Republic and its principles. Was George Sand right when she said, disillusioned, 'Will the Republic, after all, be only a party?'"

One of the foremost among the corrupters of the Republic was Monsieur de Morny, who for a short time left the Presidency of the Corps Législatif, but who soon resumed the position. Sceptical, eclectic, a lettered Parisian, witty, elegant, and a fascinating man, feigning discontent and pretending to be a lover of liberty, he accused the "reactionary" party and the "clericals" of deceiving the Emperor, "whose instincts were liberal." He hypnotized consciences and, when necessary, corrupted men's hearts.

One evening, after Béranger's death, I went to a meeting of the "Union des Poëtes," where Émile Richebourg was to eulogize the great song-writer. In spite of Béranger's severe criticism of my poetry, I much regretted his death, for I thought that should I have, in the future, need of sincere advice,

I could have gone to him to seek it, had he lived.

Richebourg spoke of Béranger with such feeling, dwelling on his good nature in such touching terms that he made an indelible impression on our hearts; especially when he revealed to us his extraordinary kindness. The multiplicity of his charitable acts when compared with his meagre resources was almost miraculous. He deprived himself even of food in order to give to others, and Richebourg inspired us with such an affection for the dear, old man that the memory of it still abides with me.

There was a great difference in the tone of the meetings of the "Union des Poëtes." Another, the last one to which I went, towards the end of the year, was curiously interesting. They discussed at length two volumes of poems that created great excitement, for very contrary reasons: Les Fleurs du Mal and Denise.

Aurélien Scholl, generally so full of banter in his articles and in his books, had written in Denise the most simple, the most real work possible to imagine, although he pretended not to believe that it was a success. Denise was most warmly welcomed by high-minded persons, glad to be refreshed "by something healthy."

How often, and at how many different periods, have I heard my contemporaries sum up their impressions, when some high-toned book appeared, in these words: "It is, indeed, quite time that intellectual morality should be aroused, when we look at what is taking place around us." Which has made me ask myself sometimes: "Does not about the same thing always take place?" Denise, it is true, was unfaithful to her husband, but she had been abandoned, and her unfaithfulness was told in such noble verse, so full of sentiment and of ideality!

As to Baudelaire, the poems quoted by his defenders, eminently beautiful though they were, could not, in our eyes, wash away the filth of certain others. The six poems which, it will be remembered, were forbidden to appear in the future editions inspired us with great disgust, for he braved our uprightness, indeed, too much in certain French words, and aroused strong and praiseworthy indignation.

What was taking place that year was curious. Here were we, who talked so much about "Imperial corruption," approving the proceedings against Les Fleurs du Mal, and disapproving the prudery of Napoleon III's magistrates. It is true that it was on account of the accusations brought

against Madame Bovary, and because Gustave Flaubert, belonging to the lineage of Rabelais and of Montaigne, should be called before the courts, like Baudelaire, for immorality! My father, who had read Madame Bovary in the Revue de Paris, wrote me the most amusing letters, after Monsieur Pinard's, the Imperial lawyer's, summing up, who grew grandiloquently indignant at the "lascivious" passages in Madame Bovary. The "whereas" so often repeated in this celebrated verdict inspired my father with writing verses, where the words "lascifs" and "poncifs" were repeated in the most amusing fashion. I will recall one "whereas":

"Whereas it is not permitted to reproduce the facts, words, and gestures of people's misconduct, etc.,

"Because it would lead to a realism that would be a negation of all that is beautiful and good; but, however, as the book of which Flaubert is the author is a work which appears to have been seriously compiled from a literary point of view, and, as the said Flaubert declares his respect for good conduct, and all that is connected with religious morality, etc.

"We acquit him of the accusation brought against him."

My father was not the only one who thought this "whereas" most laughable, and he predicted the highest destiny to the mediocrity and pretention of Monsieur Pinard, Imperial lawyer. He become a Minister!

The new Louvre, inaugurated that year, was a fairy palace to my little Alice. Going to and coming from the Tuileries, I always passed through the inside courts, and all the queens, all the fairies of my stories, inhabited their special pavilion, about which my little Alice never made a mistake. "Good-morning, pretty fairy; good-morning, good queen; good-morning, Grecian lady." Each one received her daily salutation.

I heard Bismarck's name for the first time at a dinner given by Alexandre Weill, who had known him in Frankfort. He spoke warmly of him, but described him as a manner of unlicked cub in appearance, although possessing extraordinary political artfulness, and as using his grossness as a means and end to his cleverness.

"He is a gentleman farmer in the most brutal sense of the word," said Weill, "born to live in forests." His father had destined him to a Governmental position, in order to add to the chance revenues of agriculture the certainty of a fixed

salary. He is a clannish chief and he would never have been a good administrator, for he is "incapable of obedience." Made Deputy in 1847, he strongly blamed the King for having yielded to the people's threats by granting them a Constitution. He was, moreover, among the first to help him in taking it back. "I have seen Bismarck," added Weill, "mount the tribune as though it were a cavalry horse ready for a charge. He thundered out his rabid Conservator's insults with extraordinary violence, speaking of sabre-cutting politics, of absolute authority, of the gallows! When the dream of German unity was evoked before him, he replied, 'that the whole of Germany was not worth Prussian nationality.'

"When the Parliament of Frankfort," continued Weill, "offered the Imperial Crown to Frederick William, Bismarck implored the King not to accept a proposal made by an assembly of mad rebels," in recognition of which Frederick William appointed him, in 1851, as his representative at the Diet of Frankfort, renovated and placed on a more solid basis. There he ostensibly defended Austria, the nation he hated the most intensely," Weill confided to us. "He wishes," continued our host, "an alliance with France." And he read a memoir to us, after dinner, that treated of politics

in general, copied from an autograph manuscript of Monsieur de Bismarck, and in which there were several sentences, the exact words of which I can not guarantee, but I can certainly certify to the sense of what was therein expressed:

"France should keep open for herself every possibility of an alliance with Russia, and with that in view, should maintain amicable relations with Prussia. France has no interest to ally herself with Austria, old, even to decrepitude, nor with any of the small German states, which latter fact would make Prussia her bitterest enemy. A friendship with Prussia, a growing and strong state, would give France Continental support, would force Austria to prudence, and would greatly facilitate an alliance with Russia."

"I like Bismarck," said Weill, finally. "We have become quite intimate through a common friend, but I love France, and I always remember with pain something said by that terrible man, whom one must fear, and which was repeated to me by my friend: 'Before France, which is Revolution incarnate, destroys herself with her own revolutions, she will, perhaps, have to do with Germany.' Bismarck is such a selfish partisan that one cannot sufficiently beware of him in everything and always. He would betray any contract, any

promise, any alliance, for Prussia, his sole passion! At present he desires German unity, being certain now that Prussia will absorb it."

Books poured in at the office of La Revue Philosophique. Madame Fauvety and I took our share, and after reading them, wrote in return short criticisms about them for Monsieur Fauvety, the editor. One day, when I brought my short tribute on the Mémoires de Sophie Arnould, by the de Goncourts, my enemy, Madame d'Héricourt, who was never disarmed in my favour, addressed me in these terms:

"I will bet that you believe in the Mémoires de Sophie Arnould. Well, I can tell you, simple child, that they are apocryphal from first to last."

She had a wonderful story to relate on the subject, which only made people smile, knowing the particular aversion in which she held Jules de Goncourt on account of a malicious speech he once made on the rather thick mustache that shaded her lip: "Her style has the strength of a bearded man's," he had said to a friend who was praising one of Madame Jenny d'Héricourt's articles, a really remarkable article on "antinomies."

Théodore de Bouville's most amusing Odes Funambulesques had delighted me. Madame Fau-

vety, who gave me lessons in diction, made me read some of it to the "Philosophers," one evening, "to see if they knew how to laugh," as she said, and I had quite a triumph. The "Philosophers" *did* know how to laugh. What a discovery, to be sure! "A real antinomy!" I exclaimed.

From that time the whole tone of these little meetings changed. They were just as interesting as ever, but with occasional glimpses of gaiety, which Madame Fauvety cleverly brought about, aided by myself and others. Madame d'Héricourt grew more and more irritated, accusing me of the strange things that took place at La Revue Philosophique.

"Auguste Comte has just died," my husband announced to me one evening. "He looks majestic in death. I have just seen him. Pierre Lafitte is his executor. He has left some debts, which we, his disciples, will pay, and his apartment in the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince is to be kept sacredly as our place of meeting."

"Sacredly?" I repeated.

"Well, yes, sacredly is what I meant to say, it seems to me."

"Not fitted to your mouth and concerning Auguste Comte."

Madame d'Héricourt arrived one evening at the

"Philosophers," very proud to be able to give us some unknown details on Blandine Liszt's marriage, about which all Paris had talked so much. Monsieur Jules Grévy, whom she knew, and who was a great friend of the Comtesse d'Agoult's (Daniel Stern), the "unknown" mother of Blandine, had told her all about it.

"Their meeting," Madame d'Héricourt told us, "took place in the most original and romantic manner, during some travels of Madame d'Agoult and her daughter in Italy. Émile Ollivier, being made Deputy, went to explain to his father, exiled at Florence, why he had taken oath to the Empire, and Monsieur Grévy says that Demosthène Ollivier, the exile, the old Republican of the "Montagne" of 1848, had approved it. But to return to our romance," Madame d'Héricourt continued.

"One day, in a museum, some common friends of Ollivier and of Madame d'Agoult introduced Ollivier to Blandine, accompanied there by a maid. As Ollivier had pleased the young girl at once," added the gossip, "by his fascinating conversation and by his practical ideas of life, a contrast that would naturally charm Liszt's and Madame d'Agoult's daughter, Blandine, under different pretexts, delayed his introduction to her mother, and met Émile Ollivier several times as though by

chance. To be brief, Ollivier having heard that Madame d'Agoult would give her daughter a dowry of one hundred thousand francs, offered himself, and the two young people were betrothed before the new oath-taking Deputy had made Madame d'Agoult's acquaintance.

"Daniel Stern, the authoress of La Revolution de 1848, was only half pleased at the match. She was on very good terms with all the exiles and was the friend of many of those who had refused to take the oath, including Grévy and Hippolyte Carnot."

This union greatly annoyed all the intimate friends of the *salon* of the Rue de Presbourg from every point of view. "Blandine Liszt, who is very handsome and very intelligent, will be a great addition to the sudden fortune and self-infatuation of this ambitious man," Grévy had said to Madame d'Héricourt. Monsieur Jules Grévy, a Republican loyally attached to his principles, was distressed at seeing so many rising young political men ready to embrace all compromises with an easy-going conscience that revolted him.

All the old stories about Liszt and the Comtesse d'Agoult, of George Sand, and the revelations contained in Horace and Nélida, were revived apropos of Blandine Liszt's and Émile Ollivier's marriage,

as were, at the time of de Musset's death, George Sand's adventures and the gossip anent the journey to Venice.

Madame d'Héricourt, naturally spiteful and fond of gossip, spared us none that evening. She embellished and amplified, knew all about things from a surer source than any one else. Fiercely virtuous, having suffered few temptations, the strong-minded Jenny grew retrospectively indignant.

"Superior women should be virtuous," said Madame d'Héricourt, "or else hide their weaknesses jealously, while on the contrary they display them, and force other superior women to defend them against their own convictions, for the honour of the sex, or else to condemn them, for the greater amusement of men."

"I find the little that George Sand has written apropos of de Musset most admirable, and I hope that soon she will tell us the whole story," said Madame Fauvety. "Accused as she has been, and as she is, she has the right to plead her own cause. In her Venice adventure I can really only see the extreme goodness of a generous heart, devoting itself to saving a man from being ruined by vice. We Parisians all know with what contempt de Musset treated women, the great Rachel included!

Madame Sand literally tried to wrest him from the very lowest haunts. She has an absolute right, nay, even a womanly duty, to prove she did not 'torture de Musset.' When one thinks of the cruelty shown to George Sand nowadays," Madame Fauvety continued, "and of the indulgence with which Madame de Staël was treated, who was unfaithful to Benjamin-Constant with Camille Jordan, and to the latter with her son's tutor, it is enough to make one aghast. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the gallantries of women of nobility were easily pardoned. Is not Maurice de Saxe's granddaughter a woman of rank? She is doubly so by birth and by letters. Moreover, I think that women like Madame de Staël, George Sand, and the Comtesse d'Agoult, should be regarded as belonging to a superior sex, which has the right to assume certain liberties of conduct that men so easily allow themselves," Madame Fauvety added, putting Madame d'Héricourt quite beside herself, which was, perhaps, her aim.

Madame Fauvety first heard of Rachel's death from me.

"May Jehovah receive her soul," she said, "and may all her jealousies and bitterness be forgiven!"

We have taken Canton, with the English, as we took Sebastopol.

GEORGE SAND.

From an engraving by Nargeot.

UNIV ITY

On the evening of the 14th of January we left home, after dinner, to make some purchases in the galleries of the Palais-Royal, with one of my husband's Sicilian friends, who called himself a relation. We were crossing the square of the Palais-Royal a little before half past eight o'clock, when I was struck by the agitation that reigned at Prince Napoleon's residence.

He was holding a reception, it was true; but men in full-dress uniforms drove up in cabs, others without their overcoats hailed the first passing vehicle. Mounted guards galloped into the court-yard. A crowd gathered on the Square. We caught the echo of some words: "An attempt against the Sovereigns' lives! Bombs thrown at the Emperor and Empress at the opera." Everybody said they had heard the explosion of the bombs.

Greater excitement arose when Prince Napoleon left his guests, got into a carriage, escorted by cavalry, and went to the opera.

The report soon spread that the Imperial carriage was completely shattered to bits, but that neither the Emperor nor Empress were injured. The aide-de-camp, the coachman, and footman were wounded, and a horse killed. We were exchanging in a whisper some rather anti-Imperialist remarks, when we felt ourselves looked at suspicious-

ly, and suddenly two policemen seized our relation by his coat collar.

"The attempt was made by Italians," they cried, "and here is one whose accent betrays him; come along with us to the police station!"

Monsieur Lamessine slipped quickly away through the crowd, leaving his friend and relation unceremoniously, who called to him to help him by his name. Separated from them both, by a movement of the crowd, I decided to return home.

The next morning the police searched our apartment, but my husband easily proved that his relation, who had arrived that morning from Sicily, had come to be present at a wedding that was to take place the next day, and apropos of which we had gone to make some purchases at the Palais-Royal. They set our cousin at liberty and left us in peace.

The four authors of the attempt—Orsini, Rudio, Pieri, and Gomez—were arrested; all Paris was wild for details. It was said that Felix Orsini, the instigator of the plot, was a former friend of Mazzini, and that he had escaped from the Austrian prisons in an extraordinary way. His one thought was to kill Napoleon III, whom he believed responsible for all his country's misfortunes.

Massel, the great singer, was giving his last performance, for his own benefit, at the opera, that night. The Parisians, after the manner of Parisians, commented upon the aptness of the programme at the Palais-Royal Théâtre, when Madame Arnould-Plessis was to play de Musset's Quitte pour la Peur, just when the news of the attempt on the Emperor's life was heard, and Duprey, who had not sung for a long time, except at his own house, was also to have sung Béranger's songs in praise of the Emperor that evening.

Perquisitions and arrests were made everywhere. My husband kept quietly at home and advised his friend to leave for Sicily as soon as the wedding was over, which he did.

La Revue de Paris was suppressed, other journals were threatened and suspended.

The opening of the Session, when the first oath-takers appeared, excited public opinion in a contrary way. The entrance of Messrs. Émile Ollivier, Darimon, and Hénon to the Corps Législatif gave birth to a new programme, and confirmed the scission of the Republican party. Monsieur de Girardin, with his habitual precision, formulated this programme in an article entitled The Constitutional Press.

Our indignation on reading this article cannot

be described. When people met, they accosted one another with angry gestures. "Have you read it?" And when they wrote to each other, they underlined and put enormous interrogation points after the question: "What *do* you think of it?"

Monsieur de Girardin ended his article with these words: "*Constitutional opposition* forms the programme of a new political endeavour, which will discard all the old passions, together with all the old bitter feeling, in order to battle solely against new ideas and prejudices."

"It is your terrible Proudhon," I wrote my father, "who has made such a monstrous thing possible. What do you think of this rallying motto of perjurers, the very words of which clash together: 'The Empire with Liberty'?" A line of interrogation marks followed my question.

My father was overwhelmed. "Were there really Republicans ready to accept and to defend the Imperial Constitution? It was the climax of things! The finishing touch, that the man who has violated his own oath should exact that others must make oath to him. It is true that the butcher of the Second of December grants us, as a primal liberty, the right to butchery."

Soon the half-sincere ones, who had taken the first steps towards the cowardly concessions to the

Empire, were taught a bitter lesson. A Senatus-Consulta exacted a preliminary oath from all candidates! To be dishonoured without the certainty of being elected, blackballed although an oath-taker, was the last stroke! We thought the trick well played. Those who hesitated would, at least, hesitate a little more.

The Emperor received an admirable letter from Orsini, condemned to death, that produced an enormous sensation. Orsini implored him, the ruler of France, to liberate his country. He explained to him the end pursued by himself, and which would be pursued by many Italians, who would try to kill him unless he freed Italy from her bondage, and he thereby exonerated French democracy from any suspicion of having had part in the conspiracy or the attempt against the Emperor's life.

After Orsini's letter, after this cry for pity towards his country, uttered by a man going to the scaffold—a cry that Napoleon III had heard and which he answered the following year—the Emperor would have shown foresight had he repealed the law of Public Security, which Monsieur de Morny unwillingly proposed. This law, declared " pitiable " by those even who upheld it, and " baleful " by those who fought against it, was

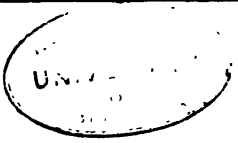
certainly one of the greatest errors of the Empire.

Monsieur Baroche gave the true version of the situation, after the reading of Monsieur de Morny's report: "We are well aware that the Republican party is not conspiring, but it is growing in importance, and that is sufficient to make us feel obliged to attack it."

One Senator alone, the Maréchal de MacMahon, voted against the law of "Public Security"; but, as the sittings of the Senate were held in secret, we only heard portions of his speech, and what some Senators repeated of it. MacMahon accused the Emperor's advisers of urging him to his ruin. Something he had said, and which could not be published in the papers, was much talked about: "It will be necessary to have many wars with foreign countries to make this internal war forgotten."

More than a thousand persons were arrested in February and March, after the law was voted.

Partial elections took place on the 27th of April and 10th of May. Those who refused to take the oath could not stand as candidates on account of the obligatory preliminary oath of allegiance to the Empire. Ollivier made the campaign in favour of Jules Favre, who pleaded Orsini's case, and of Marie, ex-member of the Provisionary Govern-



ment, but the workmen strongly protested against this last candidate, remembering how severe Marie had shown himself towards them in 1848, at the time of the closing of the National Workshops. Jules Favre, who consented to take the oath, was elected. After many names had been eliminated, Ernest Picard, Lionville's son-in-law, who had pleaded the firemen's cause, on the 15th of May, was elected after polling. The "Five" were thus in league.

CHAPTER V

I PUBLISH MY BOOK

MADAME FAUVETY and myself were much interested, almost at the same time, in two plays that were being given at the theatres, and which we saw a few days apart, one at the end of its season, the other when it had just begun: Le Fils Naturel, by the younger Dumas, and Les Mères Repenties, by Félicien Mallefille. In spite of her love for the younger Dumas's plays, Madame Fauvety agreed with me, that Le Fils Naturel was too much influenced by personal feeling, and was also at once revolting and obscure. It had, moreover, but a partial success, while Mallefille's drama, which was very bold in conception, was pronounced, in spite of cabals roused against it, a powerful work and one of high-toned morality.

A friend of Mallefille's whom we met at the theatre told us a curious fact about him. He said Mallefille would be one of the geniuses of the century were he not blind in one eye. That he described superbly all that he could see from the radius of one eye, but as soon as the circle was enlarged and he could not see beyond it he could

write nothing. Mallefille was the author of one volume on Don Juan, a *chef-d'œuvre*, but the proposed succeeding volumes were never written.

On the 22d of April, 1858, three large volumes by Proudhon were published, which, it was said, would prove the grandest work he had written since 1854: La Justice dans la Révolution. My father wrote me to send them to him, one by one, as soon as I had finished reading them. It was fortunate I had procured these at once, for, on the very night of the day they appeared, orders were given to the police to seize the three volumes. Proudhon endeavoured in vain, in all the courts, to have the prohibition raised, but he did not succeed, and all that he obtained was to be sentenced to three years' imprisonment, from which he escaped by taking refuge with our neighbours, the Belgians.

I would have been the first to have acknowledged the master qualities of which Proudhon gave evidence in his La Justice dans la Révolution—his great power of argument, an incomparable style—had it not been for the brutal, the most vulgar insults he showered upon two women whom I admired above all others: George Sand, the author of so many *chefs-d'œuvre*, and the Comtesse d'Agoult (Daniel Stern), the universally admired writer of the Revolution of 1848.

I dined at the Fauvetys one evening, after I had read these books, and expressed my indignation. Madame d'Héricourt was one of the guests.

"You should," I said to her, "defend these women who are so grossly insulted, as you use your pen so admirably against the terrible Proudhon. To leave such attacks unanswered would really be abominable and odious."

"George Sand and Daniel Stern have received just what they deserved," Madame d'Héricourt replied, with the hatred of those who think they possess as much, if not more merit, than persons who are superior to them. "I exact virtue. I practise it myself, and Proudhon has not, I am sure, dared to attack me on this score in these books, which I have not yet read."

"Well," I replied, "I, who am but of small account, but, however, quite as virtuous as yourself, will defend them. Being women they must be upheld by a woman!"

"Why, that is the book Edmund predicted you would write," cried Madame Fauvety. "Quick! go to work!"

Zozo, who was on his mistress's knees, seeing her excitement, began to bark.

"You see, Zozo approves," she continued. "That is certainly the book Edmund predicted

would suddenly make you well known. You must shut yourself up now, to-night, and see no one until your answer to Proudhon is written."

I returned home much excited, and also with the firm determination to write the book. Some scruples I at first felt about Proudhon's book having been seized, soon vanished, La Justice dans la Révolution not having been prohibited, nor Proudhon condemned, for that part about which I intended to reply.

I wrote for two months. I recopied, rearranged my little volume, working at night secretly, shut up in my room where I was alone with my child, my husband being more occupied with one of our servant maids than with myself. Both Monsieur Renouvier and Fauvety took great interest in my book and constantly asked me about it. One day Madame d'Héricourt said to me:

"Well! is your defence of your celebrated elders getting on? If you succeed in finishing it, Heaven grant that those 'great ladies' will be grateful to you for all the trouble you seem to be taking."

"Yes, Madame," I replied, "I am certainly taking a great deal of trouble. Remember, I am only a recruit, and, at my age, have not a veteran's experience."

"Veteran! veteran! you mean me, doubtless," replied Madame d'Héricourt in a fury. "If you defend some of them, you are certainly very impertinent to others."

Monsieur Renouvier, who had at that time obtained a great literary success, was very happy at the fact and wished me to succeed also. His publisher had just brought out a revised edition of his Essais de Critique Générale, which was warmly received, notably in foreign countries, where a special public awaited and discussed his works with an ever-increasing interest. When one of Monsieur Renouvier's books was announced to appear, or when he was quoted, apropos of one of his articles, his admirable prospect for the organization of the Republic—Le Gouvernment Direct, in which he had attacked Louis Napoleon's conduct after the *Coup d'État* with great logical power—was often cited.

"The Empire is beginning to be visibly undermined in the cities," Monsieur Renouvier said to us one evening, "and is no longer upheld except in the provinces which continue to grow rich by it."

The violent animosity towards the Empire of Jules Favre, who used his great oratorical power to bring to light all the Government's faults, by al-

lusions full of double meanings, made a great effect on many minds, already weary of submission to it. Ernest Picard, with his free-and-easy manners and his outbursts of wit, amused the majority.

"Please admire," the oath-takers said to us, "our summing up of 'The Three': Jules Favre completes Ollivier, Picard ranks with Darinion, and as to Hénon, who does not obey Ollivier, he follows Jules Favre blindly."

"'The Five' are absolutely necessary to draw the country's attention to the foolish and dangerous line of politics the Empire forces us to follow with foreign countries. Who else will enlighten it, with the press muzzled as it is?" the oath-takers added.

Some persons quoted the words spoken by Monsieur Thiers, who, since the institution of the Parliamentary group of "The Five" found, perhaps, that there was a chance of his having a place in the Legislative Assembly, and was therefore less severe apropos of the oath-taking.

"They do not wish for liberty yet," he said, "just as they did not wish it after the Great Revolution. When anarchy and social disorder have triumphed in a country people prefer servitude, but when servitude has kept their minds under a bushel too long, and has too entirely deprived them

of light, then they feel the need of a liberal reaction, a new dawn, no matter from whence it may come, and I see the first glimpse of this new aurora now."

At Paris even all of us who refused to take the oath followed with the greatest interest everything that took place at the Legislative Assembly, and the five oath-takers, whose entrance into Parliament we so much blamed, were attacked by us more violently than by others at any manifestation of weakness, which did not, however, prevent us from saying that one compromised one's self very uselessly by taking the oath, considering the small benefit obtained thereby. Ah! what a rare thing for political parties to be logical! The "little Olliviers" called us "the prudes," the "home exiles," and laughed at Jules Simon's "bitterness," at Emmanuel Arago's "thundering opposition," at Jules Grévy's "long-silent hopes," and at Goudchaux's "Orestes-like fury." Not all the young men, however, belonged to the society of the Rue Saint-Guillaume, "the general disparaging and mutual-pushing society," as we called them. If the "little Olliviers" worshipped their master in rather an aggravating fashion, if when he made a speech at the Legislative Assembly Jules Ferry, Floquet, Dreo, the son-in-law of Garnier-Pagès,

Herald, and Delprat, who were always informed when it was to take place, and were all present, to manifest their approbation and escort him to the door, expressing between themselves and around him most enthusiastic praise, that deceived the curious listeners, on the other hand, Jules Vallès, Arthur Arnoult, and their group made much fun of "the Mutual Aid line of politics."

What passionate interest was taken in politics at that time! The smallest event was discussed, newspapers read between the lines. Every article was noted and criticised, and its allusions spread broadcast around. The feeling in political life was intense; the state was worth the fight. The Opposition party under its two forms of oath-takers and those who refused to take it, gathered in its circle an equal number of old combatants who had given proof of their valour as of young, energetic men impatient to do the same.

I finished my book—Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes—and read it to Monsieur Fauvety, who admired it, and who gave me some valuable advice concerning it. But Proudhon was such a fierce polemist, such a cruel, dreaded adversary, and so spiteful, that when Monsieur Fauvety had finished reading it, he said to me:

"You will never find any one to publish it!"

I had not thought of that for a moment.

"What! my poor book, that has devoured all my nights, will never see the light of day?" I exclaimed, sadly.

"Try to beguile some well-known publisher. Do not write to him. Take your manuscript to him yourself. Who knows what may happen? But I doubt whether you will succeed, after he has read it."

Could it be possible that I could not have my book published at once? Was I not to become suddenly well known, as Edmond had predicted? Much good had it done me to believe in his prediction, to have lived in a state of fever, in a dream, for two months, and to have said to myself every time I thought of a great artist, a great writer, a great *savant*: "Will he be my friend some day?"

I hastened to Chauny; told my father I had written a book, reminded him of his lost bet, and how he had promised to pay for its publication.

"But what is this book?"

I refused to tell him either the subject or the title. I was afraid of his love and admiration for Proudhon. However, in the course of conversation he spoke to me about Proudhon's work La Justice dans la Révolution," and said:

"In spite of its admirable pages, written in such a superior manner, I found such gross, vulgar things said about George Sand, the great Republican woman and the close friend of my friends Pierre Leroux and Ledru-Rollin, and also about Daniel Stern, the loyal and impartial author of La Révolution de 1848, that I was disgusted, and you must have been scandalized, I hope?"

"Yes, scandalized! outraged!"

My father thought I should require a thousand francs to have my book published and gave me a bank-bill for that amount, saying: "Above all, if you wish to keep these thousand francs don't speak to your husband about them."

I went first to Michel Lévy with my manuscript beautifully rolled up and a small pocketbook containing my thousand-franc bank-bill. I entered and asked to speak to Monsieur Michel Lévy.

"What about?"

"About a book I wish published."

The clerk eyed me from head to foot.

At that moment, Monsieur Michel Lévy came out of his office to give an order, and, as he was about to return to it, the employee said, with a deriding tone of voice:

"Here is a young lady who wishes to have a book she has written published by our house."

Monsieur Michel Lévy looked at me, smiling, and asked:

"What is the subject of your book?"

"It is a reply to Proudhon against his attack on George Sand and Daniel Stern."

"And you have written this reply, Mademoiselle?"

"Madame, if you please, sir."

"And you propose to have *that* published by the house of Michel Lévy?"

"Yes, Monsieur; but I understand, of course, that I must pay the expense of having my first book published, and if you will read it——"

"It would be useless, Madame."

"What, do you decide in this way without knowing my book?"

"Oh! I can judge very well what your work will be by looking at you. What do you think of it, my dear Scholl?" he added, speaking to a man who had just entered the room, and telling him about my request.

"It would really be a pity that Madame should become a blue-stocking. You are right to discourage her, my dear Lévy. She has something better to do."

"Monsieur Aurélien Scholl," I said to him, haughtily, "at Monsieur Engel's, next door, a

poem of mine has been published, which certainly is not worth three stanzas of Denise, but my prose might equal your own."

And I left Michel Lévy's shop in a rage, my heart bursting and my literary hopes much cast down.

Scholl has often since reminded me of the scene. It seems, after my reply to him, he advised Michel Lévy to call me back.

I went from publisher to publisher, to eight, among the most prominent ones, and was everywhere refused. I even applied to Garnier, Proudhon's editor, who was more polite to me than the others had been, but he said to me:

"You must understand that I could not do it."

I wrote to Hetzel, then in exile in Brussels, and he replied:

"Either your book is very poor, or else you use checked handkerchiefs and probably take snuff. I do not think that a woman, doubtless ugly and very old, has any right to take up arms regarding George Sand's and Daniel Stern's youth or their present position against Proudhon, thereby exposing them to ridicule, at which they would be mortally offended, for Proudhon will certainly answer you."

I was in despair, and Monsieur Fauvety, to

whom I related my experiences, did not console me by saying: "We are living in an age of universal cowardice."

"It is not from cowardice that they refuse me," I replied, "but from contempt of what they think me capable. They refuse even to read what I have written, some because they think me pretty, others because they suppose I am ugly!"

I have never forgotten those days when everything seemed hopeless to me. I had had the courrage to suffer my private life only through the hope of making a successful literary career for myself, and now this hope fell from me, not through my own fault, but from ill-luck.

I had left my little girl with my parents in order to be more free to attend to this undertaking, and I was thinking of returning to live with them. I spoke to my husband of the advisability of our separating amicably.

"I will never consent to a separation," he replied. "You are the handsomest ornament of my house, and if I should be in financial trouble, your people would help me, I am sure. Let there be no further question of this absurd idea between us, not recognisable, moreover, by law. You know, I have already told you, that in all my acts, *I keep within the pale of the Law.*"

I PUBLISH MY BOOK

On the ground floor of our house, opposite to the Magasins du Louvre, there was a small book-shop, where I frequently bought books for my father. The owner's name was Tarride. Can it be the present well-known publisher of that name?

I went to him and said:

"Monsieur Tarride, I have written a book, which I think is clever, and I cannot find a publisher. I will pay the expenses, will you publish it?"

"Why not, Madame, we are both unknown, I, as publisher, you as a writer, we therefore can run the risk of a failure, as no one will hear of it."

"I will go and get my manuscript and we will take it together to some small printing-house. We will settle the price and have it printed."

I was promised five hundred volumes for seven hundred francs. Tarride advised me to spend another hundred francs to have the type kept, "For, if by chance," he said, "it should sell, we can have the other editions printed faster."

No one, at that time, had ever thought of having a book published during the summer. Tarride advised me to wait until the autumn.

I repeated his words to him:

"What risk will we run?"

My Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes, ornamented

with a band around the volumes, announcing, "Just appeared," stood out in Tarride's window, on the day before the Imperial festival of the 15th of August, which Napoleon III desired should be extremely brilliant because he had granted an amnesty for the occasion. There was not at that moment " a cat in Paris," as the Parisians said, and as they continue to say now.

I settled myself in the back room of Tarride's shop on the 19th, where after having sought out, with " my editor," the names of the most important writers and journalists to whom I was to present them, I wrote flattering dedications in fifty volumes, and the next day I took a cab, and, with my list in my hand, went and distributed my books at newspaper officers, while Tarride's small clerk carried others to the " celebrities." Hoping it would bring me good luck, I began with Le Siècle, which had published my letter to Alphonse Karr.

My friend Doctor de Bonnard was to present my Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes to Toussenel and to the persons who had formed the group of writers on Toussenel's former Democratie Pacifique: Daniel Stern, George Sand, Père Enfantin, Nefftzer, Littré, Émile de Girardin, Louis Jourdan, Peyrat, Guéroult, Monsieur de la Guéronniére, Cassagnac, Prosper Mérimée, Edmond About, notwith-

standing his Roi des Montagnes, Octave Feuillet, Hippolyte Carnot, Jules Grévy, among the political men, etc. All received a volume the first day it appeared, with an appropriate address written therein, which I hoped would interest them.

I sent a volume to Hetzel and Proudhon, and I wrote in Hetzel's copy: "A pretty woman to a coarse boar." The fifty volumes had all reached their destination on the second day after their publication.

My husband was passing a week with his family at Courville, and I took advantage of his absence to bring my book, of which he did not know a single word, before the public. Then I flew to Chauny to take my Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes to my father. What would take place between us?

He took the little volume, gave a start as he read the title, turned it over and over in his hands, as much excited as myself.

"If it is poor——" he began.

"But if it should prove good?"

"Then, perhaps, your fortune-teller will have been right, for, at your age, even should it be only half successful, you will have stepped out of the ranks."

After dinner, my father finding me feverish,

sang to me laughingly: "Go to bed, Basile," and said: "I will read your book to-night, and to-morrow at breakfast I will give you my opinion about it."

At three o'clock in the morning my father came into my room and awoke me, saying: "It is good, it is good, but you owe it to me! I alone sowed the germ of these Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes in your mind. Oh, my beloved daughter, it means success, it means your freedom, it will make powerful and influential friends for you. It is your grandmother's great hope realized! Why is she not here?" My father sat down beside my bed, and the night was passed in prolonged conversation between us.

"But, who knows, papa, whether others will think as you do, of this little book?"

"Yes, yes, they will. How can it be otherwise, written at once with such a feminine hand and with such strong argument? It will, at least, interest them, and will give you some well-known literary chaperon, George Sand or Daniel Stern, and then you will work, you will develop; your foot is already in the stirrup, I feel sure of it."

How many hopes we cherished, how many plans for the future we laid out! At breakfast even my mother was happy, although she said: "The agi-

tated and laborious life you will lead makes me tremble for you!"

The next day my father came in waving Le Siècle, as Pauline Barbaroux had done ten months before, and read me the following paragraph:

"'A book destined to make a great sensation was sent to us yesterday. It is an answer to Proudhon and to the insults contained in his last work about George Sand and Daniel Stern. They say it is written by a very young but very clever woman. It is signed Juliette Lamessine.'"

"You must return to Paris this very day," my father said to me, "to receive all the people who will doubtless wish to see and talk with you."

I returned to Paris, and every day brought me fresh proofs of the interest taken in my book and in its author. Eugène Pelleton wrote a review about it in La Presse that made me very proud; I think his article quite turned my head. I thanked him, and the next day he came to see me, and from that moment until his death he was one of my most devoted friends.

Mario Proth spoke of my book in very flattering terms. La Gazette de France gave me three long reviews, and La Revue des deux Mondes, at George Sand's request, I was told, highly approved my Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes."

My father, my friends the Fauvetys, Renouvier, and Doctor de Bonnard, were enchanted.

Monsieur Lamessine agreed that, for a beginning, it was really quite good, and that he should take pleasure in signing his own name to the future editions.

"Your joke is not a pleasant one," I replied.

"Not for you, perhaps, but it is for me. The law authorizes me to appropriate to my own use all that is joint property. A wife's work belongs to her husband." And he signed with his name the second edition, published by Dentu, for there existed no clause in the French law to prevent him from so doing. It is even so to-day. Tarride was disgusted and gave up all interest in the book. Nothing was said about "this joke" in the press.

A very handsome young woman, who was enthusiastic over my book, came to see me, and claimed to be my cousin. She was a Belgian, and her family was allied to that of my great uncle, the Conventional Séron. Her name was Madame Vilbort. Her husband was the correspondent of the Precurseur d'Anvers, the author of highly esteemed dramatic works, and foreign correspondent for Le Siécle. She invited me to dine with

her the following week and I became acquainted at her house with Charles Edmond, a Pole, one of the Slavonic revolutionists of 1848, a distinguished dramatic writer, and belonging to the staff of La Presse. His last book, Un Voyage dans les Mers du Nord, had been very successful. He had fought against Russia in the Crimean War. Through Charles Edmond's kindness, I made a friend of Dall' Ongaro, a Florentine exile, who had been much celebrated. He had read my Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes, and gallantly declared himself their champion.

The Union des Poëtes celebrated my Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes, which they much praised in a poem written by Monsieur Balahu.

The Comtesse d'Agoult (Daniel Stern) wrote to me after having read my book:

"Monsieur, it is astonishing that you should have taken a woman's name, when we women choose a man's name as pseudonym."

I answered her that I was really a woman.

George Sand thanked me in a most charming letter, full of gratitude. She was leaving for a short journey, but would see me, she said, on her return to Paris.

Madame d'Agoult answered my letter in which I announced myself a woman by another most flat-

tering one, in which she expressed her desire to know me, and said that one of her best friends, Monsieur de Ronchaud, would bring me an invitation from her for one of her evenings, and would accompany me to the Rue de Presbourg, at whatever hour I named.

Louis de Ronchaud was as devoted an Athenian in his tastes as I was myself, and our first conversation was simply a hymn to Greece.

He told me he wished me to know one of his friends, Louis Ménard, the last of the Grecian heathens, and Paul de Saint Victor.

"We four together," he added, "can certainly create a new Renaissance."

He talked to me of Madame d'Agoult for a long while. He had been her confidant during the time when she lived with Liszt, and had remained their common friend after their rupture.

"Passionate love between superior persons cannot be durable," Monsieur de Ronchaud said to me, "for there is a perpetual struggle for domination between them."

He spoke to me of Madame d'Agoult's daughters, so exceptionally beautiful and intelligent, Cosima von Bülow and Blandine Ollivier, and said their two husbands, Hans von Bülow and Émile Ollivier, were exceptional men.

"But, I replied, "you must be rather anxious about the durability of their reciprocal affection, with your theory about the fragility of passion between superior persons."

"None of the four," he answered, "can approach Liszt's and Madame d'Agoult's superiority. Their son, Daniel Liszt, will perhaps equal them; he has prodigious capability for work. He is already irresistible, like his father."

"Is Liszt really as fascinating as he has been so often described?" I asked.

"When you know the Comtesse d'Agoult," Monsieur de Ronchaud answered, "when you will have been able to judge of her serious, thoughtful, intelligent mind, so much given to analysis and criticism, you will understand the fascination Liszt must exercise over women, for her, holding the social position she owned, to have run away with him one night from a ball. Just think, she broke with her family, her society; she sacrificed honour, her child, a respected husband, for a mad impulse of passion! Have you never heard how a great, noble Russian lady always had the floor of her drawing-room strewn with flowers whenever she expected a visit from Liszt? I could tell you of a hundred wild passions he has inspired."

A serious bronchial attack from which my

daughter was suffering kept me at Chauny for three weeks. A few days after my return to Paris I recalled to Daniel Stern's memory the invitation she had given me.

CHAPTER VI.

I MAKE A VALUABLE FRIEND.

MONSIEUR DE RONCHAUD came to take me to Madame d'Agoult's, where I found, among others, Nefftzer, former head editor of La Presse, who had brought about Émile Ollivier's election and who was strongly opposed to those who would not take the oath. I heard foreign politics discussed clearly for the first time by him, and then and there began my great interest in them forever. An exciting discussion between us on Grecian politics made us fast friends in an amusing and durable manner.

Madame d'Agoult saw a great deal of Monsieur de Girardin, with whom she was always on very friendly terms, Madame de Girardin having been the first person to receive her after her return to Paris and her rupture with Liszt, her escapade having, of course, shut her out from aristocratic drawing-rooms.

Hippolyte Carnot, Littré and Jules Grévy cared but little for society, and were rarely met except in Madame d'Agoult's *salon*. They often formed a group together, into which I would steal,

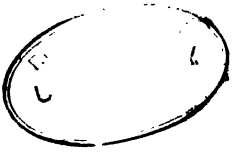
and listen with great respect and with much intellectual profit to the discussions that would take place between them, discussions that were always provoked by one of the most remarkable suggesters of ideas that I have ever know, Dupont-White, the father of the future Madame Sadi Carnot.

The Comtesse d'Agoult had a particular affection and esteem for those whom she called her "*Jurassiens*"—her men from the Jura—Jules Grévy, her lawyer, and Louis de Ronchaud, one of her most devoted friends, who lived, in summer, on his inherited estate, not far from Mont-sous-Vaudrey, at St. Lucipin-par-St. Claude, and who Madame d'Agoult always laughingly called "Lucipin-by-Claude."

Madame d'Agoult spoke several languages, an unusual thing in those days. Her mind, which was high-toned, much matured and very individual, was extremely cultivated, and although she was most curious about other people, she was very reserved concerning herself. Firm and resolute, even to obstinacy, in her own opinions, no one was more tolerant to others. At first sight Madame d'Agoult struck one as somewhat virile and masculine, without losing the effect of womanliness, and was wont to say, "I have attained the age of manhood." She was tall and extremely elegant in

DANIEL STERN (MME. D'AGOULT).

From an engraving by Léopold Flameng.



appearance, and was the perfect type of a high-bred woman. She called herself a Democrat, and she was one in all sincerity, but the word in her mouth seemed such a contrast to herself, if not an anomaly, that one could not help smiling.

Everything about Madame d'Agoult was high-bred; her appearance, her features, the manner in which she carried her head with its crown of snow-white hair, over which she wore a black chantilly lace veil, and all her gestures were aristocratic.

Dignity was her prominent trait, even in her rare moments of effusion, and one was astonished that she never betrayed the passionate note in her character that had brought about the stormy event in her life, whose struggles she describes in Nélida's confession. Any breach of good-breeding, any want of education, so frequently found among Democrats, caused her real pain, but on the other hand, she, herself, had one defect: as a result of living outside of her own sphere, she had lost the exact notion and the proportionate measure of social positions acquired by talent. We were all greatly scandalized, for we also had our political and philosophical prejudices, when one day she invited Pasdeloup, the fashionable orchestra leader, Littré, Carnot, and Grévy, to dine together. On another occasion she asked Paul de

St. Victor, the refined man of letters, to luncheon with an operetta singer. She meant no disdain by such actions. Talent, without a title, for which she cared no longer, seemed to her, under no matter what form, to possess its own intrinsic value.

In politics she was most liberal and well-balanced, and her opinion of the men of 1848 was definitely accepted for a long while. Daniel Stern's language was pure and free from pretension. A very clear perception of facts gave to her style an admirable imagery, the beauty of which marvellously concealed, as was desired, any possible redundancy of colouring in the phraseology. Madame d'Agoult was a serious writer, who desired to be taken more as a mind that one admires than as a heart that is beloved.

Nevertheless, in her great work on the Revolution of 1848, one finds certain pages where she, as it were, abandons herself to inspiration. Some of these pages devoted to Jules Grévy approach prophecy. She first describes him as the type of a Republican of high principles and then speaks enthusiastically of his foresight.

"Monsieur Grévy's rôle," she says, "had the merit of being preponderate in the Constituent Assembly." His celebrated amendment was, according to Daniel Stern, "nothing less than pre-

science. He desired," she wrote, "that the President of the Republic, instead of being elected such, by universal suffrage, should be President of a Council, elected for an unlimited period, and always revocable." In October, 1848, Monsieur Grévy strongly protested against the idea of a President who, from the fact of being invested with popular sovereignty, "should be more formidable than a King." Madame d'Agoult often said, as all her friends can remember: "Our next Republic will be presided over by Grévy."

Les Esquisses Morales, one of the books which gives the best idea of Daniel Stern's great knowledge of philosophy, made such a sensation in the literary world that she subsequently became better known as the author of Les Esquisses Morales than of La Révolution de 1848.

Having been brought up in Germany, Madame d'Agoult was not fond of light, jocular conversation, and would often throw cold water on it by feigning not to understand it. The general tone of her drawing-room was serious; conversation ran principally on politics, art, especially on music, but touched seldom on novels and the theatre. Edmond Texier, one of the wittiest men in Paris, was a frequent visitor, but he kept his sallies for other places and was merely an observer of this circle,

which became more interesting every day. He was on the staff of Le Siécle, and wrote for a great many journals under various pseudonyms, but signed his weekly articles in the Siécle with his own name. He was very caustic and his sayings were often quoted, and seemed all the more bitter when read apart from his articles, which were clear, eloquent compositions, written in finished, elegant and noble style. Distinguished looking in his appearance, devoted to his friends, steadfast to his principles, he was loved and esteemed by many and feared by some. He had pubished several political portraits which had obtained very great success.

Madame d'Agoult numbered among her best friends Édouard Grenier, a charming poet, a stanch Republican and Lamartine's most intimate friend. He was called "the living Gazette"; he knew everything, he had seen and read everything, he could converse admirably, and would give his hearers the exact sense of small facts and of great events. Edmond Texier used to say "that any criticism or the relation of any fact that had not passed Édouard Grenier's lips, had not acquired its proper significance or its Parisian notoriety."

Édouard Grenier, although intimate with all the men of 1848, was eclectic, and was at the same

time the friend of the Imperialist Mérimée, and of Auguste Barbier, the author of Les Jambes, a terrible satire on "the flat-haired Corsican." I know of no one who, in speaking of Grenier, did not say that "he was charming, delightful, the most loyal and most noble of men." As Madame d'Agoult once said: "Our dear Ronchaud, our dear Grenier."

Grenier, de Ronchaud and Tribert, when the latter was not away travelling, were the three pillars of Madame d'Agoult's drawing-room and gave it a tone of moral solidity, which contrasted singularly with the then fashionable drawing-rooms of the Empire, which were most frivolous, and where anything serious was voted "a bore" (*embêtant*), this slang term being at that time much in use.

Vacherot and Renan were also constant visitors at Madame d'Agoult's, where Renan displayed as much art in his conversation as he did in his writings.

Edmond Texier used to say "that one could lean against the mantelpiece in Madame d'Agoult's drawing-room, and start a conversation or a discussion, which soon becoming general, as a veritable lecture on politics or literature." None of my then young contemporaries, nor myself, can ever

forget what we learned and gathered from Madame d'Agoult's drawing-room.

Vacherot, when head lecturer and director of studies at the École Normale, and who was the author of L'Histoire Critique de l'École d'Alexandrie, had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Empire in 1852. He was a man of great learning, very liberal-minded, with a keen nature; his train of thought was bitter and pessimistic, but in all discussions between superior minds at Madame d'Agoult's his reflections were always individual.

Madame d'Agoult would often read to us some letter of one of the great foreign revolutionists, Mazzini or Kossuth. At other times, either Louis Blanc, Ledru-Rollin, Schoecher, Edgar Quinet or Challemel-Lacour would send her a report on the political questions of the day, destined to be communicated to her intimate circle of friends. Each reunion was thus made most interesting, and especially so because her circle was not closed to what was newly called "the Constitutional Opposition," nor even to the young "little Olliviers," who thought, although being Republicans, they might some time possibly be rallied to a liberal Empire, as was their chief, Madame d'Agoult's son-in-law. People, however, would have had great difficulty

in making some of them confess that they would ever consent to be upholders of it in the future.

I shall never forget the time when Floquet was introduced to Madame d'Agoult by Adalbert Philis. Monsieur Charles Floquet at that time gave himself great airs and was the most wonderful prig under heaven. When we, her intimate friends, would arrive early, Madame d'Agoult would inform us of "the surprises," as she called them, that she had in store for us. That evening, with feigned gravity, she said to us:

"We shall have Floquet to-night, but, alas! without wearing his legendary hat." As every one knows, Floquet's hat was celebrated. At the appointed hour he entered the drawing-room preceded by Adalbert Philis, who introduced him to Madame d'Agoult, seated, as was her wont, on the right of the fireplace. At the end of five minutes Floquet began to talk loudly. He prated, asked questions and answered them, and holding his right hand in the armhole of his waistcoat, apprised us, that like Madame d'Agoult, he was very intimate with the Peruzzis at Florence. He rolled the "r" of the name and pronounced it after the Italian manner, and assured us that they were full of hope at Florence, since Orsini's letter, and that Napoleon III gave constant pledges of good-will

towards the Italian cause; "that admirable cause," Monsieur Floquet added, in a thundering voice, "that unites a traditional sovereign of the oldest ducal house in Europe, Victor Emmanuel, a guerrilla chieftain, Garibaldi, an audacious revolutionist, Mazzini, and a statesman who is the greatest diplomat of the universe, Cavour!"

Nefftzer and Texier were beside me, and we exchanged some almost apparent jokes about him. Hippolyte Carnot, Littré and Dupont-White looked at each other with surprised eyes and seemed to say: "What are we coming to, if all the 'little Olliviers' should be equally bold?"

Floquet, at that time, proclaimed himself "the son of Robespierre." Whenever any mention of the Revolution of 1793 was made before him, he instantly became its defender. He stood in front of an imaginary bar, and, in a loud, clarion-like voice, which he had long practised, he discoursed as eloquently and as noisily for a few hearers as for a crowd. He was the dramatic defender of the September massacres. This was Floquet's public character. In private he would have been taken for an uneducated upstart and a newly converted Republican, trying in turn to make proselytes in an exaggerated manner.

Adalbert Philis, with whom we later in the even-

ing laughingly discussed his friend, and who had so much tact and delicacy himself, said: "Floquet is the best educated man I know. He comes of an old distinguished Basque family. He is naturally gentle in manner, a very good fellow, witty, amiable and nothing loath to enjoy himself. But as soon as he says to himself, 'I am destined to play a great rôle in the Revolutionary events of the future,' he becomes as you have seen him, solemn, severe, stiff and aggressive; but all this will soften down, and, mark me, you will see he will become a volatile personage."

On a succeeding day, Monsieur Ernest Hamel, a young man overflowing with "Montaguisme," was introduced. He was known later as being the author of L'Histoire de Saint-Just, which the Imperial government had seized and confiscated. His manners displeased those whom we called "the old ones" as much as Floquet's had done.

In the course of a conversation I had with Madame d'Agoult, after a small breakfast to which she had invited only myself and Monsieur de Ronchaud, I amused her exceedingly by my enthusiastic praise of Œdipé-Roi, translated by Jules Lacroix, which I had seen a few weeks previously at the Théâtre-Français; the simplicity of the

translation, the admirable comprehension of the characters in the Grecian masterpiece, Edmond Membrée's accompanying antique chants, and Madame Favart's wonderful acting, made me speak of Greece in passionate terms. De Ronchaud shared my enthusiasm for Jules Lacroix's Œdipé-Roi, and Madame d'Agoult said impatiently that her friend "of Lucipin-by-Claude," already an exaggerated Hellenist, "would now, with such an ally as myself, become thoroughly insupportable."

As was usual, Madame Fauvety and myself saw Œdipé-Roi after it had been playing for some time, and my conversation with Madame d'Agoult coincided with the first representations of Orphée-aux-Enfers, over which all Paris was wild, and singing its popular airs.

"My dear child," said Madame d'Agoult, "I will take you to the Bouffes. It will modernize you a little. You are too young to be so antique. It will warp your judgment forever. Leave antiquity to de Ronchaud, to Ménard, to Saint-Victor. It will do them no harm, but is not good for you."

"Madame," I replied, "antique tragedy alone helps me to bear the drama of my present life."

"Modern drama will distract you more, my

child. Instead of going to see Œdipé-Roi, go to the Ambigu to see Le Marchand de Coco and Fanfan la Tulipe. They are less solemn and just as exciting. Follow my advice, dear little one; be of your day."

"For the love of Greece, remain Grecian," de Ronchaud added.

I heard that George Sand was in Paris. I had the greatest desire to know her. She had sent me word by Charles Edmond that she wished to thank me in person for the pleasure my Idées-Anti-Proudhoniennes had given her. One day I received the following letter:

"MADAME: Would you be kind enough to receive me next Thursday at two o'clock? I know it is not your day at home, and that is why I have chosen it. George Sand has begged me to call and thank you for the book which you sent to her and which, as you will hear from me, she has found most interesting. If you send me no answer I shall conclude that my visit will be acceptable to you.

"Believe me, Madame, etc.,

"CAPITAINE D'ARPENTIGNY."

On the day, and at the hour mentioned, the Captain was announced. It struck me that he came

more as an inspector than as a bearer of compliments.

I felt at first exceeding vexed with him for the cross-questioning to which he subjected me, and vaguely grateful to her, who took sufficient interest in me to submit me to such an examination.

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" asked the Captain. "Do you love your husband? What does he do?"

I answered all these indiscreet inquiries.

"Have you any children? Monsieur d'Arpentigny added.

"A daughter."

"Very good! Are you a devoted mother?"

"Of course I am! But I beg of you——"

"I have not finished. I have still half a dozen questions to ask you, and, my dear child, you must answer them. I esteem George Sand's friendship so highly that when I am authorized by her to superintend the beginning of a new friendship, I do my duty conscientiously. So pray answer me. Do you write for the pleasure of it, or to gain celebrity, or to extend the circle of your admirers, for, dear lady, you are adorable!"

I felt the tears rise to my eyes; the compliment was so curt, so impertinent.

My answer, however, pleased the blunt Captain, for he replied, half smiling:

"Excellent! Now show me your hand."

I gave it to him. He turned it over and over as though it were some article on a shop stall. He looked at the palm to read the lines. His face suddenly lit up good-naturedly and his expression changed completely.

"Ah! ah!" he exclaimed. "Here is a loyal hand, and we will seal our compact."

He went on examining my hand, uttering exclamations, sometimes amusing, sometimes serious, short or long reflections. It was all so droll that my usual gaiety returned to me. When he had finished examining my left hand, the Captain seized my right.

"Good! good! very good! Now I feel quite sure, dear lady, that you can be a friend of George Sand. I am ready to sanction the friendship."

"Then, Captain," I cried, overjoyed, "I can see and know George Sand."

"Most certainly not!"

"What do you mean?" I asked, hurt and much surprised.

"It is very easy to explain, my child. I have heard that you are a very intimate friend of Madame d'Agoult, of Daniel Stern. Now George Sand quarrelled with her a long time ago; every one knows the reasons why. All the details and motives of their friendship and of its subsequent ending

have been made public in two books: Horace, by George Sand, and Nélida, by Madame d'Agoult; so you will understand how impossible it would be for you to see and know George Sand without her deeming it necessary to warn you against the person whose influence, she thinks, will be bad for you. Now, George Sand's character is opposed to running the risk of separating you from a friend whom you love. She will wait! When the day comes when you will no longer be friends with Madame d'Agoult, you will know that Madame Sand is ready to be your friend, and that you can go to see her. Until then, write to her when you so desire; she will always answer you."

The Captain rose, and seeing how distressed I was, said, what seemed to me a strange consolation:

"It will happen, I am sure, before long. Daniel Stern has a remarkable mind, and one that seems unusually well-balanced. Some time ago I examined her hand. She has moments when she is unreliable, from which you will suffer some day, and your friendship will be broken up."

So it came to this: that it was impossible for me to see George Sand, or to have the pleasure of knowing her, until the day when I should be so unfortunate as to quarrel with Madame d'Agoult.

CHAPTER VII

WITH THE SCIENTISTS

NEFFTZER, Girardin, the Constitutional opposers, were daily gaining ground in Madame d'Agoult's drawing-room, which until the election of " the Five " had been entirely ruled by the non-oath-taking party.

After 1852, the refusal to take the oath was the sole form of protestation. The men of 1848 were imprisoned, exiled, sent to Cayenne or Lombessa, their principles were held up to ridicule, and after the insurrection of June, they were hated by the people. They suffered from calumny, as no fallen party ever did before. They were crushed after their defeat, and they thought only of redeeming their individual honour, and of forcing their enemies' esteem, by their writings and by their acts.

The fight against what they called " Imperialist corruption " was won solely by repeated proofs of their high-toned character, and by a stubborn resistance against all conciliation. There was a great deal of sincere disinterestedness among those who refused to take the oath. If some of them were accused of possessing these qualities on the surface

only, they at least considered it necessary to appear as though possessing them, but the majority of the party of "home exiles," comprising such men as Cavaignac, Carnot, Lionville, Goudchaux, Grévy, and extending from the old writers on the National, from Thiers to Duclerc, from Littré to Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, from old Thomas to Haureau and Edmond Adam, inspired such respect that even the resources of the official press and of the "Law of General Security" could not damage it.

It was therefore necessary, at all costs, that the Empire should realize Monsieur de Morny's determined idea to disaggregate this "block" of honest consciences, in order to draw public opinion away from such honourable example, and it was through Monsieur Émile Ollivier's aid that Monsieur de Morny succeeded in injuring the political morals of the Republican party.

Madame d'Agoult, who never took part in general conversation, and who almost always conversed with some chosen person, gave no indication of her opinions, past or present. Although she continued to evince great friendliness towards those who refused to take the oath, one was led to think that perhaps while approving the act, she would have followed the rising sun, had she not feared to be taken in tow by her son-in-law, Émile Ollivier, and

of being made part of the noisy cohort of the "little Olliviers."

She was, however, soon forced to choose between her old and her new friends, those who had refused to take the oath withdrawing themselves from her circle in proportion as the oath-takers frequented it the more. Since Cavaignac's death, partly caused, his intimate friends averred, by his sorrow at seeing, what was to him the despairing compromises accepted by the young Republicans, who thus made the older ones powerless to act, the Republican party was, so to speak, decapitated.

Not only did the young men unite with the oath-takers, conquerors of those who refused to take it, but they began to blame those in exile, whom, until then, they had revered.

They had begun this revolt when Edgard Quinet's book L'Histoire de mes Idées had appeared, and of which they said: "There is a point where sincerity becomes senility. No young brain would have written such a book." Splendid pages, however, of great eloquence and rare high moral thought abounded in this work.

Laurent Pichat, whose house was open to the young members, perceived that "the old beards," as they began to call them, fell off by degrees in their attendance. Madame d'Agoult was anxious

to know all the " little Olliviers," so they were introduced to her one by one, and soon became obnoxious on account of their number. Their want of respect for the " ancestors," a term they considered more polite than " the old beards," seemed to us, myself and our older friends, much too apparent. They might have been taken for the spokesmen of our enemies. They went further than Proudhon, or Girardin, or even Émile Ollivier himself, in their contempt of those whom they called " the dupes of Napoleon III." Jules Ferry said one day, at Madame d'Agoult's, " that to violate an oath given to the Emperor, was a duty." In our eyes, this declaration completely absolved Napoleon III.

These young members were stiff, cold and unenthusiastic; they said that the time for dreaming was over; that one must be practical, and struggle only for results. They were antipathetic to me beyond words. Although I was younger than themselves, they seemed older to me than the oldest men. Their compliments annoyed me, and, in spite of a growing friendship between Laurent Pichat and myself, he could never enrol me among the young politicians of his party.

The society in Madame d'Agoult's drawing-room changed, so to speak, every week. Sometimes its atmosphere was greatly excited by the conver-

sation of the elder men; sometimes it was rendered apathetic by the younger ones. One day she said to de Ronchaud, Grenier, Tribert and myself:

"A political drawing-room can only exist on condition that those who frequent it are bound together by similar opinions, feeling collectively the same interest in the past through the men who have survived it, in the present through those who are doing active service, and in the future in those men whom the past and present have formed and are educating in view of future action; but when the unfledged birds undertake to lecture their fathers and grandfathers, everything is upside down."

"The young recruits wish to assume command," Tribert continued. "They think only of taking possession of the citadel, of assaulting its positions and of its destruction, without giving thought to the rebuilding of the fortress for future defence."

"The heroic epoch of our party seems to have come to an end," de Ronchaud said. "Our foes have become more lenient through their enjoyment of power, but this tranquil enjoyment gives birth to many envious enemies."

"The young politicians," I added, "think much more of overthrowing the Empire, in order to take

its place, than of devoting themselves to the good of France."

In spite of all of Monsieur de Ronchaud's opposition, who even went so far as to accuse Madame d'Agoult of doing something quite wrong, she insisted on taking me, with Monsieur de Girardin, to see Orphée aux Enfers. We went first to dine at a "*cabaret*" (a restaurant), as my famous friend laughingly said, and, after we had all three talked a great deal, I went to the Bouffes in excellent spirits, ready to be amused at what was amusing all Paris.

But after the first scenes, I felt an insurmountable disgust at its idiotic foolishness. Was it possible that my gods should be given over to silly puns, grotesquely caricatured in the lowest and vilest manner? They were ridiculed in such a way that it was a veritable nightmare to refined minds. Was this what a believer in Jehovah made of our Homeric legends, and was there no one to answer him joke for joke by insulting his Jewish traditions? I expressed my disgust strongly. I evoked our French traditions, revolted at what seemed to me a treasonable action against my country. I enumerated one by one the names of all the poet Orpheus's sons, while silly laughter resounded

around me, and the actors continued to play the imbecile parts.

My painful emotion was so great that Madame d'Agoult and Monsieur de Girardin ceased to smile.

"Do you know," said the latter, "that this young Anti-Prudhonian speaks as Toussenel does of this play, and that he also sees political treason in it? The author of Les Juifs Rois de l'Époque wrote to me a few days ago, begging me to take up arms against Orphée aux Enfers. 'We must not allow our filial instincts to be thus compromised,' he said. 'Thracia, Orpheus's mother, is our mother also. Offenbach, who ridicules Greece, whence comes the inspiration of our artistic traditions, continues Halévy's work, who strove to elevate his race in La Juive. They are the would-be destroyers of our ideals, for which they wish to substitute their own, among them The Golden Calf.'" Toussenel also added: "They are the children of the earth's bowels, whose malevolent riches they cultivate, and we the children of light, who cultivate the beneficent riches of the surface of the soil."

"That is an idea to be developed," added Girardin; "for it is true that an agricultural people are less dangerous than English miners. It might

be interesting to study a nation's proclivities, from the point of view of its mining or agricultural industry."

All that is taking place to-day in France was prepared a long time ago, and how few there were who, like Toussenel, perceived, understood and feared what has come to pass. Offenbach was born in Cologne. He was a clever precursor of the task the German Jews set themselves to accomplish in France, in order to make her defeat the easier.

Their aim was to destroy by degrees all that we admire in elevated and holy things; to sap the sources of our inspiration, and of that which makes France truly French; to turn the Grecian gods, our literary and artistic imitators, into ridicule; in a word, to write Orphée aux Enfers, and later to make our military men grotesque in La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein, while at Berlin they were reviving all their legends and were rejoicing that they had avenged the Palatinate War and Jena.

Madame d'Agoult was vexed with me that I did not take the pleasure she wished me to take in the anti-Grecian play, but de Ronchaud pleaded my cause, and came one day and advised me to go and surprise her at her hour for her drive in the Avenue des Bois de Boulogne. I went and found her with

Tribert, just returned from a journey to Italy, of which country he was passionately fond, and which he visited at least once every year. Madame d'Agoult shared Tribert's love for Italy, but found it too exclusive. She was constantly reproaching him for what she called "his anti-German tomfoolery."

"Prepare yourselves for invasion," Tribert said again that day. "The Empire will bring it about. It will soon be too late for you to escape it. France must be sincerely and entirely Italy's ally. She should feel sympathy for her alone, for she is veritably her sister by race. A complete understanding with Italy would draw Spain also into the compact, and then the Latin race would be able to defend itself and have nothing further to fear from Germanic invasion."

"You are very tiresome, Tribert, with your continual, self-same repetitions, and worthy to join in chorus with my young friend," and she then related to him our "adventure" at Orphée aux Enfers, my disgust, and Toussenel's conviction that the German Jews were working to destroy national character in us.

"Toussenel is perfectly right," exclaimed Tribert; "and I could tell you a great deal about what has been conspiring against us in Germany for

more than a quarter of a century, of what they teach the young Prussians at school, of what——"

"Hold your tongue, Tribert," interrupted Madame d'Agoult.

Those of my generation can well remember the great scandal caused by the publication of a book by Jacquot, called De Mirecourt, La Maison Alexandre Dumas et Cie, in which he asserted that although the books of the elder Alexandre Dumas were signed with his name, they were in reality written by young and unknown men, who were paid by the day for their work. Dumas brought him before the courts, and Jacquot de Mirecourt was condemned to six months' imprisonment.

But the success of this odious pamphlet suggested to a certain publisher the idea of asking Jacquot de Mirecourt, when he came out of prison, to write for him a series of biographies under the title of Galerie de Contemporains. Mirecourt's habit was to write to an author for information about himself; were it given, he distorted it; were it refused, he dragged the author into the mire. This malicious man was a good writer; he was wily and spiteful, and his little volumes, each one containing a biography, were much read. However, numerous lawsuits concerning these publications ruined his editor, and he gave them up.

I received a letter from de Mirecourt in which he called me "his dear colleague," and said he had published some letters to Proudhon, and that such a bond of sympathy would naturally oblige me to receive him, or else send him "some information for my biography."

I spoke to Monsieur Fauvety about it, who advised me not to hesitate "to give satisfaction to the venomous beast."

Having seen Madame d'Agoult that same day, I asked her advice on the Mirecourt question, knowing she liked to help me by her counsel.

"Be sure," she said, "my child, not to answer that disreputable man. It would compromise you. The life of Paris is full of snares. Whenever you are in doubt about anything, tell me. I will take pleasure in giving you the benefit of my knowledge of men, and of my experience, sometimes dearly bought."

Gratitude was mingled with my affection for Madame d'Agoult, for she took great pains to make a Parisian lady out of the little country girl I was. I always remember gratefully the lessons she gave me, which she summed up in a simple formula.

"Any customs," she said, "which are not quite refined and polite, are not to be questioned. For

instance—to give a simple example—to be too exacting before others at table, when servants are negligent in their duty."

One day, Madame d'Agoult took me to the studio of the sculptor Adam-Salomon, who was just then greatly interested in photography, and had begun to make an "album of Daniel Stern's Friends," which contained later on the photographs of Jules Grévy, Littré, Carnot, Girardin, Renan, Nefftzer, Dupont-White, Édouard Grenier, Scherer, Alfred Mézières, Tribert, de Ronchaud, Guérolt, Prince Napoleon, Vacherot, Madame Coignet, Challemel-Lacour and Mademoiselle Clémence Royer, who sat for their portraits after the amnesty and their return from exile. The others, such as Madame Ackermann, were taken when they became Madame d'Agoult's friends. Those of all the celebrated Italians, great Hungarians and Germans, as they in turn visited Paris, completed Daniel Stern's album.

Adam-Salomon made a very handsome photograph of me, which so pleased Leopold Flameng that he engraved it. He had just finished a medallion portrait of Madame d'Agoult that had been universally admired, and he often said, speaking of this medallion and of the engraving of myself: "They are my two masterpieces."

"I have asked to dinner next week, Littré, Hippolyte Carnot, Dupont-White, Tribert, de Ronchaud, and you must come, my child," Madame d'Agoult said to me. "I know that each of you will be delighted to meet the others, so do not fail me."

Miss such a dinner! Not for anything in the world. I almost worshipped Littré; and he professed to feel great affection for me. We talked of Greece, and my passion for that land amused him. How many new things he revealed to me about the Iliad, which neither my father nor myself had understood or imagined. Littré, besides being editor of the Revue Positiviste, was continuing his translation of Hippocrates's works, which he only finished in 1861. He was very fond of Madame d'Agoult; he admired her clearness of mind, her great comprehension of the most abstract ideas, and her intimate circle also pleased him, with the exception of Monsieur de Girardin. Like all the former writers on the National, he could not forget Carrel's death.

Littré's character was the most superior I ever knew. I have never met a more logical and loyal mind, a nobler conscience, a more simply devoted heart, nor any one with more tolerant, though strong opinions. Littré possessed, moreover, all that philosophical opinions, a true sense of justice,

and entire uprightness can bestow on a man who is desirous of reaching perfection. His political opinions were in perfect accord with his philosophical doctrines; but all his knowledge and all his virtues did not inspire him with, or even suggest to him, the most fugitive notion of idealism. He surpassed his master in materialism; where Stuart Mill, who was as fervent a disciple of Auguste Comte as himself, said: "Positivism is not necessarily a negation of the supernatural; it simply relegates the question to the origin of things;"—where the founder of positivism endeavoured to extract a manner of religious idealism from it, Littré took his stand in absolute materialism. Auguste Comte left one free to have his own opinions, declaring that there was "no more argument in favour of the Hereafter than against it." Littré did not hesitate to deny its existence.

When one knew him, one loved and honoured him in spite of seeing the narrow views of such a vast intelligence. It is true it compromised the whole of humanity, and that was sufficient for him. The history of all nations, science in all its branches, the language of all countries, what the human mind had achieved in all ages, all this, Littré knew as no one ever knew it before him. His knowledge of all things was colossal; he cared not whence he

gathered it, nor what use could be made of it. His load of knowledge being heavy, he was satisfied simply to bear it alone. A believer in his own unbelief, he respected other persons' faith, no matter what form it assumed. Many of Auguste Comte's disciples followed Littré in his evolution, or rather, detached themselves, as he had done from a system diametrically opposed to its premises.

At the beginning of the dinner, Madame d'Agoult drew Hippolyte Carnot to talk of the subject nearest his heart, his two sons, Sadi and Adolphe; Sadi, the elder, who was still at the Polytechnic School, shared, to his great joy, all his opinions, and he placed his hopes of political compensation in him.

Dupont-White, on his side, answered Madame d'Agoult's questions concerning his eldest daughter, who, although scarcely fifteen years old, aided him in all his studies and was ambitious to take his secretary's place. She was intensely interested in her father's work on the Middle Ages, which were also a revelation to us. The Middle Ages, as seen under the sombre colours of Romanticism, became illumined under Dupont-White's pen. "That epoch," he said, "bristled with liberty; the Royal Power was exercised under the leading-strings of the General States, and found impossible limits, in

the rights of the nobility, of the communes and corporations." He was the author of a work of great competency, L'Individu et l'État.

Whenever he published an article, his paradoxes, as they were called, aroused fiery discussions. He possessed in supreme degree, Norman "sapience," a mixture of wisdom and knowledge joined with common sense.

I could but remember many years afterward how Hippolyte Carnot had praised his eldest son, and Dupont-White his eldest daughter, when they announced to us that they were to be married, and no union was ever happier than that of Monsieur Sadi Carnot and Mademoiselle Dupont-White, for it united two superior minds admirably educated, two souls abundant in patriotism and two hearts that had remained ineffably pure.

Littré seemed sad while listening to these happy fathers speaking of their favourite children. Did he not see and foresee a similar happiness possible in his own household?

Dupont-White was very intimate with Stuart Mill, and lost no opportunity of speaking in his praise. Whenever he and Littré would meet he would always attack the latter's materialism, which brought about endless discussions between them.

Carnot, who was a former Saint-Simonian, and

who also took great interest in philosophical discussions, soon set fire to the powder, by asking a question concerning Pierre Lafitte, Auguste Comte's testamentary executor. I naturally pricked up my ears at the first words, and as Littré and Dupont-White both questioned me apropos of a remark I had made, and which proved that I had read at least a part of Auguste Comte's "heavy volumes," I bravely replied:

"I do not feel either Monsieur Littré's circumscribed admiration for Auguste Comte, or Monsieur Dupont-White's benevolence when he follows Stuart Mill's interpretation of his doctrines. I think that materialistic positivism disaggregates our traditional ideas of morality and that Comtism is simple ideology."

"Is that all?" asked Dupont-White, laughingly.

"No, but my other griefs against him are personal ones, and I do not include them. They are griefs of my married life."

"If I had found anything better than positivism," Littré said to me with his habitual gentleness, in such strong contrast with the hardness of his features, "if I knew of another doctrine that possessed the philosophical, scientific and historical tenure that positivism does and that had less dis-

continuity in it, I would adopt it. I am never obstinate. Come, Madame, let us hear your system, if you have one."

"I am seekng one," I replied, "but if I find it, I would not try to convert you to it, Monsieur Littré. We would never meet where I am endeavouring to climb above humanity, in the country of the gods."

"What one can reproach you with the most, my dear Littré," Dupont-White added, "is that you reason about science as though its questions were definitely decided. Cannot the discovery to-morrow of an impalpable atom of a spark upset your classifications from top to bottom?"

"How truly you speak, Dupont-White!" Tribert then said. "As for me, I am so full of curiosity that I am not satisfied with what science has already discovered, and I will not leave my hope for further developments at the doors of laboratories."

"You all hunger for fantasy, for instability, for the unknown, for dreams and for the infinite," said Littré. "I do not feel so at all. I have a positive and settled mind."

"That is why Taine already surpasses you and will leave you in the background, my dear Littré," said Dupont-White, half seriously. "His mind is so thirsting for evolution that he contradicts him-

self. He thinks he only draws geometrical figures, and he creates acting entities. This scientific man has great imagination; and, although he is an analyst and critic, he has a most affirmative mind. In all his researches, and in no matter what he is seeking, he always returns to his own opinions, and he revivifies a hundred times over what he has dissected once."

"I admire Taine," said Littré. "Ah, how badly he cut Cousin to pieces! He knows how to use his arms. A mailed knight, he strikes and thrusts, without ever being touched by his adversaries' weaker swords. One of his most glorious victories is to have won over Renouvier from eclecticism."

"He will convince many others, you, first of all, Littré. At all events, he will not permit you to muzzle science, for you are inclined to do so. Only, I confess, all your deficiencies are compensated for by a most superior quality, your conscience. When anything is proved to you, even if it upsets all your ideas, you admit it. Taine will shower proofs upon you."

Littré laughed heartily.

"My dear Dupont-White, with your impetuosity and your mind, your nature is absolutely contrary to mine. I have taken from positivism all that is most positive. I only wonder that as you

go beyond Stuart Mill, you have not taken from Comtism its most imaginative part—its religion."

"Why, Comte's religion is as destitute of true spirituality, of any aspiration towards the Hereafter, as your most materialized laws. You know, Littré, you could not make me believe that all that escapes human reason can be shut up in the apartment of the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, even though it were aired by Pierre Lafitte."

"My dear friend," Littré replied calmly, "you are trying to be witty; that is to say, you are talking for talk's sake; you are imitating one of your models. Now, you are copying Stendhal."

"Littré! how do you dare to say that?" cried Dupont-White, angrily.

"Believe me, Monsieur Littré," said Tribert, to calm the little storm about to break, for Dupont-White was quick-tempered, and although fond of bantering others, did not like them to tease him, "believe me, your immutable law, which, according to you, contains all the manifestations of life, is too fixed, too circumscribed for our French imagination."

"Your immutable and perfect law," I said in my turn, "might be accepted, in an extreme case, for the body, but how is it that you have no allotment for the manifestations of intelligence?"

"Because there is no unmixed intelligence," replied Littré, warmly; "duality exists. The phenomena of the mind emanate from the body and are subject to the absolute laws that govern nature. There is no light apart from a luminous body, no life without organs, no mind without matter."

"Mediums are not essences," I replied. "The Homeric past, Monsieur Littré, has given us such an idea of the poetry of things that we have a right to believe that the future will show us something better than your absolute law with its brutal characteristics."

"Yes, I agree, absolute law is brutal in its partial manifestations," Littré answered, "but in its complete action, based on unchangeable conditions of proportionality and of order, it gives us the conception of absolute justice."

I protested, saying:

"If I am only a particle of dust that can be swept away by the wind, and not a mind that can dominate matter, why struggle at all?"

"Because the law that governs man is action."

"According to me, man must be governed by mind and by nature, and by the gods."

"My poor child, you will not open the theological circle, even with your Homer; it is closed forever!"

Encouraged by Madame d'Agoult, Dupont-White, Tribert and de Ronchaud, who applauded noiselessly, I replied:

"Your methodically irresponsible nature exasperates me. I wish that life should be conscient in everything, everywhere. What you say and what you write are only words. Why should not mine be worth as much as yours? Why is noise silence to you? Why does what we see convey more truth to your mind than what we do not see? Just as you cannot perceive with your eyes what is infinitesimally small, so you do not perceive what is infinitely large. You conceive the universe from a mathematical point of view. I conceive it from one divine. I am, at all events, your superior in point of view of beauty."

"I agree to that," Littré gallantly replied.

"Your Positivism is worth nothing for thought, which it stultifies; for art, whose images it breaks; for social progress, which it immobilises; for moral progress, which it renders useless. There!"

"This young person is full of life," said Dupont-White. "What do you think of her, Littré?"

"I think she is not commonplace. She will, I am certain, from the speed at which she is going in her evolutions, pass through all the cycles, through

which humanity itself has passed. As you say, my dear Dupont-White, she has great aspirations towards the Hereafter. We will certainly see this heathen become a Christian."

"Which would not displease me," joined in Madame d'Agoult, "were it only to enrage de Ronchaud, the Hellenist of Lucipin-by-Claude."

CHAPTER VIII

MORE FRIENDS

ONE fine day who should come to see me but Arlès-Dufour and Lambert-Bey, delegated by the Père Enfantin, to ask me to preside at a banquet which the heads of the Saint-Simonian School proposed to give in my honour.

I hesitated to accept it in spite of the spontaneous sympathy with which Arlès-Dufour inspired me. I have never met any one for whom I felt such a sudden filial inclination. The first time he called me "my child," I wished to answer him "Father." He had a noble and beautiful face. Very simple in his speech and manner, he impressed one as possessing great kindness and much dignity. This came, perhaps, from the fact that he had always thought and acted with perfect freedom. His dominant passion, he said, "was liberty under all its forms, even eccentric ones."

Arlès-Dufour was one of the rare Saint-Simonians who had remained convinced of the integral truth of the school's principles. All his life he had felt an intense desire to raise woman from the state of inferiority in which he found her in France. It

was through him, at Lyons, that the first woman was made a Bachelor of Letters; he took great interest in governesses and women doctors. He was very generous. He devoted a certain portion of his earnings to gifts under the form of loans. It was the bank that lent, not himself. When a debtor reimbursed his loan, it went to the bank. When there were good returns, it lent a great deal; when the bank was exhausted, nothing was given.

Arlès-Dufour insisted upon my accepting his "brothers'" and friends' banquet. Lambert-Bey invited me especially in the Père Enfantin's name, who saw in me, as Saint-Simon had seen in Madame de Staël—fancy, how flattering it was!—the woman hoped for since the school's foundation, the legislative woman, the feminine Messiah, the male Messiah having been incarnated in Enfantin.

But they met me rather too late to help the "Père" to some humanity, notwithstanding that I thought it rather too early for me. I did not feel myself sufficiently matured for such a high mission. Can you imagine with what treasure the world was to be endowed? Nothing less than the golden age! The Saint-Simonian's motto being: "The golden age, which until now tradition has placed in the past, is at hand."

The school was formed after Saint-Simon's

death. Enfantin, who had been introduced to its founder, by Olinde Rodrigues, went preaching "the golden age of the future" in all the cities, when he was barely catechised. He possessed the faculty of drawing crowds. All the young superior men, or those who were simply above, belonged to the school of which Enfantin was "the Father." Auguste Comte, Armand Carrel, Blanqui, Pierre Leroux, Jean Reynaud, Charton, Arlès-Dufour, Guérault, Bazard, Hippolyte Carnot, Michel Chevalier, Félicien David, Salabot, D'Eichtal, Émile Pereire, Duveyrier, Buchez, Louis Jourdan, Jules Simon and many others.

After the Revolution of July, the weekly lectures of the Rue Taitbout made many converts. The "Père" and his sons set forth in these lectures the principle that all social institutions should have as their object the moral, intellectual and physical amelioration of the most numerous and poorest class.

A great metaphysical current fed by the inheritance of Christianity, made useless at that epoch by Voltairian France, found its outlet in Saint-Simonism, and brought to its fold all the generous and Utopian souls in France, who aspired, as such souls always do, and at all epochs, to lend their aid to social evolutions. As long as the Saint-Si-

monians preached their doctrines in a theoretical state, Louis Philippe's government tolerated them and their newspaper, Le Globe. But when the school became a church, and it was necessary to establish its dogmas, there were violent discussions, even among "the brothers," who were not all in perfect accord regarding the general abolition of the privileges of birth, the total transformation of property, the necessity of suppressing the lower classes, and above all, Enfantin's new social conception of woman's condition, which he wished to make solely an object of pleasure.

Olinde Rodrigues, Jean Reynaud, Bazard and Hippolyte Carnot, whose sense of morality was revolted, were the first to abandon the school, refusing to accept the idea of the promiscuity of woman, as Enfantin desired his disciples to accept it. When the schism was made, there only remained forty sons who submitted to the "Père's" personal interpretation of the doctrine, all of whom followed him to Ménilmontant, and consented to devote themselves to manual labour, while singing songs, the greater part of which were composed by Félicien David. Rosa Bonheur's father, Raymond Bonheur, designed the costume of these extraordinary "workmen." Wearing a Southern peasant's cap, they were dressed in a light-blue cassock, and

each one had his name embroidered on his robe, so that he was unmistakably known to the others.

Enfantin wore a scarlet vestment gathered about his waist with a violet-coloured belt, with the word "Father" written on his breast. A large chain, made of metal rings, hung round "the Father's" neck, each ring representing symbolically one of his sons. When Jean Reynaud, Carnot, Bazard and Olinde Rodrigues left him definitely Enfantin broke four rings of his chain.

The gallery in which the brothers met to work at Ménilmontant was on a level with a garden, full of grand old trees. A long table and benches were the sole furniture of this room, where forty young men, the larger part laureates of great schools, did manual labour.

The platform of the Saint-Simonian's doctrine is known: "Education for all; equality of the sexes; each individual to receive his share of the common goods according to his capacity and his work; enfranchisement of woman; suppression of inheritance; community of property; destruction of family."

On the day Lambert-Bey and Arlès-Dufour invited me to their banquet, I remembered the irruption of a woman Messiah one day at Ménilmontant.

" She entered," say the Saint-Simonian Chronicles, " veiled with a blue veil, young, pretty, mysterious, and pronounced these simple words: ' I wait.'

" They brought her an old man. She refused him, saying he had no passion. A young man, whom she thought had not sufficient faith. Her mother rushed into the room in a rage, and carried off her daughter, beating her."

If I had accepted the banquet would they have presented the old man and the young man to me?

The end of Enfantin's experiment has been related. The press openly attacked the " forty," denouncing them and accusing them of all possible vices. Père Enfantin and his sons were forced, one day, to defend themselves before the courts, against the crimes of which they were accused. The " forty " marched through the streets, clad in their costume and singing Félicien David's chants. They were hooted, but, as they were apostles, ridicule did not touch them. Enfantin passed some months in prison, and then was pardoned. The school being dispersed, " the Father " and his sons left for Egypt, and there studied a system to dam the Nile and to pierce the Isthmus of Suez.

Enfantin and his disciples were marvellously endowed with the capacity for undertaking great enterprises. Later they were to be found laying

out roads, digging canals, building railroads. Benjamin Constant called Saint-Simonism "industrial Papacy."

It was the Saint-Simonians who founded public credit societies, all the great shops exploited by capitalists, and gave an irresistible impulsion to monopolies and trusts. Did they bestow economical benefit on the society of their day?

When I arrived in Paris, the Phalansterians were about answering the question in this wise: "We have added," they said, "to capital, participation by work. The Pèreires, who were Saint-Simonians, founded the Magasins du Louvre; we have founded the Bon Marché. Their principle is summed up in the word 'exploitation,' ours in 'participation.' 'To each one according to his work,' was the Saint-Simonian formula, as well as it was our own, but theirs was aristocratic. Those who rose, among the Saint-Simonians, did not draw up with them the initial group of labourers, and the Saint-Simonian apportionment, and its labourers' participation in profits, are not as general as ours, nor do they possess the greatness of the Phalansterian apportionment and participation."

If I have recounted the facts I have here mentioned, it is because we were obliged to be cognizant of them, for they still interested those with whom

we conversed every day and who were our friends.

I did not accept the banquet, but I went one evening with Arlès-Dufour to see Père Enfantin and thanked him for the honour of his invitation, of which I felt myself unworthy. A very handsome and rather stout woman received us with him. Père Enfantin evidently retained his ideas on the complete enfranchisement of woman.

Although Arlès-Dufour lived at Lyons, he frequently came to Paris. He adopted me little by little, as he said, and my affection for him increased whenever I saw him during his sojourns at Paris. He spoke of me to Madame Arlès-Dufour and to his children, thus preparing for me their incomparable maternal and fraternal affection, which proved one of the greatest happinesses of my life. Arlès-Dufour's friendship—I soon called him "Father" according to his desire—found a hundred ways of being kind and of use to me. I felt such real affection for him that I soon confided all my sorrows to him. He wrote to my father, and they soon took common care of me, and I felt that my father, who was afraid of my husband's threats, would protect me in a firmer manner, now that he felt himself supported in his defence of me, by good, influential and courageous Arlés-Dufour.

The only thing in which Arlès-Dufour and I did not agree was amusing. He would not admit that the Saint-Simonian doctrine could be condemned on a single point, not even on that of the excessive emancipation of woman. Now, in his private life, he was the most perfect husband, the most devoted father, and the most faithful man possible in his veneration of family ties. He would have been very severe to me had he found me coquettish, or in any degree light in conduct, and then, on the contrary, he would proudly quote his friend Stuart Mill's opinions, "the greatest of English philosophers," he said, and who, having been a Saint-Simonian for a short time and then a renegade, did not cease, however, to admire the courage with which the School confronted the question of family, and its boldness in proclaiming the absolute equality of man and woman.

"My dear friend," I said, "my venerated father, the Saint-Simonians were absurd, because they wished to reform manners, not by virtue, but by license. Corruption has never made anything wholesome. You have tried to turn the grandeur of woman's affection towards the satisfaction of present enjoyment, as certain of Christ's disciples wish to turn this feeling towards future happiness. What is absolute for the soul, or what is absolute

for the body may satisfy the individual. But from a social point of view it is wrong. Instead of teaching woman how she may find great comfort in her devotion to others, you have thrown her, for food, the disorder of her passions, free love. There are certain obligations necessary to preserve a woman's dignity, which she cannot find outside of social duties, nor in unbridled love. She can satisfy these obligations by associating herself with man's work, and by sharing his cares. She can make the companion of her life recognize that her worth is equal to his own, not in identical things, but in things equivalent. Woman must be respected to hold power over her children, and to retain her social position."

"You are repeating your letter to Alphonse Karr to ——" I had given it to him to read— "and your Anti-Proudhonian ideas. I know them all," Arlès-Dufour answered, "and I tell you once for all, and declare it again, that woman's beauty is what gives her her superiority. Flesh must be rehabilitated, passion is divine. God, who is all-powerful, has given the dominating power of beauty to woman to establish the equilibrium of power in man."

"Always the abominable aristocratic principle of Saint-Simonism," I replied; "the majority

slaves for life to the superiority of beauty or capital. A royalty that only benefits a small number. I will never admit that. I am a Democrat."

"And you are beautiful. That is why you judge a principle from a personal point of view. A principle is not necessarily an application."

"Then it is no longer a principle if it cannot be applied necessarily."

"Yes, it can."

"No, it cannot."

Hippolyte Carnot, who had announced that he was coming to see me, entered just as I was answering Arlès-Dufour rather angrily. We told him of the question about which we were quarrelling.

"Egad!" he said, "it is a reminiscence of the Rue Taitbout lectures, and of the sitting of the court when Enfantin was condemned. Do you remember my deposition, Arlès? I was a Saint-Simonian as long as the doctrine preserved a philosophical character, but I separated from my brothers when the doctrine bifurcated. What you are upholding against Madame Juliette Lamber is the bifurcation, and she is perfectly right."

"Well, I bifurcate, that's all," said good Arlès-Dufour; "but you two together would get the better of me too easily. I leave you to your old prejudices."

When known intimately, Hippolyte Carnot was one of the most interesting and charming talkers to whom one could listen. Small in stature, not striking in appearance, his features, however, greatly resembled those of Victor Hugo, but with quite a different expression, for his was a sad one. He had never been consoled for the death of his brother Sadi. He had named his eldest son after him, and it was said that this brother, whom he so sincerely mourned, was a man of exceptional worth.

I liked to talk with Hippolyte Carnot of the great Carnot, and he answered with a sort of touching gratitude the questions one asked about his father. He had written in an almost sacred manner concerning him, who had been as much loved as admired.

Our conversation again turned that day on the "Organizer of our Victories," and on his first interview with Bonaparte.

"My father," he said, "was the very first person who discovered Napoleon's military genius. He often related to me the scenes of his first interviews with him, and told me how much he was struck with Napoleon's powers of persuasion when disclosing any of his plans, and that he was obliged to call up all his strength of mind to escape his fas-

cination, and not to yield to a sort of magnetic influence and suggestion exercised when he wished to enforce one of his ideas, rendered thus so difficult of discussion, calmly and coldly.

Hippolyte Carnot had followed his father to Magdeburg and had there married the daughter of Colonel Dupont, aide-de-camp to the great exile. Madame Hippolyte Carnot could have been given as an admirable example of wife and mother. She was a woman of high moral and intellectual standing and no one was more honoured in the Republican party than herself. She was spoken of as a model of all private and civic virtues. "She is a soldier," her husband said, and we Republicans esteemed her as the Romans did Cornelia. Madame d'Agoult felt great respect for her, and sympathy with her, which in her case was rare, for she was not lavish in such feelings towards the wives of Republican households, such as Monsieur Grévy's and many others. She had remained unconsciously an aristocrat.

"Madame Carnot was heroic in 1851," Daniel Stern, reassuming her rôle of historian, said to me. "She encouraged her husband to take up arms against Louis Napoleon, saying to him: 'If you die, you will leave your sons the example you yourself received from your father.'" Were those

not admirable words," added Madame d'Agoult, "worthy of the heroines of all ages?"

On the 1st of January, 1859, there was great commotion in France, and great agitation among us, who were at once enemies of the Empire and partisans of Italian unity, on reading the official words spoken by Napoleon III to the Austrian Ambassador: "I regret that our relations are not as amicable as they have formerly been."

Prince Napoleon's marriage to the Princesse Clothilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, officially announced to take place on the 30th, indorsed the proof that the Imperial government was about to realize Orsini's supreme wish. The oath-takers triumphed, saying that "the Five's" opposition had alone obliged the Emperor to enter into the liberal pathway, a conversion that would certainly force him to take a step towards internal liberalism.

We held important meetings in our circle. "Was this man, the oppressor of France, about to become the dispenser of national liberty in other countries? Much was said about the mysterious ways of Providence, or the superior logic of facts, according as persons were believers or free-thinkers. "At all events," they said, "tyranny had received a slight blow."

I had learned my political a, b, c, very young in the Democratic Pacifique, and Toussenel had always held the place of initiator to me. I was grieved that he had never replied to me when I sent him my Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes; but, one day, Doctor de Bonnard, when speaking of my book to him, saw him strike his forehead, look distressed and run to a drawer, from which he took out a letter addressed to me, and dated October 7, 1858. On his departure for a hunting expedition he had forgotten to send the letter to me.

Toussenel complimented me warmly. "I realized," he said, "the formula of the falcon." The author of L'Esprit des Bêtes, as is known, judged of men's minds by their likeness to the minds of animals, which brought down upon him much ridicule or indignant protestation. The falcon, being a bird superior to all others, furnished Toussenel this reflection: that "the rank of a species corresponds to the female's intelligence." His formula of the falcon was thus resumed: "Individual happiness is commensurate with the woman's superiority. And," he added, "woman, in the future, will lead to man's reconciliation with the Universe."

Notwithstanding the blow suffered by the Fourierite sect through Victor Considérant's failure in Texas, it was still the most vital of all. This check,

caused by an almost childish want of thought, had crushed out all hope of a new life, all enthusiasm towards complete social regeneration.

At the time when Victor Considérant made a campaign in the Democratic Pacifique, in favour of a "commune in partnership," which was to be founded in Texas, near the Red River, and was to be called the "*Réunion*," subscriptions poured in from all parts of the globe. One of the subscribers for a very large sum was an American, Albert Brisbane. At last one of Fourier's conceptions was to be realized!

But Victor Considérant, who had resigned his promising military career, and had suddenly become a journalist, and the successful founder of La Democratic Pacifique, did not possess either the faculty necessary for an organizer or a legislator. He was an apostle, nothing more, but an irresistible one, alas! People went to him from all corners of the world, and the affluence was so great in Texas that the funds soon began to give out; and material and moral disorder became so great that the "*Réunion*" was universally shipwrecked.

The Paris central seat of the "Phalansterian sect" was its library in the Rue de Beaune, managed by an old maid, Mademoiselle Aimée Beuque, who, having known Fourier at Lyons, was one of

his first disciples when he was only a commercial traveller, and lived in a sphere but little favourable to the developments of his ideas. Mademoiselle Beuque used her influence over one of her intimate friends, a certain Captain Gouthier, officer of engineers, to bring him into the pale of Fourierism, who, in turn, converted a great number of his brother officers to the Phalansterian doctrine. She was the moving spirit of the library of the "School." In a poor little puny body lived a great soul, marvellously idealistic, and overflowing with the love for social harmony. "Aunt Beuque," as they called her, with a large wine-stain on her face, clad in a coarse black woollen dress, and wearing a black poke bonnet with wide strings, which she never laid aside, was at first sight but little attractive. She never went out without carrying a bag, half hand-basket, half reticule. But if one talked with her, grew to know this very small person, of whom scarce anything remained, so much had she spent and exhausted herself for her cause, one grew fond of her, and to portray this superior soul, whose personal appearance was that of an ugly little creature, one could only use the words, "She is adorable!" The Phalansterians loved her with all their hearts. Kindness, faith, the perpetual sacrifice of herself

to Fourier's ideas, gave character to her physiognomy, shone in her eyes and lent to her smile the supreme contentment of a pure conscience to such a degree that it cannot be described, and which, after so many years, I have never forgotten.

When I returned from a visit to Mademoiselle Beuque with Doctor de Bonnard, who had taken me to the Phalansterian library, I felt I would be a life-long friend to dear little old Beuque. No one talked of Fourier as she did, no one believed, as she did, that his doctrines were about to be realized. Ah! how far we were then from this present day, when "Apaches" are extolled! All that was noble, generous and kind in man was developed. Progress began to be made in the sense desired by Fourier. Attempts at co-operation commenced to blossom everywhere. The Lectère Company, an association of workmen, based on the principles of Phalansterian co-operation, distributed profits to its members; the Guise establishment, into which my father wished to enter, was in a prosperous condition.

Mademoiselle Beuque worked with all her might, which was not little, in spreading practical Fourierite ideas, and she pondered over in her heart all her master's dreams of the laws of perfectibility and of universal harmony. She would talk in secret to me

as a believer does, who wishes to inspire a friend with her own belief, repeating Fourier's words: "The motion of the planets co-operate in harmony; cataclysms, the chaos of ideas, evil, under all its forms, are only passing accidents, common to the universe and to man. Let us work, therefore, to assure perfect equilibrium and definite goodness."

"Fourier is the greatest of all founders of sects," said dear little old Beuque, "and from his doctrine will spring in the future the largest sum of social good."

Have not co-operative societies for articles of food, and associations, formed on the plan conceived by Fourier, multiplied everywhere? The Utopian idea of Phalanstery has, of course, died out. It is probable that men will never associate to discover the three factors of harmony—"the Composite, the Cabalistic and the Papilionaceous"—but the association of men of the same trade, the division of the produce of the association between capital, labour and talent, are ideas which have never ceased to grow and to be developed. Capital, labour, intelligence, these three little words contain the whole meaning of the evolutions of modern society.

I often went to the Rue de Beaune to see my old friend, Beuque. Whenever I felt sick at heart at

all the mean, base things which the most optimistic among us daily discover in life, I found extraordinary peace and comfort in her society. How could one help believing in goodness, its power, its final victory, when under the influence of one whose faith was so admirable?

Toussenel had returned from a hunting expedition. Without the least exaggeration, Toussenel's portrait could be painted in the most attractive colours as that of an upright, honourable man, devoted, even to the extent of sacrificing his own physical and intellectual being, to a doctrine which combined in a strange manner, Utopian ideas and common sense. He was both a profound observer and an idealist, logical and far-seeing, and as a conversationalist spontaneous, paradoxical and precise. No Parisian was more full of wit, and his presence transformed the shabby little library into a brilliant and attractive abode. His descriptive conversation embraced a variety of subjects: wonders of nature and their unsuspected secrets; the animal mind, with its rules, its memory and its stratagems; art, philosophy, pure, classical tradition; the worship of beauty, and a fanciful and new idea of the future state.

Although the expression was not as much in use then as now, Toussenel was what might be called

"a sporting man." His face was bronzed by constant exposure to the air. He was well built, and his active life had made him supple. A daily country walk of thirty miles was nothing to him. He felt himself penned up in the Rue de Beaune, and he came and went at will. His frequent absences were a source of grief to his many friends, and his return was always hailed with joy. His acquaintances meeting in the streets would say: "You know, Toussenel is in Paris." His friends would then hasten to the little shop to welcome back "the dear home-comer," as we called him, and whom Aunt Beuque accused of too much gadding.

When Toussenel and his old friend began talking of "the School," their two hearts beat as one, and their lives were illumined with a light visible to all. And yet neither of them had tasted of life's pleasures, even to the extent of those which may be had at moderate cost. Both were poor, and often "old Beuque," at the cost of personal privations, would amplify, in the library accounts, the sale of Toussenel's books. They were so patient in their daily struggle for life. Their simplicity and their cheerful good-humour were so admirable. They were so evidently conscious of their moral superiority, of the uselessness of a complexity of wants, of the fancies and desires that wealth brings, and

were so happy in their dream-life that one almost envied them.

One thing alone had power to ruffle Toussenel's customary serenity. He was as a rule gentle and conciliatory, but whenever mention was made of "the spectre of the 2d of December" he became loud and violent in his conversation. He accused the Empire of having put an end to the development of Fourier's ideas and of having rendered France barren, just at the moment when she was ready for a new social birth.

"And who can tell," he added, "whether this moment will ever return, and whether the social evil, which is now only accidental in France, is not destined to become chronic? Tyrannical industry and Jewish capital, protected and supported just at the very time when they should have been forced to succumb to the laws of association, with labour and intelligence combined, create an abnormal state of things which some day may drive the country wild."

His book Les Jeufs, Rois de l'Époque, dated from 1844. Even then he described them as devouring France. When I first knew him, he ascribed the moral depression which at that time reigned in France to the Empire and to the Jews. He ridiculed in the most scathing manner Millaud

and Mirès, " for their issuing of stocks which began by assuring profit to money before an hour's work had been done."

Stock-jobbing was Toussenel's pet aversion.

" The French conscience and French honour," he said, " the most fastidious in the world, would certainly succumb in the moral storm raised by the troubled elements of speculation. Credit and brains will soon be in the hands of the Jews," he continued. " They have already exercised their fatal influence on the press. There will come a day when all things can be bought in France, and we will then have the German invasion, patronized by Jewish feudalism."

Toussenel's L'Esprit des Bêtes and his Monde des Oiseaux are two masterpieces; written in a clear language, and full of colour, his descriptions of nature and his portraits of animal life are eminently lifelike. He makes animals take part in the poetry of living and inanimate things. When you had read or listened to him, you looked at animals through changed eyes, and felt, if such an expression can be used without bringing up smiles, in relationship with them. Yet, by a singular contradiction, in spite of his tender feeling for birds and his brotherly love for animals, Toussenel was passionately fond of hunting. In character, he was

a true Gaul. It was in seeking combat that he found poetry. All things spoke a language to him; nature, the entire world, "talked to him," as he said. The planets, the air, water and the wind, trees and flowers conversed with him, as did animals. Warrior and bard at once, he would count with pride the heads of the game he had killed, and then, as poet, would write a sonnet to all living things.

CHAPTER IX

OTHER DRAWING-ROOMS AND ITALIAN LIBERTY

ONE evening at the house of Doctor Ivan and of Madame Reybaud, the only authoress who could be in a certain degree compared to George Sand, Toussenel spoke rather cruelly of Michelet.

I had been taken to this very literary drawing-room by Arlès-Dufour, Doctor Ivan having continued to be a Saint-Simonian, like my old friend. I met the Père Enfantin there again with the handsome woman who accompanied him everywhere; Charles Didier, the author of Rome Souterraine, was also present, already unhappy at his wife's intimacy with Monsieur Rey. Being an austere Protestant, he did not wish to challenge his rival to a duel, but when he was convinced that his wife was unfaithful to him, he blew out his own brains. Father Huc, who was also one of the guests that evening, interested us greatly with his vivid descriptions of the Chinese. He made us see with our own eyes, as it were, what he had really seen with his. His stories about the intelligence of the

Chinese gave me the first idea of writing my book Mandarin.

Toussenel, led to answer a question asked by Doctor Ivan, apropos of Michelet's Oiseaux, which answer the master of the house thought inexact, replied:

"How can you expect that a man who takes his observations only in a room or library can know anything about birds? The best things in Michelet's two books on birds and insects are what he has borrowed from me. I only reproach him with one thing: not to have copied me entirely, while he was at it. If I were to read you certain of Michelet's pages and certain of mine, you would see that the way in which he has taken the mark off my linen is either cynical or artless, at your choice. No, I cannot admit that this city-bred man, blinded by gas-lamps, should pretend to paint the star-lit heavens shining over vast plains, nor that this frequenter of the Luxembourg gardens should talk to us about limitless horizons. I assure you, all that he does know well are the sparrows, badly trained by small boys of the Place Saint-Sulpice, and the mosquitoes of the Seine.

As he was leaving, Toussenel asked me if I were going the next day to the Rue de Beaune. It was the day on which our old Beuque's friends always went to see her.

"Yes," I said, "and I will meet you there, but don't go off hunting."

"Heaven forbid! For once I will play the rôle of a lark and let myself be taken by——"

"The mirror of my eyes, will you not?"

"Yes, as you say."

When I arrived at the Rue de Beaune, Toussenel was very angry, although they were not talking of the 2d of December. He was having a discussion with Courbet. Loving, as I myself did, everything that was Grecian, he worshipped Beauty in Art, and Courbet was making stupid fun of the "Beautyites," as he called them, "perched between heaven and earth, and who had lost view of real life."

"That is the stupid remark my friend Courbet has given birth to," said Toussenel, repeating the phrase to me.

"I meant to say," added Courbet, addressing himself to me, "that the Greeks bore me, because they always wish to give divine attributes to man. Now, man is man; and he must be left as such."

"You, whom I find worthy of the name of artist, not when you choose your models from what is the most coarse in some village, or when you make ugliness realistic," said Toussenel, "and not when you copy it as ugly as it is, and furnish pages of

bad socialism to your friend and brother Proudhon by your fat peasant women, but when you give a soul to your animals. You know them, as Michelet does not. You have lived among them. How is it that you cannot understand that when man paints man he should spiritualize him by beauty? You give to animals something superior to that which you see in them. Your roes, your squirrels, your stags, even your landscapes have souls, because you have not determined to paint them ugly. At the rate you, the master of *realism*, are going, you will soon only seek as your human models, those who have some physical defect. Ugliness will not satisfy you. I, you see, like my young Athenian friend, here present, have but one creed in Art: the search for eternal Beauty."

"Beauty," replied Courbet, "is an accident in life, and is only relative in the universe. Both Chinese and Japanese art is art, and yet they do not express either your ideas of soul or of beauty. I give my animals soul? What are you talking about? I put desire in their bellies and in their eyes, and hunger in their jaws. I make them live. That's all!"

Eugène Nus, Victor Hennequin and Leconte de Lisle came in, one after the other, and listened to Toussenel.

"Of what use is your mad love of beauty in such an ugly, horribly ugly world?" continued Courbet. "You, Hennequin and Nus, will say it is a foretaste of heaven. The soul, a future life; that's all humbug! That which dies, dies. Death is a strangling sensation that makes us draw an ugly grimace. That is all I know."

"You brute!" cried out Toussenel, who treated Courbet as one would treat a wild beast; "I will tell you what I think of death. I have described it many times, but you never read. Death is the giver of freedom, to whose breast we should fly with the joy of a captive released from his prison. You may believe me, or not, as you choose. But I felt death once, and was only recalled to life by a miracle. I caught a glimpse of the luminous circles through which the soul passes that has lived an irreproachable life on earth. After death I am certain comes a most delicious state of immaterial beatitude, a rapturous sensation of happiness, an expanding of the soul floating in the ether, and freed at last from its fleshy envelope, which was changeable and corrupt."

"What a jargon of bombastic words," replied Courbet, "which will not serve you much when you talk to me of your Greece, of your flesh and blood Olympian gods, of your celebrated old men of

Rome and Athens who promenade their ponderous shades through your Elysian Fields."

"It is you who are talking jargon. You confound mythological figurations with models of eternal art and of religious belief. Besides which, you cannot understand, I see, anything about the soul, because you deny its existence, and that proves that you are without one."

Courbet could not live without Toussenel. They always took their meals together at a café in the Rue de Bac, when they were in Paris.

Toussenel proclaimed everywhere that he had a Greek and a Gaul. I used to call him "my admirer." He wrote me delightful letters, sometimes a little cold, because people told him maliciously that I laughed at his rather mature adoration. I select the first that comes to my hand from many among his letters, which begins thus:

"I cannot write to you without telling you how much I love you, and I am unable to say I love you, without exposing myself afresh to some cruel indiscretion on your part. My affection for you is, however, so pure and disinterested that it should not be mocked. Those who love for love's sake, and ask nothing from the object of their affection, should at least be protected from the disfavour

which very justly falls on those who are selfish and ambitious. But a truce to reproaches. It is not your fault that you hold such a large place in my life, and I such a small one in yours. I am not writing to seek pity, but to tell you that whenever any happiness comes to you, you may know that a wish of mine has been fulfilled.

"Yours in heart, mind and soul,

"TOUSSENEL."

I had not been to a fancy-dress ball since the one given by Alexandre Weill. Madame O'Connell, the artist, had sent out invitations for one to which I was invited.

Adam-Salomon, whom I saw frequently after he had taken my photograph for Madame d'Agoult's album, and to whom I was beginning to sit for a bust, was to accompany me to it. Madame Adam-Salomon and myself had become very intimate friends.

Adam-Salomon and his wife saw Monsieur de Lamartine every day, whom they warmly admired and upheld. The great poet, much calumniated and abandoned, ruined his material position more and more, because he did not take the possibilities of life into sufficient consideration. I was astonished at hearing him one day at my friend's house

counting up the profits of the Cours familier de Littérature, the subscriptions to which, after having been very numerous, were then beginning to decline. This publication should have made him rich; it would have brought in enormous sum if——

Those *ifs* of the great poet were childish. What a noble and beautiful face he had, and how it would light up when he spoke, alas! very rarely, of letters, art or politics, but if he reverted to his "business affairs," his face would become sombre and contracted, and he would then talk of nothing but figures, and such absurd figures!

I really suffered when I met Monsieur de Lamartine at Adam-Salomon's, and I confess that I avoided him, wishing to keep his image intact in my mind, as I remembered it from his books, his great poetical dreams, and from some of his delightful conversation to which I had listened. He had asked Madame Adam-Salomon to allow him to write the preface of a small book of hers, which was very highly spoken of, L'Education, from Hoei-Pan.

I met at my friends, the Adam-Salomons', one of Monsieur de Lamartine's nieces, the Comtesse de Pierreclos, whom I often saw afterward at Madame d'Agoult's, and who was certainly the

most extraordinary woman of our circle. She was very tall and masculine in appearance, but perfectly lady-like in manner. She spent part of the year in the country, and she was the living type of an eighteenth century wit. Whenever she left Paris, we simply devoured the letters she sent to us, which were the wittiest and often the most audacious one could read. There was no word too daring for her use, but when written by the Comtesse de Pierreclos, the word wore a certain air of having been written by authors of a former age, and shocked no one. She was an exquisite talker, and never discoursed, and she told a story in a manner that made her hearers think that not only had they taken part in it, but that they were almost telling it themselves.

To give you an example of her way of relating, I choose one story from a thousand others.

"Would you believe that I had inspired Monsieur de Rambuteau with a passion for me?"

"But Monsieur de Rambuteau died quite old, some years ago."

"Well, it was just about that time that he entertained quite a mad love for me."

"Tell us about it."

"Oh! his avowal of love! How do men generally tell their love?"

"In sweet and loving words."

"And in what position?"

"On their knees."

"Exactly so. Well, Monsieur de Rambuteau, with much trouble, got down on his knees to tell me of his love; he used the most charming language, such as:

"'Fair lady, my heart is torn asunder, and can only be sewed together by your hands.' Isn't that pretty?"

"Oh! charming!"

"My admirer was leaning with clasped hands against my knees. He talked and talked and became more and more excited. Guess what my answer was?"

"I too love you?"

"No!"

"My flame reciprocates your own?"

"That would have been too weak."

"Mercy! What then?"

"I am yours."

"I threw myself back in my chair, thus taking away from him the support of my knees. Monsieur de Rambuteau fell forward, and groaned; I rang for my maid to pick him up, which was not an easy matter."

"That was one of the most dangerous adven-

tures of my life," added Madame de Pierreclos, gravely.

You can imagine the success her story had.

Madame de Pierreclos's younger sister, Mlle. Valentine de Cessiat, another of Monsieur de Lamartine's nieces, who lived with him and became his secretary, was most indignant at Madame de Pierreclos's free manner of speaking.

"I say much, but do little," was the answer this haughty lady gave to a rather severe speech her sister once made to her.

Madame de Lamartine shut her ears to Madame de Pierreclos's free conversation, or else did not understand it. Monsieur de Lamartine said with a smile:

"We have always had some one like her in our family. In former days it was a less unusual event. Coarse things alone shock me, but I rather like to listen to what has a little Gaulish salt in it." But it was seldom that Monsieur de Lamartine ever listened.

Madame de Pierreclos once, when angry with her sister, told me herself of this scene. She had great confidence in me, and I was very fond of her, and she amused me immensely. After her death, we wished to publish her letters, but her daughter, Madame de Parceval, objected. It may seem cu-

rious, but the actual interest in Madame de Pierreclos's stories having come to an end with her death, there remained but little in her letters that would have interested the public.

But to return to the O'Connell ball. Adam-Salomon had earned his reputation by a superb medallion he had made of Charlotte Corday. He selected for himself the costume of Marat, and begged me to wear the one of Charlotte Corday. Madame Adam-Salomon helped me to make the cap and the kerchief, but Adam-Salomon, with his fingers black with collodion took my cap, in spite of our protestations, and twisting it into shape, gave it its proper character. He made a photograph of me as Charlotte Corday, which was most successful.

Madame O'Connell's large studio was situated in the Place Vintimille. The night of the ball, Adam-Salomon and myself made our entrance arm in arm. Marat carried a basketful of candies and I held one full of small rolls, with a cold chicken in the middle of them. The ball was a picnic, and every one was to bring his or her contribution.

Charlotte soon disposed of her rolls, as did Marat of his candies, and I carried my chicken to the supper table.

Edmond Texier, as Charles I, proposed to make a speech.

"Before my head is cut off," he said, "I wish, O! French nation, to prophesy your future! The Jacobites of coming times will give you your candies, and the administrators of justice your daily rolls." The end of his speech was spoken in English.

Then the fun began. Everybody spoke at once, and questions were asked, the answers to which seemed all the more absurd owing to the costumes of the speakers. A niece of Monsieur de Calonne, the beautiful Madame Feydeau, who later became Madame Henry Fouquier, was superbly handsome as a bacchante. Madame Tessier du Mottet looked proud of her young daughter, of whom we shall speak again in these pages, where we shall find her as pretty as ever in the various transformations through which she has passed. First, as Madame Armengand, a puritanically virtuous wife and mother, then as the very romantic companion of Monsieur Baïhaut. Madame and Mademoiselle de la Fizelière, both fair and very pretty, were surrounded with admirers. All literary and artistic Paris was there.

O'Connell looked superb in a Louis XIII costume. Tall and slight, with a turned-up blond mustache, his hand on his dagger, he had but one thought, to be admired by his wife, before whom

he kept strutting, despite the harmless jokes showered upon him. She was costumed as a lady of the Rubens period, and, being rather stout and with a rubicund complexion, looked the part well, and enjoyed herself mightily. She was sincerely beloved by her very numerous friends.

Madame O'Connell was about forty, but looked younger. She was German by birth, and had lived much in Brussels, where, after a long and patient study of the Dutch masters, she had learned to paint well. It was in Brussels that she had met the hot-headed O'Connell, a Belgian nobleman of Irish extraction, and had inspired him with a love that nothing could change. O'Connell's fortune was small, but still large enough to enable his ambitious wife to wait patiently for fame.

O'Connell, who, in the fencing hall was a lion, became a lamb in the presence of his wife. This great creature's worship for his wife, whom he called "the presiding genius of his household," was, in truth, most touching to see. O'Connell was witness to every duel fought in Paris at that time.

Madame O'Connell's merit as an artist was uncontested. "A palette half begun by Rubens has fallen into her hands," was Rousseau's flattering criticism of her, which I heard him give one day. Her portraits of Doctor Cabarrus and of

O'Connell in his Louis XIII costume, were reckoned by the great artists of that time as two excellent works. She was equally clever with pastels.

The one she made of me was, according to herself, the least good of all.

We heard one day that some low fellow who devoted his time to mathematics and spirit-rapping had dragged Madame O'Connell from her painting and had converted her to algebra and table-turning. His name was Landure, and his manners those of a tailor apprentice. He took up his abode with her, and, one by one, her pupils left her or she left them. O'Connell, in despair, and not having succeeded in fighting a duel with the table-mover, came to say good-bye to us all, and returned to Belgium.

Soon after the Commune, an artist who had known Madame O'Connell discovered by the merest chance where she was living. His house portress spoke to him of a poor lady who dwelt in the same house and who had not been seen for five days. She was afraid to go into her room for fear of finding her dead. The artist consented to go up-stairs with the portress and see the "poor lady," whose door was not even fastened. There, in a wretched apartment on the fifth story, was Madame O'Connell, scarcely a vestige of her former

self left, writing busily. All over the room were strewn pages covered with a large handwriting. The window was open. On the entrance of the portress and the artist, she looked up with insanity in her eyes, rose, and tried to collect the scattered sheets, and fainted away.

She was taken to Sainte-Anne, and from there to Villa Évrard. She suffered more from a disordered mind than from real madness, and fancied herself either dying or as coming to life again in some great ancient city that had been destroyed and then rebuilt.

My bust did not make much progress. Adam-Salomon moulded block after block of clay. One afternoon when I was sitting, two very beautiful young girls came into the studio, one fair and the other dark. They were the Misses Lafitte, one of whom became the Marquise de Gallifet, the other Madame d'Erlanger. They had come to be photographed. I asked Adam-Salomon to allow me to remain, as I wished to see more of them. He introduced me "as the lady who helped him in his photography," and I did this so effectually that he proposed my becoming his aid in posing. He, however, gave up that year all idea of making my bust, but later on, when he lived in the Rue de la Fai-

sanderie, he induced me to let him make a plaster cast of my face. This was dreadfully painful. I thought I should suffocate. The weight of the plaster nearly broke my neck. My eyebrows and eyelashes were almost torn off. For months after I could not forget the pain I felt during the few seconds while Adam-Salomon made the holes for my nostrils and opened my lips, and during which I could scarcely breathe.

I can quite understand why it is customary to wait until people are dead before casting their faces in plaster.

Adam-Salomon made me swear not to say, until after his death, that he had made my bust from the cast, and I gave him my promise.

A propaganda in favour of Italian unity was made in all circles of society. "Italy one and undivided" had become a dogma, both for those who had taken the oath and those who had refused to do so, and also for the "Palais Royal set," where Prince Napoleon, who had married Victor Emmanuel's daughter, reigned. Any manifestation was popular that was hostile to Austria and favourable to our Latin sister.

Ristori, the Countess Castiglione, and Princess Belgiojoso, who had known Prince Louis Napo-

leon in exile, and still kept a certain influence over him, unceasingly instilled into the minds of their friends and admirers the efficacy of the intervention of France for the purpose of freeing Milan and Venice. At each of her appearances in Paris Ristori increased the number of partisans for Italian unity by her talent and by her ardent language. The beautiful Countess Castiglione exercised her charms over the Sovereign. The Princess Belgiojoso had bewitched Buloz, and was publishing persuasive articles in the Revue des Deux Mondes.

Christine de Belgiojoso, so celebrated for her beauty, for her wit and for the passions she had inspired, among others, in Alfred de Musset, had herself but one passion, her country, as Madame d'Agoult, who knew and loved her, has told me.

Her friend Dall' Ongaro always spoke of her to me with the greatest warmth. She was, however, advancing in years, and people began to make jokes about her. Caricatures were made of her with this legend: "I am consumed with more flame for Italy than I light in others." As Edmond Texier said of her, she was now a lamp without oil, and he often quoted the street arab's appreciation of her: "Oh! look at that lady who has forgotten

to have herself buried!" The lines de Musset wrote on her were repeated:

"*Elle est morte et n'a point vécu;*
Elle faisait semblant de vivre,
De ses mains est tombé le livre
Dans lequel elle n'a rien lu."

Man takes cruel revenge on a woman who has felt more passion for an idea than for himself. It deprives him of his due. Dall' Ongaro took me to see the Princess Belgiojoso, whom I have always held in great admiration. Until the day of her death she loved Italy faithfully and ardently. She lived for Italy alone, and devoted her beauty, her intelligence and her fortune to her cause. Christine Trivulzio had the supreme happiness of seeing her country set free. She did not die until her work was accomplished. Princess Belgiojoso was one of the finest feminine figures in European history of the last century. From 1848 to 1860 she proved herself an incomparable heroine.

French hearts were touched by all the beautiful, imploring eyes, the burning words, the songs of hope and prayer, and were moved to pity for a national woe so poetically expressed. Generous France felt compassionately towards the kingdom

of Italy, "so mutilated and brutally occupied by cruel enemies." In all fashionable gatherings, in all our theatres, in comedy, tragedy, in music, either light or dramatic, the art, the literature or the patriotism of Italy was extolled. At Venice and Milan, from the highest lady in the land to the poorest beggar woman, from the most noble lord to the meanest *facchino*, all were ready to die rather than to have anything to do with *il straniero*. During the whole period of the Austrian occupation, not one single Italian, in spite of his intense love for music, was ever once seen to listen to any air played by the "foreign" military bands.

The mouthpiece of Monsieur de Cavour, near Napoleon III, and through Prosper Mérimée, his intimate friend, near the Empress, was Alexandre Bixio. He made little noise, but did good and serviceable work. He was a Genoese, therefore clever. His influence over our party of non-oath-takers became daily of greater importance. In June, 1848, he had helped to maintain order. He and Edmond Adam, both unarmed, had attempted the assault of the Saint-Antoine barricade. Bixio fell with a bullet wound in his breast, and was left for dead. He was deeply mourned, a funeral service for the repose of his soul was ordered, his family had put on mourning for him, when, a week later,

he woke out of a delirious fever, in the house of a woman who had picked him up in the street. He wrote to Hetzel, his most intimate friend, and begged him to break the news of his resurrection, as gently as possible, to his people.

The Italian exiles, together with the Hungarians belonging to the party for independence, achieved in our circle the work that de Nigra was accomplishing in smart society, and many of the non-oath-takers were ready to march as volunteers to aid Italy against Austria. The Court of Turin took advantage of every influence, even of that of the medium, Daniel Douglas Hume, to serve the Italian cause. At all the tables that rapped out answers at the Empress's receptions but one message was given: "Declare war to Austria." The Empress was so influenced by this Hume, and his cabalistic talent, that she allowed him to treat her with compromising familiarity. Hume certainly did then make some startling prophecies. Monsieur de Girardin told me of one, which I at once classed in my notes. Feeling himself out of favour, he predicted in a brutal way to the Empress that her son would never come to the throne, and that the Napoleonic dynasty would be continued by Prince Napoleon and by his descendants.

Bixio spent much of his time going and coming

from Paris to Turin. On one occasion Madame d'Agoult travelled with him, on her way to superintend the bringing out of one of her plays in Italy. She was received by Victor Emmanuel, and met Cavour, and her account of the visit greatly increased our passionate interest for Italy *undivided.*

The address to Monsieur de Hübner was bearing fruit. Great bitterness prevailed in the relations between Italy and Austria. The exterior situation of France was more strained than ever. Internally, the supporters of the Law for Public Safety, in spite of their triumph since the death of Orsini, were daily losing ground. Napoleon's own ministers felt uneasy about what he might mean to do, and publicly reproached him with losing sight of the political point in view, by reason of his endeavours to break some of the links in the chain which they had riveted.

The idea of a popular war, sanctioned by the Opposition, and which "the Five" declared would raise the prestige of France, became more and more attractive to Napoleon III. Our party gave its unreserved sympathy to Italy. Monsieur Thiers alone held out against the politics of nationalities, which he considered calamitous.

"Piedmont will fall to the English and we shall see the ingratitude of the United States renewed."

Discussion was busy with Monsieur Thiers's predictions, and the smiling conclusion was: "He is failing!"

Monsieur Thiers publicly advised Napoleon III to defer the Italian question, and to unite with Austria. His never varying opinion was:

"The unity of Italy will engender the unity of Germany, to the advantage of Prussia, and will some day provoke a coalition against France."

The smile grew into a laugh. Nefftzer alone agreed with this opinion, and said one day at Madame d'Agoult's:

"You who laugh now will one day remember in tears that Monsieur Thiers was right."

I was an ardent Italophile, and occupied myself gathering notes to write a study on Garibaldi, the hero of republican Rome. My pamphlet appeared at the right time and was successful.

CHAPTER X

I MAKE MORE FRIENDS—AND ENEMIES

MADAME UGALDE, whom I frequently met, had just been engaged at the Théâtre Lyrique. I had often applauded her in her rôle of Chérubin. One evening as I was complimenting her in the greenroom, Madame Carvalho joined in the conversation, and I told her also how much I admired her in Les Noces de Figaro. From that time we became great friends, and many of my *protégées* owe the success of their career to her. In after-years I was the means of being of great use to Monsieur Carvalho, after his failure, and was glad to thus give proof to Madame Carvalho of my long-standing affection, and of my gratitude for the good she had helped me to do.

She and Madame Ugalde sent me together a box for the second representation of Gounod's Faust. I invited Monsieur and Madame Vilbort to accompany me. Charles Edmond, who was present when I went to my cousin's to invite them, asked me if I could give him a seat also. He had seen the opera the night before and was enthusiastic about it, in spite of its little success.

Charles Edmond told me a few days afterward, that Gounod, much discouraged at the manner in which his Faust had been received, had sold the score to Choudens for a song—only ten thousand francs. It is well known that Choudens has made nearly three millions by it.

Madame Vilbort liked nothing but German music, and on hearing Faust, with which I was as equally delighted as Charles Edmond, said to us:

"French music has had its day, and Italian music only retains its place because it has become in these days the thrilling expression of a national cause."

Charles Edmond agreed with me that Faust was an exquisite and beautiful work, and that it would some day reach its hundredth representation. To tell the truth, although we did not say it, we thought then that this criticism was exaggerated. But time has proved it was not, for Madame Carvalho alone has sung the rôle of Marguerite at the opera more than four hundred times.

About a fortnight later Alexandre Weill came to see me, bearing a small bunch of violets. He came to offer me, from Meyerbeer, the traditional bouquet and the half of a box at the Opéra Comique—Madame Weill was to occupy the other half—for the first representation of Le Pardon de

Ploërmel. The libretto was written by my friend Jules Barbier, who had also written that of Faust.

Le Pardon de Ploërmel struck me as having been written with studied simplicity, which lent great purity to the composition. Meyerbeer's great vivifying flame can be distinguished in it, but reduced to the proper limit required for an *opéra-comique*. The air: Oh! Puissante Magie, written for the baritone rôle, La Valse de l'Ombre, Enchasse, the final trio, were rapturously applauded by an enthusiastic house.

Alexandre Weill, who had seen how delighted I was, told Meyerbeer about it, and, a few days after, informed me that the Maestro was very much pleased by my praise, and had said he had thought of my golden sickle when he composed his Reaper's Song.

"Tell Velléda," Meyerbeer added, "that I hope she will soon hear my Africaine. After Sophie Cruvelli's retirement from the stage, Meyerbeer refused to allow L'Africaine to be produced, and, at that time, after several rehearsals had taken place, he found that the Selika they had proposed to him for the rôle was not qualified for it.

The news was shortly spread that Austria had invaded the Piedmontese territory. Great excitement traversed the country from north to south.

France did not think of herself, but of the danger to her Latin sister, her former ally in the Crimea. The French army had seen the Piedmontese soldiers at work. She knew how brave they were. But what could Victor Emmanuel's forces achieve against the armies of Austria? Latin France felt bitter anguish for Italy and seemed to hear thousands of pitiful voices imploring help.

Madame d'Agoult took me to the opening of the Salon. She was immensely interested in exhibitions of painting, and had often contributed articles on art to several of the large magazines. All literary and artistic Paris was at the Salon; de Ronchaud accompanied us, and he pointed out and named to me many of the artistic celebrities who went to speak with Daniel Stern. Many of them asked de Ronchaud who I was and begged to be introduced to me.

I wore a very simple gown of black taffetas silk, without any trimming, and made with pagoda sleeves of white lace, and a *fichu* of black Chantilly. A Leghorn straw hat, with black-velvet strings, ornamented with a bunch of blue cornflowers, completed my modest toilet, which I remember was not unbecoming to me, being a blonde.

Daniel Stern, with her snow-white hair, was still

a beautiful woman. We were both much remarked, and Maxime du Camp left Madame Delessert's side, for a moment, to come and ask Madame d'Agoult who I was.

An admiring crowd surrounded Gérôme's picture the Death of Cæsar, about which, however, opinions differed, some persons finding it devoid of dramatic passion and harsh in colouring. A smaller work, A Combat of Gladiators, obtained unreserved praise. It was treated with such archæological skill that in spite of its faint colouring it was full of life.

All at once, Madame d'Agoult drew me to one corner of the room to look at a picture, and I can even now recall it in its smallest details, and how the extraordinary impression it created in my friend surprised me, for Madame d'Agoult was not fond of peasants, nor of country life, and she surely was much fascinated to thus admire a woman leading a cow to pasture.

"How simple, how true to life! how superbly painted! Heavens! how beautiful it is!" she said to de Ronchaud and myself. "It is not like Courbet's realism, it is Nature itself! Look at the woman's attitude!" It was signed, "Millet," a name unknown to Madame d'Agoult.

"For some years past he has been known to

artists and appreciative amateurs," said de Ronchaud.

"It is the finest thing in the whole Salon," added Madame d'Agoult.

My dear friend was fond of walking, and it was owing to this exercise that she had kept her beautiful figure. Monsieur de Ronchaud having left us, she asked me to walk up the Champs Élysées with her. People were returning from their drive in the Bois. The fashionable imperial world, the "cocodes" and "cocodettes," as they were called, indifferent as they always were about the affairs of the country, had been driving, as was their custom, around the Lake. A great number of foreigners of both sexes were mingled in that set of society that was devoted to fast life. They had come from—no one knew where—from London, New York, and the South American Republics, and provided they had money, were received with greater favour than many well-known Frenchmen of smaller means. Serious-minded persons, like ourselves, criticised these foreigners constantly, and our attacks, I must admit, frequently sprang from what we heard through vulgar gossip. Mabille, Bullier, and the Café Anglais furnished enough to keep our indignation alive.

"War is at hand," Madame d'Agoult said to

me. "It may be declared to-morrow. God grant that we may see France victorious and Italy set free."

My friend and myself had now reached the Arc de l'Étoile, and we stood watching the fashionable fast crowd.

"Look, Madame, how beautifully the arc is illuminated by the rays of the setting sun. Is not this apotheosis a good omen?"

"How superstitious you are," she said, smiling.

"Not superstitious, but prophetic," I replied.

"I hope so, dear child."

As I was taking leave of her at the Rue de Presbourg, she said to me:

"Ronchaud has arranged his pagan dinner to take place at my house. You Greeks will be three in number: Louis Ménard, yourself, and Ronchaud. It is settled for the day after to-morrow. I shall be the only 'barbarian' present. I wanted to ask Chenavard, who believes in the indefinite progress of humanity, and who would have protected me against you three, who assume that all artistic and literary progress, etc., came to an end in the age of Pericles. But Chenavard is unfortunately engaged, so I have asked Paul de Saint-Victor, who is rather more of a Latin than a Greek. That will be better than nothing."

I returned home alone on foot, forgetting my fatigue in the enjoyment of the lovely spring day. If the smart people, who were returning from the Bois, cared, according to Madame d'Agoult, but little about the great coming events, on the other hand, the modest people on foot, among whom I was walking, talked of nothing but the coming war. Whatever opinion they held on the facts that had preceded its approach, war seemed inevitable to them all. Anything that could serve as a pretext for public demonstrations or excitement, although frequently contradictory, was instantly seized on. A short two-act play by Auguste Vacquerie, neither better nor worse than many others, Souvent Homme Varie, had an enormous success at the Théâtre Français. A number of young men seized the play as a pretext for making a manifestation in favour of Victor Hugo, and went wild over certain lines, such as these:

L'Amour . . .
Ce sont les deux moitiês d'un cœur qui se retrouvent.

Emotion and excitement were the permanent feelings in all hearts. . . .

War was declared by France to Austria. Loud cheers saluted the departing army. Before

the first of May came the news of successive victories: Palestro, Magenta, Solferino, filled us with pride. France was victorious, and the army, our army, added fresh laurels to our former glory.

I went to Madame d'Agoult's on the appointed day to the "pagan" dinner. I did not know either Louis Ménard or Paul de Saint-Victor, but de Ronchaud had so often talked to Ménard about me that by the end of an hour we were old friends, as we said; "old accomplices," added Madame d'Agoult.

Paul de Saint-Victor, who was generally silent with strangers—he detested people whom he did not know, he said—was full of animation during this small dinner. He was a whimsical creature, and would frequently treat as perfect strangers those who considered themselves his friends. If, on the other hand, persons were distant to him, he would fall on their necks. De Ronchaud, who was very fond of him and paid no attention to his caprices, called him "the Klepht," or "the new Sophocles." Louis Ménard, who admired him as a son of the land of light, accused him sometimes of putting on "Normalian airs." But on this particular evening he was his true self, and as such he showed himself as a writer, a fastidious scholar,

an artist, conversing as would an Athenian, without a shadow of pedantry, in spite of his incomparable learning.

Louis Ménard was half a dozen men in one, and each one distinct from the other. First and foremost, he was a lyric poet, a poet of divine sublimity, an explorer of those inaccessible heights which pierce the clouds and reach the astral empyrean sphere. He was also a chemist, an inventor, a politician, a chronic rebel, ever ready to take part in a riot, a lover of antique anarchy, which he believed had produced Art in the past. He was exiled after June, 1848, and only returned to France from England when the Empire was declared. He was besides a painter, a pupil of Rousseau and Troyon, and his paintings were much remarked at all the exhibitions. Finally, to enumerate several of his talents, Ménard was a philosopher, a critic, an historian, and—a pagan. He told us that evening that he was working hard for his degree as Master of Arts, and that he then intended to study for the bar.

When we were at the "Salon," de Ronchaud had shown Madame d'Agoult and myself Ménard's "Châtaigniers," "Cerfs et Biches," all much admired, and we complimented him on his success. Courbet's work looked coarse compared to Mé-

nard's, although he did not equal him as a painter, but his work was more pleasing to the eye.

Being Hellenists, our conversation ran naturally on the vulgarity of the present day. Each one of us demonstrated our individual theory on Art, and Saint-Victor as well as Ménard, de Ronchaud, and myself, drew our theories from our worship of Greece, "rich in immortal works from which we have inherited the definite forms of Beauty."

"Oh! what infatuated people!" cried Madame d'Agoult.

Ménard was a pagan from the teachings of tradition and Orphic at the same time, because he believed in the priority of Orpheus. Ronchaud was a free-thinker, Saint-Victor a Catholic, and I was a pagan inspired by Nature, believing that in nature was the divine. All four of us were convinced that by classical education alone could we possess elevated sentiments of justice and valour, which are traditional and not individual ideas, and which, when they have penetrated the heart of a people for long years, will have done much to fortify it. Ménard proved by examples that the decadent epochs of a nation corresponded with its mechanical progress, which engenders despotism.

"You are right, my dear Ménard," said Saint-Victor. "From the so-called progress which is ob-

tained by means of mechanism spring revolutions and the politics of groups, which means the politics of those who deceive and mislead the people, by some nominal fictitious improvement. To me liberty seems possible only through the predominance of superiority, not of equality, by progress in science and the sacred arts, as the Greeks would express it, and I add that liberty is only possible through the aid of evangelical teaching. I wish that some one would make an active campaign in our Voltairian and sceptical country, alas! whose soul is being destroyed, whose classical ideas and whose spirit of caste is daily losing ground, in favour of our two religions, mine for the soul and Ménard's pagan worship for the mind."

"How far we are from all that, my dear Saint-Victor," said Ménard. "The worst enemies of our dear France make mockery of our gods, as did the Athenians in their latter days; they are striving to destroy our intellectual ideals and all that produces our artistic supremacy over the whole world."

Madame d'Agoult smiled and glanced at me.

"After a German Jew has dared to make grotesque realities of my Greek gods," Ménard continued, "you will find, Saint-Victor, that they will treat your humanised God, Jesus of Nazareth, in some similar way, so as to find favour with the

destroyers of all tradition. See, dear friends, how, in this country, the purveyors of internationalism strive daily to destroy some divinity. The only divinity left and respected is the Golden Calf."

"You must be pleased beyond expression, little Juliette," said Madame d'Agoult to me.

"Instead of going to see that horrible Orphée-aux-Enfers, I would have preferred to have visited the Castalian fountain and drank of its Delphic waters."

"Don't be spiteful."

"Oh! my dear friend, you cannot think how I suffer to bear in my memory the grotesque image of my gods. I have only thought of them represented in marble, so still, so pure——"

"You have seen the Orphée-aux-Enfers and I feel for you. Nothing would induce me to see it. The enemies of the Beautiful are clever and lay their snares with devilish cunning. Among some typical observations that I made the other day, I discovered that at the very time, when in Athens, they were endeavouring to deny the priority of Orphic poems, and to modernise Orpheus at any price, the shrill Jewish clarion was introduced into the harmonious music of Greece. Since that time we have witnessed the continual struggle between the lyre that elevated the inspiration of the Muses

of Amphion, and the trumpet of Israel that threw down the walls of Jericho. I am certain that the Orphic poems are anterior to Homer and Hesiod," added Ménard. "Some of them have been lost, others have been modified, but the spirit of Orpheus was born with Greece."

"Prove that, Monsieur Ménard, and I will become Orphaic," I cried. "If I am a Homerist, it is because I find Homer superior to those who come after him."

"We are both right," said Ménard. "I am prepared at this moment to demonstrate that the first ideas of morality, which came to us from the poets, are of a more elevated nature than that which came from philosophy, and I am writing a book on the subject, La Morale avant les Philosophes. The great objection made to the priority of Orpheus is, that if he had lived earlier he could not have conceived the Orphic morality. I will prove the contrary."

"It is logical," said Ronchaud warmly, "that the destroyers of French morality should attack Orpheus, for their formula is, 'The aim of life is pleasure,' and Orpheus admitted solely among his followers those who were willing to renounce enjoyment."

"True! my dear Ronchaud," replied Saint-Vic-

tor, "your argument is striking. Instead of imitating the fauns and bacchantes, the disciples of Orpheus, as soon as they became initiated, gave up all good living, all sensual pleasures, and drank no wine. In Offenbach's Orphée we are shown the gods feasting, and Eurydice singing that fatal Evohé, which may lead us to our ruin."

Strange to say, the woman who held the primal place in Saint-Victor's life was a Jewess, Léa Félix, Rachel's sister. This may in a manner explain what was abnormal in his character.

Madame d'Agoult had listened to us with a most indulgent and smiling expression, but Ménard's affirmation concerning Orpheus's priority vexed her.

"Come, Monsieur Ménard," she said, "you know that Herodotus does not speak of Orpheus, that Plato scarcely mentions him in his Banquet, that Cicero denies his prior existence, and he is quite right, for the Orphic hymns—and this puts them in their proper class—speak of a single god, a conception unknown to antiquity."

"Pardon me, pardon me!" exclaimed Ménard. "All the secret doctrine of Eleusis is not known. I deny that Clement of Alexandria and Eusebius revealed a new Orpheus; they resuscitated the ancient one in portions, and this resuscitated Orpheus

says himself: 'All the beings and all the things that Zeus made disappear from the earth he brought to life again through the power of his divine heart into bewildering light.'"

The discussion continued ardent on our side, calm and logical on Madame d'Agoult's, who was amused at the exuberance and vitality of our love for the past, which she considered dead.

The effect of the success of our arms in Italy was to bring about more harmonious relations between the non-oath-taking party of the Opposition and the Empire. Much less was said about the "Second of December," and a better feeling was engendered. The exiles were becoming nervous, and were writing to us that "we were betraying the republican idea." France was once again becoming a military country. The words fighting and glory were on every one's lips. MacMahon, the Zouaves, Victor Emmanuel, became the sole topics of conversation, and a host of glorious deeds were mentioned, shedding lustre on the national character.

I recollect that from a list of some twenty generals the name of one was often quoted. He had already won his spurs in the Crimea, and at Melegnano and at Solferino had given extraordinary proofs of an indomitable courage and audacity.

A day was to come when France should pronounce this name with despair and shame—it was that of Bazaine.

The peace of Villafranca converted the general enthusiasm into a feeling of delusion. Italy had not won her freedom "from the Alps to the Adriatic," according to the promise made and Napoleon III brought hostilities to a speedy termination.

"You see" became the shibboleth of all those who had not laid down their arms, and more than once was heard "This man has no conception of what is right." Parliamentary government, it was urged, either would never have sanctioned a beginning of hostilities at all or would never have allowed so brutal a termination to a war.

"Now," said Monsieur Thiers, "France has gained the enmity of Austria, and by her deception has lost the friendship of Italy. We shall presently see England and Prussia reaping the fruit of our spilt blood."

The time of genial smiling was now at an end. The return of the troops from Italy for a brief moment aroused general sympathy towards one who, at any rate, as the jingoes declared, had led the French arms in a field of honour.

That return I viewed from the house of my friend and relative, Madame Vilbort, Boulevard

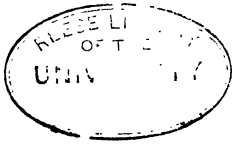
Poissonière. The Army from Italy! I can see it defiling past me. With what feelings of emotion did I applaud our bronzed and sunburned troops, swashbucklers in tattered uniforms, carrying rifles that had barely been discharged. We applauded, "Vive l'Armée! vive la France!" We showered flowers on officers and men, amid a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm. The troops came from the direction of the Bastille towards the Place Vendôme, where they were to march past the Emperor. The standards taken from the enemy were carried by those who had won them. The Austrian cannon rolled along. The marshals filed past and were greeted with shouts of deafening applause: Marshal Regnault Saint-Jean d'Angély at the head of the Imperial Guard; then Baraguey d'Hilliers, Niel, Canrobert, MacMahon, leading their respective divisions, the last two welcomed with acclamation.

From the beginning of the war my glorious humanitarian principles were kept in check by my passion for the heroic, and I shouted with all my strength "Vive l'Armée!"

Who is it that standing next to me is moved with the same enthusiasm? Why, it is Edmond About! A feoffee of the Empire, the only young man of talent who has placed his pen at the service

EDMOND ABOUT.

From a painting by Paul Baudry.



of the Imperial Government. It is About himself! Before the campaign of Italy I should certainly have left any house where I might have met About. Had he not denied the principles of personal liberty and independence, the negation of which robs from a modern author all respect for his character? Was he not the author of La Grèce Contemporaine and Le Roi des Montagnes? Both of these were abominable pamphlets against my Greeks, against a people whom scarcely a quarter of a century separated from four hundred years of slavery, and whose morals, habits, and customs could not in a single day cease from being those of a revolutionary people, divided by partisanship and oppressed by the most cruel foe a vanquished people ever had.

Madame Vilbort, who was very intimate with About, judging that our mutual admiration for the returned Italian army would effectually prevent our devouring one another, without giving us the slightest warning, placed us side by side.

As soon as the conversation became at all general, About and myself began to bristle with differences. Charles Edmond and the other friends of Madame Vilbort, among whom was Louis Jourdan, the editor of Siècle, whose daily attacks on Louis Veuillot were so brilliant, were highly

entertained at this skilful fencing match of repartee between About and myself, in which a good deal of wit was exchanged.

"What is the opinion of the son-in-law of the Zouaves' Corporal as to the peace of Villafranca?" I asked About.

"He is simply in despair; but he blames the ministers more than the Emperor. Just think, O fair Republican, whose artlessness has led her to put her faith in tyrants, that the Minister for War has refused to supply the Head of the State with either troops, ammunition, or provisions, and that the Minister for Foreign Affairs has been tampering with despatches to curry favour with his sovereign. Besides you all know why peace was concluded. The Emperor stated the reason at a reception of the Diplomatic Corps, when he complained of the ingratitude of Europe, but said "that he wished to prove to this very Europe that he had no intention of setting her house in confusion."

"Timid men make bad rulers," replied Charles Edmond, who was on the point of adding something more, when Edmond Texier burst into the room like a hurricane.

Texier had taken part in the Italian campaign as war correspondent for the Siècle. This was

the first time we had seen him since his return. He had been decorated, and we were all unanimous that his Cross was well earned, both by his admirable literary work and by real service rendered to the staff.

With extraordinary rapture he told us of the endurance and of the courage of our soldiers, of the splendid soldierlike conduct and native-born energy of our officers, of the personal bravery of the generals, but his strictures did not spare the Emperor in spite of About's protestations.

"He has been vacillating, eclipsed, and even nervous," said Texier. "I think," he added, "that the secret of the termination of the campaign is the lack of management in the camps of Napoleon . . . the third. I think he is rather the author of the Rêveues politiques than the nephew of the first Napoleon."

About made no reply to this attack. He pretended to be in busy conversation about Proudhon, whom he hated, and congratulated me on my reply to his abuse of two clever women.

"He is a social criminal and a personal insulter," About said to me; "and if he would take up a challenge, I would strike him on the spot. But a man like Proudhon casts dirt and aspersions about and then refuses all satisfaction."

I then chatted with Louis Jourdan, whom I knew to be very intimate with Alphonse Karr, and told him that my birth into literature took place at the Siècle. He said he perfectly well recollected the letter of a pretty provincial woman who carried no crinoline, and that the letter was thought to be the composition of the author of the Bourdonnements. He gracefully alluded to his long wish to make my acquaintance. Arlès Dufour, a most intimate Saint-Simonian brother, had often spoken about me to him.

It was quite impossible to resist the charm of acquaintance and friendship with Jourdan, since he himself was desirous of knowing me. He had a poetic soul, a tender and trusting heart, and what is more remarkable still, was a writer of extraordinary energy. His daily newspaper polemics with Louis Veuillot, carried on in a spirit of chivalrous fair play, gave him an unquestioned mastery in the use of the weapons of literary warfare. Skilful beyond measure were the pen thrusts of the two "Louis." The debates between Jourdan and Veuillot were followed by everybody, and on both sides they reflected the greatest credit on French literature.

My friendship with Louis Jourdan began from that day, and he became one of my most in-

timate friends. To know him was in truth to love him.

Just as Edmond About was leaving for the Place Vendôme, Madame Vilbort invited us all to spend a day at Neuilly, where she had a most charming country house.

The Act of Amnesty was widely discussed, but all who could forget their wrongs and their grudges, beheld with feelings of joy the end of tyranny and the possibility of a return to parliamentary government. Girardin left us with the words that Napoleon III was the first liberal in France, nay more, he was a revolutionary even! The Italian campaign clearly proved this. Many Deputies hitherto quite subservient to the authority of the Empire now declared that the moment had arrived "to reckon with the Democracy." Émile Ollivier, "the little Ollivier," solemnly protested that now was the time if ever to exert "the liberal pressure." Prince Napoleon set himself in opposition to "the Imperial reaction," and a new paper was announced under the direction of his mouthpiece, Ad. Guéroult. The name of the journal was even given out as L'Opinion Nationale. Vilbort, Edmond About, Sarcey de Suttières, Charles Edmond, were to contribute to it. Its tendency was to be "distinctly Italian," and Madame Vil-

bort tried to persuade me to write for its columns a new appreciation of Garibaldi. I declined this amiable suggestion, which, I afterward learned, was inspired by Guéroult.

"The little Olliviers," the friends of Jules Simon, raved about his work on Liberty, in which he made the announcement that freedom was bound to no particular form of government. We used to say among ourselves that had Ollivier never existed, Jules Simon would have invented him in his proper person. Louis Blanc, Schoelcher, Quinet, Charras, Clément Thomas, all refused the general amnesty in terms insulting to Napoleon.

"He has no more right to include us in an amnesty," they wrote, "than he had to seize France."

Victor Hugo hurled at "Napoleon the Small" this short but lapidary sentence, "When Liberty returns, I shall return." The friends of the author of Les Chatiments declared that he could accept no favour at the hands of one whom he had dragged to the shambles. Chained in exile to an English rock, like the first Napoleon, he was set in an heroic framework. From the dizzy height of this rock he could pass judgment on the meanness of soul of him who was the inheritor of Waterloo, and he set his vision to a magnificent strain.

Had he not attained the highest sphere of poetic genius and fancy in La Légende des Siècles?

"He made a far grander figure in Guernsey than when he returned to France. Dabbling in politics, he reduces himself to mere human proportion," wrote Vacquerie, who was lingering on in Paris after the success of Souvent homme varie.

The publication of the first part of La Légende des Siècles was a great literary event. All the criticisms hurled against the head of the romantic school—criticisms indeed arising far less from his personal opponents than resulting from the eccentricities of his latest disciples, whose exaggerations bordered on the grotesque—came to a sudden and full stop, as if by miracle. The volumes that followed converted the most hypercritical classics, like myself, into unconditional admirers. All my prejudices against one whose whole genius tended to emancipate us from our Hellenic traditions, and who had in reality turned aside the current of French letters from this channel, fell powerless at one swoop before this overwhelming masterpiece that was now beginning and was to find its end in an apotheosis.

Émile Deschanel returned from exile. His friends gave him a warm greeting. He was liked

and admired, as a writer, as an orator, and as a man of strong purpose.

Challemel-Lacour also came back and made his first appearance in Paris at Madame d'Agoult's *salon*. He received a genuine and hearty welcome.

The return of the exiles modified by degrees the *salon* of Madame d'Agoult. They brought succor to the war-at-no-price party. Their hatred of the Second of December was preserved inviolate and had even added strength to itself during their enforced absence abroad.

During the four weeks that Challemel-Lacour spent in France, he seemed heart-broken at the compromise he witnessed between those who had taken the oath of allegiance and the Empire.

"I thought I should walk on a dunghill in Paris," he wrote, "but I discover here is liquid putrefaction. How can one possibly render such a place wholesome, what good would be achieved by my paltry personal disinfectant?"

This first impression was forgotten by Challemel-Lacour, when, after his resignation from the professional chair at the École Polytechnic School at Zurich had been accepted not without considerable difficulty, he returned to Paris and learned what refinement the mind can attain in a struggle against political servitude.

"Thought soars high, when it with difficulty breaks from its fetters, as it has then greater spring," he wrote a few months later.

The Second of December found Challemel-Lacour a Professor of Philosophy in the provinces. On leaving the École Normale he lectured first at Pau, and next at Limoges, where he endeavoured to stir up the peasantry of the neighbourhood against "the Napoleonic tyranny." Imprisoned, then exiled, he devoted himself to increasing by study his knowledge, already vast, and by lecturing in Germany, in Belgium, and in Switzerland he endeavoured to develop his oratorical powers. It was in Switzerland he delivered those eloquent lectures, the fame of which reached us at home.

As soon as my book came out I sent a copy to Challemel-Lacour at Zurich. Meeting me at Madame d'Agoult's when he called upon her after his return, he thanked me for my attention in such flattering terms that it needed but two or three meetings at the house of our mutual friend, and one visit to me, to make us firm friends.

The very cultivated and refined mind of Challemel, his elegant polish of style and of conversation, his extreme delicacy towards women joined to great integrity of soul and strength of character, excited towards him, first, a feeling of

esteem, and if he but lay claim to it, one of affection. For instance, so soon as he took part in a discussion he became intolerant, fierce in his convictions, often aggressive and hard, nay, even disrespectful, but so cultured was he that his brutality took the form rather of denunciation than of affront.

On his return to Switzerland he one day sent me a friend of his, requesting me to speak in his favour to Monsieur Fauvety about some contribution to the Revue Philosophique. I was able to render the service that Challemel's friend required, and as this gentleman happened also to be a friend of Proudhon, he showed me a letter "on my adversary," written to him by Challemel-Lacour, in which Proudhon was not exactly spared. I accepted the interesting autograph, which ran as follows:

"At last, my dear friend, I saw Proudhon yesterday, not without some difficulty, as much ceremony is necessary to penetrate into the lion's den. After chatting about you and your letter, we naturally touched on the subject of his book, which is coming out in a few days. 'It will make all Europe tremble,' he said. In truth, these words struck me as somewhat childish as coming from

such a veteran in letters. Surely, it is best left to youth alone to speak of a book in such terms. It is evident that Proudhon likes to give one a start, and he will be much disappointed if the book does not produce the effect he anticipates. I thought it might give him courage if I told him he had "his privileges." These harmless words almost put him beside himself. He replied with a warmth that bordered on anger, and in such a way, that I perceived he was not made for friendly discussion.

"I have come to the conclusion that the indulgence extended to La Révolution Sociale démontrée par le Coup d'État called up recollections he preferred not to remember.

"Yours very sincerely,

"CHALLEMEL-LACOUR."

Another friend of Madame d'Agoult was Mademoiselle Clémence Royer, who had voluntarily elected to follow Pascal Duprat into exile. She had opened her Course of Philosophy at Lausanne. Her first lecture, Introduction to Philosophy, had a great success. The most erudite professors in that science pronounced her able and well qualified in her turn to occupy the professorial chair in that department of human knowledge. She had

a rather masculine appearance. She went but little into general society, but her delivery was made in a clear high pitch with considerable authority. Mademoiselle Clémence Royer had read Les Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes. I shall never forget with what contempt she took the measure of my physical self, when presented to her by Edmond Texier, who anticipated no inconsiderable entertainment from this introduction.

Mademoiselle Clémence Royer subjected me to a kind of examination in a corner of the drawing-room, into which she had, so to speak, driven me. Texier, pretending to be terror-struck, as if I were running some considerable danger, gave me an irresistible desire to laugh. I had just been having a conversation with him in which wit played a larger share than knowledge, and I was still in a lively mood from its effect. Mademoiselle Clémence Royer struck me as a trifle too pedantic, but I must confess I indulged in too much frivolity in my replies to her.

She stood up, after one of my repartees, which Texier considered extremely witty, and said in her high-pitched manner:

"You are lacking in criteria, Madame."

These words, under the circumstances, made me more frivolous than ever, and as Mademoiselle

Clémence Royer held a university diploma, I, likewise rising, retorted:

"My *university* baggage, *Mademoiselle*," putting an emphasis on both words, "has hitherto been, I must confess, far inferior to yours; but if it lacks weight, it has at any rate not had the disadvantage of causing any one to sink."

The cut was unkind. The intimacy of Mademoiselle Clémence Royer with Pascal Duprat had been the cause of much unhappiness to the deserted wife, who openly complained, and whose grief inspired general interest.

Edmond Texier alone heard the words. He repeated what had passed between Mademoiselle Clémence Royer and myself. The fair philosopher never forgave me this indiscretion, that I in no way had provoked. Mademoiselle Clémence Royer, Monsieur Pascal Duprat, joined with Madame d'Héricourt and with several stanch friends of Proudhon, became my most formidable enemies. I have to thank them for some trifling wounds repeatedly made fresh again.

Madame d'Agoult, who heard of this passage of arms from Mademoiselle Clémence Royer, reprimanded me most severely and told me I deserved all that might ensue from the malice of the fair philosopher. I assured her I had not breathed a

word to any one of the occurrence. She also put searching questions to Texier, who, in his turn, had to confess that he had been telling his friends all about it.

"You have made implacable enemies for our young friend, who in no way needs them," said Madame d'Agoult to Texier.

CHAPTER XI

LITERARY ACQUAINTANCES, AND MUSICAL

AFTER so many postponements that we were well on to the end of September, a day was finally settled for the projected visit to Madame Vilbort at Neuilly. No one failed to answer their names at the muster. I went down with Jourdan, and we both endured some teasing, as they all said we had agreed to meet beforehand. About was already there with his bosom friend, Sarcey de Suttières, for whom he had begged an invitation, and for whom he had just procured the post of dramatic critic for the Opinion Nationale. Sarcey was already writing his first Monday criticisms with no small amount of success.

It is difficult to realize adequately the contrast that existed between About and Sarcey at this period. Sarcey was just as provincial and correct in habits and in manner of speaking as About was out and out "Second Empire"—Parisian. Coming together very young their minds were in precise juxtaposition one to the other, and especially in the spirit of contradiction. Neither of them had the slightest conception of self, but each desired

to make his friend shine. The tender admiration of Sarcey for About made him promptly sympathetic. His countenance would brighten up when his "old friend," one of his favourite expressions at this time, threw into the conversation some unexpected and brilliant sally, to which we could not but give its due praise, either by an involuntary exclamation or by an open compliment. It looked as if Sarcey had himself provoked that phrase of Germaine, in his favourite book by About: "We return inward thanks to the person who compels us to deliver our best speech or to tell our favourite story."

Vilbort, like a good and worthy foreigner, loved to ask questions, to which would come a torrent of replies from About, in his most playful and sceptical manner, but Sarcey, in all seriousness, in the midstream of his friend's raillery, would compel him to direct his mind into his channel of thought.

About and Sarcey had never been separated; during their school-days they were together at Massin's Academy, then at Charlemagne, and finally at the École Normale, where they were contemporary with Taine, Weiss, Assolant, Prévost-Paradol, and others.

One of About's books, La Question Romaine, much preoccupied Vilbort, for during breakfast

he repeatedly returned to the subject. Méline, his friend, the Brussels publisher, he had vainly plied with questions. Méline knew nothing. Our host probably had running in his mind some scheme of "correspondence," for the later-day "interview" had not yet become fashionable.

La Question Romaine was printed in Belgium, and it can easily be imagined that gossip and commentaries had ample room for conjecture. About was highly delighted with the numberless interrogatories to which he was subjected with regard to this book. He usually went full speed ahead from the first words.

"Oh! you also want to know if the Emperor sketched the portrait of Pius IX. I am graciously allowed the sole merit of drawing that of Antonelli." In truth, one can scarcely imagine Napoleon, whose humour could hardly be called gay, writing of the Cardinal, that "he pronounces his blessing with unction, but forgives with difficulty; that rumour credits him with telling fortunes, and that one kneels down before him. I must confess I here recognise with difficulty the style of the author of L'Extinction du Paupérisme."

The credit of one of the most poignant strokes in the character of Antonelli belongs to Sarcey:

"He was born in a den. Sonnino is better

known in the ' Annals of Crime ' than ever Arcadia was in ' Nature.' "

" But really," began Vilbort, for the third time of asking, while About seemed not to catch the precise question put to him, " has the Emperor, yes or no, commanded you, as is said, to write this book? "

" No, the Cat commanded me."

" Come, About, the whole world is perfectly well aware that with reference to Italian affairs the Emperor is never in agreement with his ministers. He is always ahead of them. Now, is there anything extraordinary, if, through the intermediary of your friend Prince Napoleon, with whom at all times the Emperor has held, as near as can be, similar views on Italian affairs, his Majesty should request you to handle the Italian question with your recognised talent and specious appearance of independence? "

" I say, Vilbort, are you seeking a challenge? Have I been enticed into an ambush here? If you tell me again, my Belgian friend, I have a sort of specious appearance of independence, not even your good and succulent breakfast will prevent my impaling you, unless you at once eat your words."

" Well, I retract them in utter confusion."

" That's right. What would Jourdan of the Siècle say, if in the very first numbers of the

Opinion Nationale, the editors were busy exchanging dishonouring insults?"

"I should say," retorted the kindly Jourdan, "that Vilbort did not give to his words the same connotation as you attributed to them."

"That is perfectly true," chimed in Vilbort. "I simply meant——"

About raised his arm.

"The cause has been heard!"

"True, the cause has been heard, but only on one point as to the question of insult," added Madame Vilbort, with her winsome smile. "The main question still remains open. Did the Emperor suggest?"

"Please do not press me, fair lady," answered About gallantly.

"Yes, yes, I want you to say that he did prompt the suggestion," exclaimed Madame Vilbort.

Vilbort could hardly restrain his exuberance.

"Well played! my wife, well played!" he repeated.

Sarcey looked anxious, but About replied with a smile:

"Well, yes. It was the Emperor himself who suggested I should write La Question Romaine, in the spirit my independence fancied. Do you understand, Vilbort, independence? 'There can

never be too much discussion on this subject,' Napoleon III said to me. 'Every Frenchman,' he added, 'must hold his personal opinion on this question.' The Emperor read the proof of my book, approved of it, but stopped its publication. Now there is the mystery unveiled. You may take it, but subject to the condition that Jourdan, who is honour personified, gives me his word not to breathe a single word of it in the columns of the Siècle."

"I readily give you such assurance," came the reply.

"And that you, Vilbort, only communicate such information abroad, as a mere supposition, based on some random and indiscreet words from my friend Sarcey."

"No! no!" interrupted Sarcey, "I cannot agree to such a jest."

"Then Vilbort must say that this story is being circulated far and wide by the inflexible Juliette Lamber; and as she can prove her words, she defies me to deny it."

"This is strictly true," I replied. "I can prove my words, as I have heard the story from the very lips of the Emperor himself. No one can possibly deny this."

There was no danger to be apprehended from Vilbort compromising About, as he was both dis-

creet and clever. He had copy for his "correspondence," and that was all he needed. The conversation turned on other topics. We discussed literature, and the two nurslings of the Normale delivered the most interesting lecture on literature that it had ever been my good fortune to listen to. About said that "good writing was produced rather under the influence of speech than of thought. That good description must have the movement and life of the mind speaking, rather than that of the mind composing. Ornament was added on a second reading, and was not to be despised, but should be simple and unadorned, and that such embellishment was best attained by the choice of graceful and elegant words, which imparted to the narration a genial and kindly tone."

"This is all very well," replied Sarcey, "for you who have the unique facility of writing with perspicacity even on the most complicated and abstruse subjects. As for me, I can only attain embellishment by the adoption of the commonplace, nay, even of the hackneyed. In truth, when I am unable to produce ornament by native inspiration I seek to gain it by quoting others."

At that time we liberally indulged in quotation. Deftly placed, a quotation serves to demonstrate that the mind is either learned or daintily appar-

elled. It lends grace or weight, as the case may be, to the subject-matter of discourse or style. The dullards and the mediocre quickly find their level in the selection of quotation, which they choose and place inappositely and unseasonably. Clever people read, at the time I am speaking of, both for the pleasure of reading and also because it added graceful ornament to their conversation and writings.

Sarcey told me he much admired my spirited attack on Proudhon, as it had shown that this redoubtable debater, whom no one dared challenge, was not completely invulnerable.

"Yes, he has fissures," then said About, "into which one can insert a wedge, but what exquisite form is his, what language, how skilfully beaten out and worked in!"

"A murrain to these people with their form; they are just like Veuillot, isn't it so, Jourdan? I grant, if you like, they have cleverness and talent, but value they have none, because value depends on sincerity; they are mere humbugs whose sole aim is to dazzle; they are like impotent people who destroy for destroying's sake."

Vilbort left us during the afternoon on urgent business and only returned for dinner.

The day was spent most agreeably in a beautiful

garden, with perfect weather. About and Sarcey engaged in interesting conversation, attentively listened to by a clever man like Jourdan, whose kindness, almost paternal, was freely vouchsafed to both, and by two young, and—why hesitate over the word—pretty women, with whom their brilliant wit, as it were, coquetted. Sarcey let drop a phrase in his semiinnocent, semibantering way, which, appearing in the conversation at an unexpected turn, produced in About one of those bursts of hearty laughter that only friends indulge in at the narration of a good and well-known story. The phrase was: "I prefer Boileau!" With what delicate wit did Sarcey repeat the phrase.

We talked of the stage. About sang the praises of the dramatic critic of the Opinion Nationale in a manner not easily forgotten. I have never read or listened to anything of Sarcey's from that day forth without calling to mind the brotherly and perspicuous criticisms pronounced by About upon his friend.

"That fellow is a first-class critic," About used to say. "He is of noble lineage. He is bound to influence his generation either in forming or deforming its dramatic spirit. He will not be busy stalking innumerable small fowl, like so many others. He is easy-going, not seeking to provoke

his adversaries, but is tenacious of purpose. While other men are in hot pursuit of the unattainable, he will just be found quietly going on the even tenor of his own way."

"Well, you have a ready method to compel my destiny to follow your prophetic predictions," said Sarcey, "and that is by just continuing to me the support of your shoulders."

Sarcey, in spite of our smiles, took up the cudgels in defence of Scribe. No man, in his opinion, understood so thoroughly the drama. Émile Augier he worshipped, and he used to say, with irresistible logic, "that Augier was without rival, because he concentrated himself on dramatic writing."

The Chapeau de Paille d'Italie, analyzed by Sarcey, became a masterpiece. He admired Marivaux, as a master and charmer in the art of dainty writing. On Corneille he was quite fanatic, knowing whole passages of him by heart, and had never missed a classical representation of the master since his coming to Paris.

"Critics, like actors, are only made perfect by repertory," was Sarcey's dictum.

He was bold enough to confess in the face of About's remonstrances, he could not understand Shakespeare. To him, Musset, in spite of our

united loud protests, was but a trifler, whose dramatic effusions wearied people with the stage; the younger Dumas was a distinguished philosopher, but a barbarian in matters dramatic. He became quite warm at the mention of the Fils Naturel.

"You are a little narrow-minded," interrupted About. "You are a member of that well-balanced and exclusive caste that is dying out in France but all too rapidly. A caste essentially judicious, proud of its learned traditions, jealous to receive a command, and which numbers in its ranks such distinguished masters as Rabelais, Voltaire, Montaigne, Racine, and Molière."

"Excuse me. I must add Boileau," cried Sarcey. "And—Corneille."

"Boileau is your staff of life," gaily put in About. "Corneille is the castellan whom you are proud to salute, but he is far too ceremonious for your taste."

"Impudent fellow!"

"Do you really mean you prefer Les Lionnes pauvres to the Fils Naturel?" asked Jourdan.

"I emphatically do; even in collaboration. Augier is a king of kings of dramatic writers. Dumas is dazzling, is as witty as About, but in his morality, in his sensibility, in his affection, he is immoral, fantastic, personal, and dry."

"Sarcey de Suttières," said About, "you are logical but unfair; you are obstinate but enthusiastic; you will go further than the Janins, the Gautiers, the Saint-Victors."

About was now making a good deal of money, and was not a little vain of this. Only a few years previously he was in great pecuniary embarrassment. But his liberality increased directly with his fortune. Hailing from Lorraine, he was devoted to his province, and he befriended all his countrymen. He mentioned two of them to us with enthusiasm. I heard their names for the first time, Erckmann and Chatrian. About promised to send me Le Docteur Mathéus. "Though living apart, their collaboration is most harmonious; but," he added, "they have that 'inner agreement' which every Lorrainian has for every other Lorrainian."

After these words, pronounced very slowly, About remained silent for a moment, as if gathering his thoughts. I looked at Sarcey, who seemed to say to me, "This is serious."

"Erckmann and Chatrian," continued About, with visible emotion, "will teach France what she knows not yet of the first Empire, of the Revolution, of the courage of our beloved eastern provinces. I am aware of their aim, which is to

make every Frenchman love the frontier provinces, and especially those which touch Germany. For Germany, mark you, means to take them from us."

We were now in presence of another About, whom I found again later an ardent and anxious patriot, because he always feared and always realized the Germanic danger.

With their names hardly yet "made," as we say to-day, About loudly extolled Erckmann and Chatrian, just as he extolled Sarcey. Literary comradeship at this period was active and real. There was an element of pleasure in performing an act of sacrifice for a friend. Normalians were ever ready to help one another, each trying to do for his friend what in his power lay. The spirit of competition did not engender the base feelings of jealousy and envy. In all the rungs of the ascending ladder of place, whether of art, or literature, or scholarship, a remnant of Christian education had taught each man to do to his fellow as he would be done by, and this noble sentiment greatly mitigated the asperities of the social struggle.

The English spirit of a Darwin had not yet crushed in the souls of our sons that noble generosity of their race, and that generation did not sum

up its faith in the doctrine that life consists in the mere brutal and ferocious struggle for existence.

The elders who had reached the top of the tree helped the young ones to climb the traditional stages reached by them. Brotherhood even yet had its intrinsic value. The claims of free thought, in spite of its pretensions, like every other right to be vindicated, still preserved undefiled the sacred duty of obligation to one's neighbour. Once these claims were made good, we all know what it has made of duty.

Youth, confident in the help of its elders, was actuated at this period by a kindly and fraternal spirit, which was called philosophy, because it made them realize that they were not isolated atoms. Those who are possessed by the frenzy to be quickly, quickly famous, tearing on madly in the pursuit of position, did not at this time block up the highways and cause those shocks which threaten to crush down utterly every other wayfarer of life. The feverish haste to be first in the race of success did not leave behind it those ghastly traces of the mangled multitude. One could reasonably hope to be successful in letters or in art, by talents, industry, gifts, attainments, the help of friends, and by the encouragement of those who had "arrived."

Everything depended on a man's worth, and not on speed.

The new battalions accepted from their forefathers the idea of superiors without favouritism. Socialism, even communism, flowed freely from the great schools of Saint-Simon, of Fourier, of Pierre Leroux; the principles of union of association meant for them the greatest good of the greatest number rather than that of the individual. To-day the words signify to us who have grown older the exact opposite of their original meaning: socialism spells disintegration; communism, a brutal trampling down; association, exploitation; philosophy, negation; value, brutal strength.

I pretty nearly knew by heart the whole of Elle et Lui, so much had I heard of it since the beginning of the year. I did not read it in the Revue des deux Mondes, and the volume had been lying unopened on my table for some months. I no more dared begin the book than read Horace or Nelida. That I might not appear too innocent and naïve in my own circle, I talked of "love, lovers, mistresses, attachments," like the rest; but I still preserved inviolate certain prejudices, which my provincial bringing-up had deeply rooted within me. I admired George Sand, I loved Madame d'Agoult, as natures of a higher order, but nothing gave

me greater pain than to hear their adventures discussed. I was ever prompt to defend them, and to establish their right to act like the man whose name they bore. I did not wish to judge them as women.

One day, as we were walking in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, Madame d'Agoult spoke to me of George Sand. She had an old grudge against her dating back from the early days of Horace, and she was actuated with a similar spirit of envy against Balzac, on account of Béatrice ou les Amours Forcées. She could not find in herself to forgive either of them, and her usual generous and liberal indulgence to so many persons and things came to a sudden stop at the mere mention of the name of either Balzac or Madame Sand, when she became most aggressive and bitter.

"Have you read Elle et Lui?" Madame d'Agoult abruptly asked me.

"No, Madame, I have not, but it lies on my table to read."

"Well, perhaps you would like to hear Sainte-Beuve's private opinion of this 'novel.' Only last night, after many pressing interrogations, I at last managed to extract from him his candid opinion of Elle et Lui. 'To my mind,' he said, 'it was a happy inspiration of Madame Sand to

throw what she had to say into the form of a novel rather than in that of an autobiography or memoirs. I am bound to say, however, I am exceedingly averse to this kind of very personal and intimate revelation.'"

Sainte-Beuve at this time was betraying George Sand to please Madame d'Agoult, as he was on terms of great intimacy with her, and scarcely ever appeared at her receptions.

"Truth to tell, when one has had such a number of lovers," said Daniel Stern, and she cruelly reckoned them up one by one on her fingers, "it seems to me almost ridiculous to affect such extreme and precise sensibility to one more or less set down to one's account. If he was not her lover at that time, at any rate he was 'after.' For that doctor from Venice has his place in the series, you know!"

It is difficult to express what I was suffering during this conversation.

I hesitated to reply. If only I had read the book, I perhaps might have hit on some argument.

"Here is a sentence of hers which she has often repeated," rejoined Madame d'Agoult, "and which gives you the key to the whole character of the woman: 'Many fancies flit through my brain, but my heart has never worn itself out.'"

I timidly remarked that as George Sand always affected rather strong masculine tendencies and that as her genius placed her eminently in the order of intellectual men, we should not perhaps judge of her as a woman.

My beloved friend fixed on me her deep fathoming eyes. I stood her gaze; her gestures and expression betokened some impatience, but she remained silent.

"Everybody recognises you," I continued quietly, "in the Arabella of Les Lettres d'un Voyageur, where George Sand has portrayed you with so much poetry."

"Yes, you defended us both against Proudhon, and you do not wish—" said Madame d'Agoult, slowly; and then angrily proceeded: "My dear child, let me give you some good advice. Never become intimate with Madame Sand. You will lose all your illusions about her. As a woman, pardon me, I mean as a man, she is beneath contempt. She has no conversation. She lives in a dream. She confesses this herself. She has all the appearance of not being awake. If it were not for the incessant rolling and smoking of her cigarette, you would readily believe she was asleep with her eyes open."

Then Madame d'Agoult found fault with one of

George Sand's most beautiful qualities, her kind-heartedness.

"She gives away pretty nearly all she earns and is often in difficulties, but she will never appeal to those whom she has obliged with a hundred favours and who would be glad to help her. She appears to have a sort of contempt for those whom she has benefited."

Madame d'Agoult had known more than one of the heroes of George Sand's books, and among others one of the Mauprats. And she repeated to me what he said about George Sand.

"Her lovers are to her a piece of chalk, wherewith she scratches on the blackboard. When she has finished she crushes the chalk under her foot, and there remains but the dust, which is quickly blown away."

"How is it, my esteemed and beloved friend, you have never forgiven?" I asked, with sadness.

"Because the wound inflicted has not healed yet. Conscious that I had put my whole life and soul into my love for Liszt, she tried to take him away from me. . . ."

"Did he tell you so?"

"He spent his whole time in concealing from me the declarations of other women."

"How distressing it is for the sake of the more

'diminutive ones' that two such giantesses as Daniel Stern and George Sand cannot be reconciled."

"This will never come about."

I mentioned our conversation to de Ronchaud, who added:

"This is one of my regrets. Madame Sand, I believe, would have contemplated a reconciliation; in fact, I am certain she would. If people only knew what a very treasury of kindness she is! She but barely, even if at all, defended herself in Elle et Lui. And then if she had but said all there! She is stanch, she is truth personified. I have said so a hundred times over, and I will say so all my life. You are quite right to judge her by the standard of a man. She has none of the irresolution and vanities of her sex. Her soul has caused her much suffering. She is more of an idealist than a sensationalist. She always wants to love a man at once with a loving friendship, with a friendly love and a natural tenderness. She puts her whole soul into her love, and her soul is large. Her disillusions are so unspeakably distressing that she is inconsolable until the native vigour of her psychical vitality brings new life to her lost illusions. We should both of us use our utmost efforts to effect a reconciliation between Daniel Stern and George Sand."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure."

As soon as it came out, de Ronchaud brought me the preface of Jean de la Roche, in which George Sand answered her accusers. "Here is the woman herself," he said. "Let her enemies attack her now. She has supplied us with the elements of her defence."

The Père Prodigue of the younger Dumas found favour in the eyes of Sarcey. To be sure, his criticism was reserved, but yet he was disarmed, one might almost say, seduced. I saw him the first night at the Gymnase. I was in the Vilborts' box, where he came to greet us.

"I am not overfond of that everlasting story of Dumas the elder dished up to us by Dumas the younger," remarked Sarcey; "but, nevertheless, some of his sayings are real gems of strength," and with that honest smile of his he quoted the words we had just heard:

"'I have given you my qualities and my faults pellmell. I have always looked for your affection rather than your obedience. Economy I have not taught you, as I myself am ignorant of this virtue.'"

I met Paul de Saint-Victor again at this representation, who called me his "Greek friend." The Vilborts presented Auguste Villemot to me, and

Aurélien Scholl, whom I reminded of the episode at the Michel Lévy library.

Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, and all the host of critics came round to our box to pay their respects to us. They were all indebted to Vilbort for the measure and esteem with which he mentioned them abroad. It was in this way I came to know them. In fact, each day was now adding to my literary acquaintance.

In a letter to George Sand about L'Homme de Neige, I told her I had just been rereading the series of her rural novels. I said nothing to her about the motive which prompted me; for having finished Elle et Lui I felt a need to dip into her healthier works. I added that I myself was much more countrified than Parisian, and that I looked back to those days spent in my native village of Blérancourt as the happiest in my life. George Sand wrote in reply:

"Why do you not write the impressions of that time now that they are fresh in your memory? You have already got a title in Mon Village."

I thought it over and began Mon Village, but the reflection that my next book which I was to write must be brought out by a leading publisher worried me not a little.

It was at Madame Vilbort's that I met Hetzel, who had returned from exile. I had told her of my painful journey with the book to the various publishers, and she knew Hetzel's answer, written from Brussels, where he then was staying:

"You probably use a checked handkerchief and take snuff."

Madame Vilbort, knowing she was to receive an afternoon call from Hetzel, wrote to me: "Come and amuse us."

Of course I arrived first. I took off my hat to give me the appearance of belonging to the house. It was agreed we were to call each other "cousin." Hetzel entered. As Madame Vilbort was from Brussels, he brought her news of her family. I was quite silent, and Hetzel stared at me.

"My cousin and myself," Madame Vilbort observed, as if an introduction were an altogether superfluous ceremony.

"Will you kindly introduce me to this lady?" suddenly asked Hetzel.

"Monsieur Hetzel, Madame Juliette Lamessine, authoress of Les Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes."

Hetzel bounded so ludicrously out of his chair that Madame Vilbort and I could not restrain our laughter. And in addition, he brought out his party-coloured handkerchief and took a pinch of

snuff!!! We could now contain ourselves no longer.

"It is quite plain," said Hetzel, who had finished by laughing also, "that I am a fool; but," he gallantly added, "I did not think I was quite so bad as this. As such blunders with clever women are not habitual with me, I intend to make up for this one. I therefore beg of you, Madame, to be so good as to let me have your next book, unless, of course, it is already pledged. If it is a novel, or something approaching, I have an edition in joint account with Michel Lévy, and I place it at your disposal."

I then mentioned to him George Sand's advice, and told him I was following it.

"I will publish Mon Village," said Hetzel in conclusion.

I then told him of the difficulty with my husband, who, to damage my literary career, had put his name to an edition of my Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes, and would allow me to publish only under my own name with Dentu after endless discussions and agreements, the details of which are irrelevant here.

"He has no right to do this, has he, my dear friend?" indignantly asked Madame Vilbort.

"His right is absolute if the marriage took place under the Joint Property Act. The reward of the wife's labour becomes the absolute property of the husband; even the very wages of the factory girl abandoned with her children by the workman can be legally claimed by the wretch to be wasted in debauchery."

"It is simply shameful!"

"Yes, it is shameful. You must change your name, Madame," Hetzel said to me.

"Mine is already so small that the crumbs will be of no value."

"On the contrary, now is the time you will feel it less."

"What name shall I take?"

"Will you accept me as your sponsor?"

"I am delighted."

"What is your maiden name?"

"Juliette Lambert."

"With a t?"

"Yes."

"As we must make some alteration, let us take away the t and we shall then have a name against which the Joint Property Act can have no ground for action."

"Is that so?"

"It is so. I shall expect Mon Village, and I

am certain Michel Lévy will be as glad as I am to atone for his rudeness."

Hetzel was not only a publisher, resourceful in ideas, kind and paternal to budding authors, but was also a politician of respected character and a writer of eminence under the name of P. J. Stahl. Editor of the National, in 1848, he was nominated Chief Secretary to the Minister for Foreign Affairs; then Secretary-General to the Executive, under Cavaignac, whose devoted friend he became. Hetzel was destined on his return from exile no longer to find him whom he had ever called his chief. General Cavaignac passed away in 1857, succumbing while out shooting to the bursting of an arterial tumour.

Hetzel took his place among the most brilliant conversationalists of the day in the same company with Henri Rochefort, Edmond About, Aurélien Scholl, Edmond Texier, and d'Ennery. As a writer, his talents were superior to his reputation. Sainte-Beuve often repeated in his Causeries du Lundi that he classed Hetzel as one of the most powerful story-tellers of his time. Mérimée unhesitatingly declared that in humorous description P. J. Stahl outdid Dickens. His sayings went all round Paris. As soon as heard they came to one's lips with such fitness that their timely repetition

insured their fame. "As Hetzel says," was frequently heard in our circle after the amnesty.

He himself read the manuscripts sent him, and in his long editorial career had learned to sum up so many books with one word that he judged a man like a book, and with a bold definitive stroke gave you his character and his life. A Republican from conviction, impartial in his judgment, an ardent champion of liberty, unhesitating in his creed, he was inflexible in the strictness of his principles. One found in the books of P. J. Stahl German sentimentality, English humour, French wit, and the whole was welded together in pure and undefiled French by a touch that was at once personal and original.

Hetzel, an Alsatian himself, adored Alsace. He never shrank from reprimanding his authors, if need arose, but his native Alsatian good-nature always mitigated his castigation by giving them good advice. As a publisher he was a perfect magician. He made the reputation of Jules Verne, of the Erckmann-Chatrians, and of many others, although he was indifferent to his own. The whole movement of illustrated literature for children is due to his initiative. Mademoiselle Lili is his own daughter. On the subject of children he became inspired and wrote many admirable books for them.

On the 1st of January he always bewitched their little hearts and minds, and parents were grateful to him for the useful lessons inculcated in such a pleasant way.

It was Hetzel who told me the story, three or four years later, of a young author who had once brought him a manuscript, the first two parts of which had given him infinite delight for the artistic merit, both of the subject-matter and composition, but to his utter amazement and sorrow the third part was so obscene, nay, even nauseatingly prurient, that he turned away from it in positive disgust. On the appointed day, when the author came to learn some news of his book, Hetzel said to him:

"When your talent is such, sir, that you are capable of writing the first two parts of a book like yours, how can you find it in you to dishonour your pen by what you have deposited in the third part? What mental aberration can have induced you to become guilty of so foul a reproach as a criminal in letters?"

"Sir," replied the young author, "the first two parts were written to seduce literary people who make reputations; the last part was written for those who are to buy the book."

"How dare you make such a cynical confession!"

"My object is to teach the French reader to have a taste for the depicting of vices which surround him. Truth chastises hypocrites, but instructs those who pretend to virtue."

"A pretty object of ambition this is! Please Heaven, it may not be granted to you to corrupt our readers, and to destroy all the good we, and those who have gone before us, have tried to do. You are young and you are clever. I sincerely trust you will not persevere in your unhealthy wager. Believe me, clean and healthy books alone have continuous sales, and are the only ones acceptable to posterity. You have a foreign name. May you, as you become more French, grow in wisdom."

The young author was Émile Zola.

Unhappily his work has but too completely realized his early vows. He has cozened his readers even to the point of demoralization. Vice has been described and portrayed to satiety, until it has made his admirers, and especially foreigners, believe that corruption reigns supreme in all classes in France.

There was great fluttering in the "pagan" dovecots. De Ronchaud related to us the delight of Berlioz at the coming revival of Glück's Orpheus, which, with Madame Viardot, he was preparing for the Théâtre Lyrique. Pauline Garcia,

the sister of Malibran, was said to be simply magnificent.

We, the pagans, were to be there on the first night. De Ronchaud and I took a box with a place for Ménard. Saint-Victor's orchestra chair was quite close to us. At last we were going to have our revenge on Orphée aux Enfers.

The great night arrived. We devoutly listened to Madame Viardot, supported by Berlioz, and approved by Carvalho. She had suppressed all the concessions made by Glück to Legros, which added a charm, perhaps foreign to the original intention, to a character so soberly pathetic, so Greek in the real tragic sense of the term, at any rate, as the three of us comprehended it.

Madame Viardot was simply sublime. We seemed to hear the voice of the divine Orpheus himself. All her gestures, her expressions, magnificently and adequately rendered the poignant and distracted grief of antiquity. She was a suppliant without the slightest shadow or idea of revolt against the decree of Zeus. The intense power of harmony in Glück's music gives to the second act of Orpheus such an impression of reality, such a sense of anguish and admiration blended, that it took my breath away.

At the point where Orpheus sings, "I have lost

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

From an engraving by Guillermot, fils.

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my Eurydice," and the whole audience, with enthusiastic applause, cried for a repetition, and Madame Viardot, with yet more pathos, divinely sang "I have lost. . . ." I who have never known hysteria fairly broke down and fainted. On recovering I found that Ménard was holding my hand.

"This is emotion with a vengeance," he said to me. "You have quite frightened me. Your pulse stopped beating."

Since Orpheus I have but once in my life had a similar experience. It was at St. Petersburg, when I was listening to a choir of several hundred court singers chanting a mass of Palestrina, unaccompanied by any instrument, but the harmony of the voices seemed to produce an effect similar to the sonorous and increasing resonances of an orchestra. My ecstatic raptures—I cannot find a more suitable expression—on this occasion were such that I fainted quite away. The friends surrounding me were greatly alarmed. We were only some twenty listeners. When I regained consciousness I heard in that delightful intonation with which a Russian pronounces French:

"For a success, this is a success, to admire to the point of dying!"

Berlioz and Saint-Victor, leaning over our box,

said a few words to us as the people were leaving the theatre. Ménard told them of the fright I had given him. Berlioz pressed my hand, and kept it within his.

"Yes," he remarked, "it is beautiful enough, it is true enough, the torture of misfortune has been sufficiently endured, Orpheus is Orpheus enough, that the expression, rendered as it has been, should annihilate all the senses."

And he left us repeating:

"I am going to tell Orpheus."

I asked my friends to take me back on foot to the Rue de Rivoli.

On the way Saint-Victor told us that Madame Viardot was studying the Alcestis, hoping to sing it at the opera, and that Berlioz was advising her, as he had advised her for Orpheus. "Poor Berlioz," he added, "is thinking of her for his Trojans, his melancholy Trojans!"

The conversation ran on many topics. A book had just reached us from the south. Monsieur de Lamartine pronounced it very beautiful, and Ménard was enthusiastic over it. Ménard mentioned to us Mistral, the author of Mireille, and he had learned many particulars about Mistral from Aubanel, a mutual friend of both.

Aubanel! This was the first time I heard the

name of this poet. Ménard told me his verse was steeped to the hilt in the spirit of Greece. He himself was following the revival of the Provençal tongue with passionate interest. It can easily be imagined that my curiosity was fired at this intelligence, and I plied Ménard with numberless questions. I still had very vague notions about this Provençal poet, or "felibrigist," as he is called, in spite of the sensation caused by his having crossed the Rhône and his success at Nîmes, where his brother felibrigists had improvised in prose and verse.

"Greece has come to life again in the gardens of Saint-Rémy. The Hellenic spirit has had a new birth beneath the Phocian sky. Just watch that movement," Ménard went on, "and you will then understand to what degree the poetic soul of azure-coloured Provence is Attic. I consider Provençal a superb language. It readily lends itself to the expression of poetic and transcendental ideas, to tragic narrative, and at the same time it is exquisitely mischievous, witty, and warm, by which I mean sunny. It is eminently healthy, turgid, and pompous, or simple and limpid, in turn, just as the writer pleases. Nature is painted, as in Homer's language, pictorially and imaginatively by the use of a single word. I am certain

you would like the heroine of Mistral, his country, his language, and the man himself."

"But how can one judge of him by a translation?" I asked Ménard.

"You can very easily read the original. With the old French of your native Picardy, a little Latin, and Italian, in which you are steeped, you have quite sufficient to allow you to read Provençal with ease. To-morrow I will recite you a chapter, and you can then sing:

"O Magali, ma tant amado,
Mestez la teste au fenestroun."

"Is it not more difficult than that?" I exclaimed. "Why, it is simply an antiquated French!"

"Just so."

"For my part," said Saint-Victor, who was becoming impatient at Ménard's monologues, "I am convinced that we understand absolutely nothing of a language unless we live with it, as it were, for many years, as we do with Latin and Greek. Words are but the outward expression of things, and we must read deeply into things if we wish to read into words. To my mind, 'amado' instead of 'aimée,' and 'fenestroun' instead of 'fenêtre,' seem simply bucolic French; or, in other words, French badly pronounced. It seems to me that

the French language, imbued from time to time with an admixture of Latin and Greek, is more than sufficient for all practical purposes; nay, is even what is best. Why go out of our way to seek something new in France? Mistral, Aubanel, Roumanille, who are, I admit, real poets, would do far better to write their verse in good and pure French for us in the first place, and then, if they like, translate that French into Provençal for the edification of their peasantry."

"Saint-Victor," exclaimed Ménard, "you are a Bœotian."

"Not at all, the very reverse. I wish to remain an Athenian."

CHAPTER XII

WAGNER, BERLIOZ, AND EDMOND ADAM

I WAS invited one evening by the Comtesse de Charnacé, daughter of the Comte and Comtesse d'Agoult, to hear Hans von Bülow, the incomparable pianist. Bülow was the son-in-law of Liszt and of Madame d'Agoult, having married their daughter Cosima.

I knew Monsieur von Bülow, having frequently met him at Madame d'Agoult's. He was an artist of rare talent, and ranked first after Liszt. He always spoke of himself as a very happy man, possessing, as he did, a most clever wife and four daughters, whom he adored.

We were also to hear the famous composer, of whom they talked so much at Madame Vilbort's, and whom Liszt and Hans von Bülow both considered so full of prolific talent. His operas, Rienzi, The Flying Dutchman, Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, were sung with success throughout Germany, especially at Weimar and at Berlin. His partisans considered him a precursor of new musical ideas as we considered Berlioz. They were frequently contrasted, but Berlioz was really the precursor, the

very foremost of all, although he allowed the worshippers of Wagner to spread the report that Wagner alone had endowed the world with "the music of the future." Some persons used this phrase as uncomplimentary criticism, others as an expression of praise.

Hans von Bülow represented Wagner to us as a victim of Saxon tyranny, as a Democrat and a Revolutionist. With the exception of our host, Monsieur de Charnacé, who, they said, was a Legitimist, but who held a high position in the worlds of art and letters, we formed a Republican majority of about twenty-five persons. Monsieur von Bülow was very diplomatic when he represented Wagner to us as a Revolutionist. "To my mind," he said with tact, "he is too far advanced. When you, yourselves, shall have progressed in that trend of thought, you will still find him outstepping you. He resembles Bakounine and . . . Marat!"

A few days afterward I met Berlioz in the Court of the Louvre, and spoke to him of Wagner.

"He has a satanical soul," he said. "His pride is limitless. He fancies himself the overtopping tree in the musical forest. But that is not so. He belongs to the *Mandragora* species. Woe to him who sleeps under its shade! It means death. Poor Bülow! Wagner bitterly hates every one who has

humiliated him by rendering him a service. I know something about it myself."

I felt that evening at Monsieur de Charnacé's unbounded admiration for Hans von Bülow's ever-developing talent. He was past master in his art. No one gave in his playing such power to Beethoven as he did, such grandeur to Mozart, such profound sentimentality to Schumann, or interpreted Rameau with such simplicity and ease of execution, or gave such scientific fantasy to Bach. I have never since heard any one play a fugue of Bach's as he did. His memory was so prodigious that during a concert that lasted two or three hours he could play throughout it without a single written note. Not being obliged to read music, he seemed to improvise. The more excited he grew the nearer he seemed to reach a perfectly masterful interpretation.

It was interesting to watch him listening to Wagner. One would have thought he was hearing for the first time the piece composed by his favourite master.

Wagner having just finished playing the prelude to Lohengrin with an orchestral power that was simply marvellous, Hans von Bülow approached Madame d'Agoult and said:

"Never has anything been written before to

compare with that. The inspiration in Lohengrin is both clear and ecstatic, easily retained and deliciously immaterial. And what art displayed in the concerted parts as well as in the solos! The entrance of the knights in the first act is the finest musical page ever written."

Wagner had heard these last words, and smiled a strange smile. His enormous head possessed a certain amount of character, in the upper part, at least; his forehead was broad, elevated, and full of intelligence; he had questioning eyes, at times very soft and then again very hard; but his mouth was ugly and threw out the cheeks, while a sarcastic movement brought the domineering chin close to the haughty nose. He had a singular face, as antipathetic in proportion as Hans von Bülow's physiognomy was attractive. Wagner struck me as being caustic, witty, and able to converse on all subjects, because he was versed in them all. At times he would suddenly become vulgar, personal, and overbearing.

"I, alone," he said, answering some argument of Bülow's on a musical theory, "can do that. No one else in the world would dare to attempt it. Do you hear, Bülow?"

"I hear," said the latter submissively. "But what a strong head it must require to close such a

cycle after having opened it. Any other brain but yours would burst under the effort."

"Well," said Wagner, laughing and with his German accent, "no one has yet discovered whether I am hydrocephalic or a man of genius."

"A little of the first," I said to Madame d'Agoult in a low tone.

"More of the second," she added, somewhat severely. Wagner's hearing was very acute. He had evidently listened to what we had been saying, as we saw by the different manner in which he spoke to us both afterward.

He then began to talk of Parisians with much wit, and of their way of treating all things with banter. He expressed his disappointment at not being understood in France, and of his feelings at having such a powerful rival in Berlioz.

Madame d'Agoult, who liked Berlioz in spite of his embittered character, and who knew the state of his relations with Wagner, replied:

"You are neither of you made ever to live at peace with each other."

Although a composer of talent, Hans von Bülow had produced nothing since he had lived under Wagner's shadow, and even Liszt, the author of the Rhapsodies and many other beautiful compo-

sitions, wrote nothing more. At Weimar he had Wagner played over and over again. The only thing that preserved him from the poison of the *Mandragora* was that he had Berlioz played as well, and no influence would have prevented him from placing him on as high a level as Wagner.

"The precursory genius of Berlioz," said Liszt, "compensates for other more powerful qualities in Wagner."

Twenty years later I saw Liszt at Budapest, and spoke to him of Wagner. He replied with bitterness:

"Von Bülow and I were his first admirers and his first slaves. Nevertheless, if any one out of the *cortêge* of his admirers had been won over either to my son-in-law or myself, Wagner would have seized the fact as a pretext to break our friendship. One must sacrifice everything to him, even one's own happiness. Von Bülow has sacrificed his heroically.

"Berlioz has renovated the French school of music to the advantage of all other schools. Wagner has continued the teachings of the German school, of which all the traditions have been preserved. Berlioz preceded Wagner, and, having rendered music free from the chains that bound

it, Wagner was therefore left unhampered. Berlioz is obscure at times, because his path was surrounded by darkness, whereas Wagner entered, without hindrance, the broad road trodden by German knights.

"No tradition of the musical inspiration of Germany was broken or changed by Wagner's influence, while, on the other hand, Berlioz seemed perforce obliged to make innovations, and the more he was enabled to prove that these were correct, the more people protested and rebelled against his ideas.

"But see how unlike one another men's characters can be. The only revenge that Berlioz took of his non-success was to make the Parisians admire the old masters, such as Glück, from whose genius he drew his inspiration, whereas Wagner, amid his greatest triumphs, was jealous of the smallest success of others."

Liszt admired the Damnation de Faust, Roméo et Juliette, and the Troyens immensely, and predicted to me in 1844 that "sooner or later Berlioz's music would have its day of renown." Alas! poor, great Berlioz! when we were listening to Wagner at Madame de Charnacé's that day was still far off.

It was at this musical reception given for Wag-

ner that I saw, for the first time, Edmond Adam, who was destined to take such a great place in my life. He stood all that evening near a large mirror, to which I sat opposite, and I saw, without our eyes meeting, his look constantly fixed on me. He wore an eyeglass, which made his examination of my person all the more embarrassing and unbearable. I did not even know his name, but he annoyed me exceedingly.

De Ronchaud, in the course of the evening, went and whispered something to Madame d'Agoult, who replied out loud:

"It seems most unlike that usually timid man."

Her reply made me feel sure that these words referred to the man leaning against the mirror.

"He is a friend of Proudhon's," de Ronchaud said, "and that explains his curiosity."

"Very well, presently I will speak to the person about it."

I understood from this that Proudhon's friend wished to be introduced to me.

"Who is that tall gentleman near the mirror, Madame?"

"Edmond Adam. We are very intimate friends, but you never see him at my house on my reception days on account of Girardin, with whom he wishes to fight a duel, for the slightest thing suffices him

as a pretext to send a challenge. After Carrel's death, when he was chief editor of a journal at Angers, Armand Marrost placed him on the staff of the National. His friends who are not in exile, Duclerc, Grévy, Carnot, all the non-oath-takers, to which party he belongs himself, are devoted to him, as are the exiles, Ledru-Rollin, Schoelcher, and Louis Blanc, etc.

"While Councilor of State he refused to serve the Empire after the Second of December. He is, at the present time, one of the pillars of the Comptoir d'Escompte, which was founded by his Republican friends, Bixio, Pagnerre, and Garnier-Pagès. I do not know a man more highly esteemed, and I like him exceedingly. He is as capable of true friendship as Trihert and de Ronchaud. He is devotedness and loyalty personified. One action of his will show you the man. After his heroic conduct in June with Bixio, who was thought to have been killed at the Barricades, Armand Marrost, who was at that time President of the National Assembly, proposed to the House to give Edmond Adam the Great Cross of the Legion of Honour. The vote passed. Edmond Adam refused it, saying he could never accept a cross won in a civil war, and that besides, he had done no more than his duty. Ronchaud has just told me that he has

read your book and that he wishes me to introduce him to you."

"Oh! no, no, my dear friend, I beg you not to do it."

"Why?"

"Because I do not like him at all," and I slipped out of the drawing-room.

I had given my book, Mon Village, some weeks before to Hetzel.

"We will publish it as soon as the Christmas book season is over," he said. "Work away quickly at something else."

I began my Mandarin. Madame d'Agoult left Paris. What a void her absence made! I seemed to have lost my guide and support, and when she saw my grief she was much touched by it.

"A few months will soon be over," she had said, "and I will write often to you."

I asked her permission to dedicate Mon Village to her. I had told her of my adventure with Hetzel concerning it. I did not, however, tell her that I had written this book at George Sand's advice. She might have thought it disloyal, and that was why I wished this volume to be placed under her patronage. I therefore wrote to George Sand and told her the feeling that prompted me to do it. In re-

ply she sent me a most motherly letter, saying that "the first duty of friendship was not to cause grief to those we believed to be our friends."

In the latter part of December the malevolent book, Lui et Elle, was published—a low diatribe, a tissue of accusations, which will remain the shame of the man who wrote it. I would have run the risk of offending Madame d'Agoult in order to dedicate Mon Village to George Sand if this book had appeared before I had spoken of the dedication to Madame d'Agoult, who did not write me a single word about Lui et Elle, and I discovered, alas! that she was not in any wise indignant about it.

The new year brought with it some bright, new hopes and renewed a few old ones. The love of liberty, which had been lying dormant, was daily growing stronger among the higher classes. Those who had praised the Government of the Second of December, the return to order and security, seemed to be less satisfied with these two supposed improvements, and had come to think that after all they were not quite sure of them. It must be confessed that the anti-authority party was progressing in splendid form. In each, and in all, of the opposition parties the very choicest intellects were en-

listed in favour of liberal ideas, and were strongly opposed to personal power.

The Courrier du Dimanche, in a short time, possessed the whole pleiad. It extended from Monsieur de Montalembert to Prévost-Paradol, from Eugène Pelletan to the Comte d'Haussonville, from Vilmatha to J. J. Weiss. The Imperialists declared that "it was the Orleanists who led and inspired the Opposition." This was not true; the Orleanists who sided with the Republicans went out of their way to defend liberal ideas.

Monsieur de Girardin was not pleased. He said, resuming the opinions of the Palais Royal (the general name given to anything touching Prince Napoleon), that "the Emperor's vacillating game between the Ultramontanes and the Italian Revolutionists was filling his path with the greatest danger." Some persons accused him of making common cause with Garibaldi, others of betraying the Italian cause.

Monsieur Thiers, through Prévost-Paradol, explained the true state of liberal opinion. His salon was the meeting-place of all the Opposition party, of all colours. "A friend of liberty" was the all-sufficient password at the Place Saint-George.

The pamphlet, Le Pape et le Congrès, supposed to be the joint work of the Emperor and Monsieur

de la Guerronnière, and which stated that France had no longer any right to interfere in Italian affairs, occasioned much discussion. About the middle of January a letter from the Minister of State appeared in the Moniteur ratifying the pamphlet and affirming that France must busy herself with her own affairs, and stating that a great economical reform was about to be made. Europe was also informed that a new spirit was to rule the politics of Napoleon III. High-sounding words, such as commerce, agriculture, and manufacture, appeared anew in all the official speeches. We were far enough away from last year's allocution to the Austrian Ambassador. England, calmed and appeased, came forward with a treaty of commerce in her hand.

"Well! was it possible we were going to abandon the Pope to the intrigues of the House of Savoy?"

The great manufacturing houses, opposed to the Treaty of Commerce with perfidious Albion, joined hands with the Clerical party and protested loudly against "the Imperial changes of mind."

Monsieur Cousin declared in resounding tones, "All right-minded persons are for the Pope." Others among the Conservatives added: "The Emperor is distracted and is seeking a popularity which will be his end." The ministers and the

bishops were at daggers drawn. On the first of January, Pius IX had stigmatized the pamphlet Le Pape et le Congrès by these words: "It is an evident motion of hypocrisy and an ignoble tissue of contradictions."

We Republicans were overjoyed. We were fast becoming anti-Clerical, without in any wise growing less anti-Imperialist. The days when the Republicans of 1848 called for blessings on the "Trees of Liberty," and recognised Jesus and the Gospel as the inspiration of their formula, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," were growing more and more remote. We begged loudly for the dissolution of the Society of Saint-Vincent de Paul, which we felt certain was eminently dangerous for France.

Littré's Positivism, to a greater degree even than that of Auguste Comte's, had severed freemasons from the Great Architect of the World. The Empire introduced Clerical agitation into the lodges, and extracted from the depths of men's souls the suspicions against the priesthood which the Wandering Jew had by degrees instilled into them. The Siècle, which had a circulation of thirty thousand copies, a considerable number in those days, was, through its editor, Monsieur Havin, secretly given over to Monsieur de Morny, and cultivated

in its readers, who were, for the most part, waifs of the provincial Republican party of 1848, old Voltairian ideas. Flaubert, at that time, spoke of Voltaire as " a saint, a tender soul." Peyrat, long before Gambetta, declared that " Clericalism is our enemy ! "

Guéroult, prompted by Prince Napoleon, led a noisy and active campaign against the priests in his paper, L'Opinion Nationale, which had been started, people thought, for that very purpose.

Monsieur de Morny, Prince Napoleon, the free-masons, the Positivists, the Voltairian *bourgeois*, and the Republicans of all shades were accomplishing in France the same task that Cavour's cleverness, Mazzini's ardent propaganda, and Garibaldi were doing for Italy. The Courrier du Dimanche was the only paper that protested against the anti-religious madness in prophetic words.

In the immediate circle around Napoleon III, alarm seized his intimate and devoted friends, for, on the one side, he was involuntarily involved in the attacks against the priesthood, while on the other hand, the epithets of " Nero and persecutor of the Church " were hurled at him from the pulpit by the priests.

Two years later Mérimée described, one day be-

fore me, the surprise felt by the Emperor at being thus exposed to attacks coming from such opposite directions, and how the Empress, who told the circumstances to Mérimée herself, had copied out a paragraph from one of Montalembert's articles to read it to Napoleon III, who was much struck by it: "A Government may commit any number of crimes without being overthrown, but if it joins hands with those who attack the belief of its nation, it undermines its own foundation. Any Government, whatsoever it may be, can only rule on earth by clinging to the clouds over which God rules in Heaven."

Arlès-Dufour, who was still in town, invited Madame Charles Reybaud, Doctor Ivan, Louis Jourdan, Lambert-Bey, Girardin, and myself to dine with him at a restaurant.

Arlès-Dufour had had much to do with the negotiations of the Treaty of Commerce. The Emperor had sent for him almost every day. He was as great an advocate for the Treaty of Commerce for France as were his friends, Cobden and John Bright, for England. All three held the opinion that "it assured half a century of prosperity to the two countries."

During the dinner Arlès-Dufour told us of some conversation he had had with the Emperor. Napo-

leon III held him in high esteem because he was sincere and disinterested, and because such men were growing fewer around him every day. The Emperor having asked him some few questions, Arlès-Dufour had begun to talk of Saint-Simonism and of the dreams the school cherished, and which he still retained inviolate in his innermost thoughts, believing that some day they would be realized, when suddenly Napoleon III said to him:

"Do you not think that people may be, after all, somewhat right when they call you daft?"

"Yes, sire, I am daft," answered Arlès-Dufour; "but your Majesty knows very well that it is only daft persons who succeed."

The Emperor burst out laughing, and rose, saying:

"Leave the room, impertinent fellow, and don't come back until to-morrow at two o'clock."

This story amused Arlès-Dufour immensely, who said he was happy to tell it to us fresh from the Tuileries.

Madame Charles Reybaud, who was a Provençale, was conversing with Arlès-Dufour about Provence. She loved it, as did Louis Jourdan, also a Provençale. They spoke of Marseilles, and this led them to a discussion on the Canal of Suez, where work had already been begun. A storm

of argument then burst forth. With the exception of de Girardin and myself all were Saint-Simonians, and what made matters worse was that Monsieur de Girardin gloried in being Monsieur de Lesseps's most intimate friend.

"It is abominable of de Lesseps," Lambert-Bey said, "to have turned to his own advantage the Saint-Simonians' work. I took part in the mission, and I know how Enfantin and our engineers toiled together. Everything in the de Lesseps scheme was our property, and in taking it from us he has done a wicked deed which will bring him misfortune."

Girardin had the reputation of being most courageous in defending his friends.

"The Saint-Simonians," he said, "like many others before them, did certainly study plans for a canal at Suez, and made surveys, but de Lesseps is the only man who was able to realize their dream, and I will tell you the true version of it, for you are all just men, Madame Reybaud and Madame Lamessine included, and you ought to know the truth.

"No one can deny that it was de Lesseps's father who discovered Mehemet-Ali. He was then consul in Egypt, when Monsieur de Talleyrand begged of him to select out of the Egyptian army a man

sufficiently energetic to put a stop to all the trouble in the Delta. Monsieur de Lesseps immediately selected Mehemet-Ali.

"When Mehemet-Ali, then at the zenith of power, heard of the arrival in Egypt of his protector's son he welcomed him with open arms, and was pleased at the growing friendship between Ferdinand de Lesseps and his own son Saïd. After his father's death, when Saïd came into power, he determined to make a journey into the Libyan Desert, followed by his army. He hastened to invite his friend de Lesseps to accompany him, and it was during the intimacy of this journey that Ferdinand spoke, for the first time, to Saïd of his plan of opening the Isthmus of Suez.

"Saïd was carried away by the idea, and, on his return, he communicated officially to the foreign consuls his intention of making the Canal of Suez, and of intrusting the execution of it solely to his friend de Lesseps. Then began the struggle with England.

"You, Arlès, are well aware of all the obstacles placed in the way, and of all the ill-will shown by Palmerston to every French undertaking. Cobden and Michel Chevalier have suffered enough from them. The campaign made by Palmerston against Suez should make you all uphold de Lesseps instead

of attacking him. You know, my dear fellow, that Palmerston has repeatedly said that 'the canal shall not be made as long as he lives, and that it is a theft.' When de Lesseps is next in Paris, Arlès, I will take you to see him, and you are too good a Frenchman not to say to him, 'Succeed, and you will deserve the thanks of the Saint-Simonian School and of France.' In three months' time the Suez Canal Company will be formed, and you will rejoice, I am sure."

You could turn Arlès round your finger with such words as these. "He will go to see de Lesseps, I am sure," I said to myself; only the Saint-Simonian bankers will never forgive him.

"I can understand," continued de Girardin, "how the Saint-Simonians, who knew so well how to undertake great enterprises, must regret not being able to count this among their number; but, believe me, de Lesseps is the only man who could have battled, and who will continue to battle, against England."

"No man can gather such hatred around him with impunity," answered Lambert-Bey, "and we must wait to see how it will turn out. If the canal should fail, France will bear the brunt; if it should succeed, the English will buy it, as they buy up everything worth having."

"Nonsense!" said de Girardin and Arlès-Dufour in the same breath.

"You, Arlès, believe in Cobden," said Jourdan. "True, he is less English than most of them, but do you really think that Gladstone and Palmerston would allow him to negotiate his Treaty of Commerce if they did not feel that it was in some degree unfavourable to France? I repeat what you have just said, 'Nonsense!'"

A few days after our dinner the Treaty of Commerce with England was signed. It had still to pass through the Chambers, but neither Arlès-Dufour nor Michel Chevalier ever doubted the result.

Mon Village was now published. Both Hetzel and Michel Lévy were most gracious towards this little book. Juliette Lamber made her entrance into the literary world.

"The trick has been well played," said my husband to me. "But I shall find means to pay you back."

I received from Littré "*a patent of nobility,*" the title he put at the head of the precious letter he wrote to me. My book interested him, because I made my peasants speak as they really do speak, and yet in such a manner as to be understood by a

Parisian reader. In Mon Village I developed for the first time an idea which no one had held up to that moment, namely, workmen's trains, which were to bring, at reduced prices, Belgian harvesters who come every year into France. The press warmly took up the idea.

Littré found in Mon Village a number of old French words, and, in questioning me about certain Picardy *patois* words, told me that his great desire was to make a grand French dictionary.

Among the numerous letters I received about Mon Village was a most flattering one from Edmond Adam. I answered him rather coldly, but my reply, far from discouraging him, seemed to prompt him to write again under various pretexts, and, moreover, to come one night and talk to me when I was at the theatre with Madame Fauvety, whom, it is true, he knew. He even asked at what hour he could come to see me. I did not answer him.

"Adam is one of the Republicans whom Fauvety and myself esteem the most," said Madame Fauvety. "If you speak to Renouvier about him, he will tell you that since Cavaignac's death, and apart from the great exiles, Hippolyte Carnot, Jean Reynaud, and Edmond Adam are the men

whom he esteems in the highest manner, and whom he calls 'the moral trio.'"

Although Edmond Adam still continued to be unsympathetic to me, and to annoy me by his persistence, I could not, however, really feel hurt at the flattering sympathy shown me by a man whose character ranked so highly. Whenever I went home to my father, he was always curious to hear about the new people I had met. I spoke to him of Edmond Adam.

"He is as good as gold," said my father. "Do you know that he led the assault of the Saint-Antoine barricade without arms of any kind, and that he refused the great cross of the Legion of Honour, which the Assembly had voted for him, saying——"

"Yes, yes, I know all that, papa, and much more besides; but will you believe it, he does not please me at all."

"Well, the next time you see him, you may tell him from me that your father would be most happy, should the opportunity occur, to shake hands with him, for he is one of the rare few of whom an old Republican may be proud."

Madame d'Agoult wrote me short letters from Nice, full of the delight she felt in basking in the sunshine, in being surrounded with light and blue

skies, and in living in the midst of flowers. She promised to write me a long letter and to tell me about an extraordinary poetess she had discovered.

Wagner, at the suggestion of Hans von Bülow and of Madame de Charnacé, whose indifference towards him was only assumed, and who really admired him, as did Monsieur Charnacé, who was a great favourite in influential fashionable society and in literary and artistic circles—Wagner, I repeat, was about to give three concerts, and had hired the Italian Opera-House for the purpose. He was warmly supported by all the Germans living in Paris and by some of his fervent admirers, such as the Vilborts. Although he was in no wise sympathetic to me, still, considering the circle of friends in which I lived, I would have thought myself disloyal to them had I not tried to sell as many tickets as I possibly could for the Wagner concerts. Michel Lévy helped me somewhat in so doing. Edmond Adam wrote to ask for twenty tickets, and when he appeared forty-eight hours later to pay his debt, I was obliged to receive him.

"So soon?" I cried.

"I confess, Madame," he replied, "that I have been at some pains, for if I had not jokingly told my friends that we ought to know 'the music of

the future,' I do not think I could have sold a single ticket."

During all the time of Edmond Adam's visit I felt in dread of his making some too tender speech to me, but he did not. All that he did say was to ask me the number of my seat at these concerts. How could I help telling it?

I sold such a number of tickets that Wagner sent de Ronchaud to present me "the Hydrocephalic's profuse thanks."

In spite of what has been since said, these concerts attracted a number of persons, especially the first two. Curiosity and interest made them really successful.

Wagner was too infatuated with himself for our Parisian taste. He displeased a great number of persons by his exaggeratedly solemn manner in leading the orchestra; but certain parts of Rienzi, Lohengrin, Tristan et Yseult, and the Vaisseau Phantom were, however, much liked and applauded. Many of his hearers suffered, as I did, from the superabundance of brass instruments. The majority of them expressed their opinion freely. I acknowledged mine only outside of Madame de Charnacé's and Madame Vilbort's circles. Fiorentino and Théophile Gautier criticised Wagner's talents somewhat harshly. In his article of the

9th of February, Berlioz was very severe on "the music of the future." Being entirely devoted to the "music of the past," he confessed he preferred Alceste to the Vaisseau Phantom.

Nothing irritated Wagner more than to have the term "music of the future" applied to his works. "If you place a man in a category in that way," he said, "you condemn him to be summarily judged by the ignorant. And to think it is Berlioz, a musical genius, who tries to throw me in the background in France with their ridiculous words."

Fiorentino called Wagner "a murderer of melody," and yet selections from Lohengrin were the music that had been most played.

I was seated between Challemel-Lacour and Madame Vilbort; Edmond Adam's chair came next to that of his friend Challemel. Challemel-Lacour and Wagner having met in Zurich, had become intimate friends from that time, and saw much of each other in Paris. At the second concert Challemel, at a certain moment, pointed out to me Berlioz, who was applauding.

"He is carried away in spite of himself," he said. "I can understand his being annoyed by Wagner's partisans, who are wrong in believing it necessary to depreciate what is old in order to admire what is new, and thus to make a system out

of an evolution, for people then imagine they are placed face to face in a lawsuit and must take sides for or against it."

"True musicians take sides now with Wagner and against all other present or future composers," Madame Vilbort replied.

"See! That is how they all talk," answered Challemel, laughing.

While in Zurich Challemel had translated Tristan et Yseult, and his friend Herwegh said wittily:

"Contrary to all other translators who are treacherous, Challemel-Lacour will be a benefactor, no matter at what cost, for he will unravel the obscurities of Tristan, and we shall finally know what Wagner really meant to say."

Hans von Bülow could not forgive Berlioz for his severity towards Wagner, the more especially because Liszt was about to bring out in Weimar L'Enfance du Christ and La Damnation de Faust. I do not know if it is true, but it was said that Bülow endeavoured to prevent the representation from taking place. But no one had power to influence either Liszt or the Princess Caroline Sayn-Wittgenstein where Berlioz was concerned.

When his Damnation de Faust was played with great success at Weimar, Berlioz was deeply touched by the pleasure shown by his friends, and

I remember Charles Edmond telling us of Gounod's real "happiness" at the news of this success.

"At last," said Gounod, "our master is appreciated by every one. He will talk no longer now, like a martyr, of the horrible 'execution' of his Damnation de Faust at the Opéra-Comique." Gounod's Philemon et Baucis had just been given and had been well received by the public, which thus tried to make him forget the little success of the first representations of Faust.

Discussed, upheld, and torn to pieces in turn, Wagner had nevertheless taken his place in Paris, and, as it was in a Republican and liberal circle, and in the literary and artistic world, all of which were anti-Imperialist, they were ready to welcome the coming works of "the musician of the future," on condition that they should contain more melody and less noise.

Challemel-Lacour had heard from de Ronchaud of Edmond Adam's love for me, and would often tease me and ask if I had lost my heart whenever he met me. I could only make him cease his jesting by saying to him: "Challemel, you are kind and yet you hurt me. My sorrows can only be consoled by the utmost respect of my friends."

Nice and Savoy were ceded to France by Victor

Emmanuel. Charles Renouvier was dining at Madame Fauvety's one night when I dined there also before going with her to the Théâtre Français to see Mademoiselle Plessis as Doña Clorinde in L'Aventurière and he read us a letter from Jean Reynaud, who, for several years past, had spent his winters at Cannes. Although an enemy of the Empire and as stanch in his opinions as one could be, Reynaud wrote that "France, by the acquisition of the county of Nice, had added a superb jewel to her crown." The only thing that disturbed Reynaud was the question of our new frontier. He feared that Victor Emmanuel, in order to preserve his coverts for hunting chamois, would keep his forests for himself as far as Saspel, and added that it would be "a great danger if the Col de Tende which commands that part of France should remain Piedmontese." Jean Reynaud also wrote that Renouvier should speak about it to Carnot, and make a campaign in the press in favour of a better outlined frontier.

"We cannot be contented with a small stream," Jean Reynaud added, "which would be folly, because Piedmont nourishes ardent ambitions, which, according to Monsieur Thiers's prophetic opinion, may one day make us her enemy."

We strained every effort in vain. A year later

the Piedmontese frontier extended as far as Sospel.

A few days after we had been to see L'Aventurière, Madame Fauvety and I returned to the Théâtre Français to hear Madame Ristori play Phèdre in Italian and recite some poetry by Legouvé with an accent which made us understand her refusal to play the rôle in our tongue. Madame Fauvety, whose greatest success had been in Phèdre, taught me to admire comprehensively the great tragedian's passionate and individual rendering of the part and her perfect understanding of Phèdre's character.

Édouard Grenier came to see me and told me the news of Garibaldi's invasion into Sicily, which had been confided to him by Bixio, who had authorized him to tell me of it as a secret, my pamphlet on Garibaldi having placed me, in his mind, among his faithful friends. Now, Nino Bixio, Alexandre's brother, whom I came to know later, told me one day the whole adventure.

" At Genoa, at the time of the expedition of the Mille, I was commissioned by Garibaldi," he said, " to select a ship that was to transport the arms. I negotiated with the manager of a company, who authorized me to take one of his vessels. I selected the Milanais. I went myself with forty men, about

eleven o'clock at night, to take possession of the vessel, and thought it more prudent to keep the sailors prisoners. But in order to get out of the port of Genoa we were obliged to raise steam and to put the pumps in motion to fill the boiler. This made some noise, and as the vessel was not registered to sail, the noise attracted the attention of the police, who boarded us. There was great excitement among the Garibaldians. Informed that the police had come, I went up to them, determined to brazen it out.

"'If you do not let me leave,' I said, 'I have forty men on board and I will have you thrown into the hold.'

"I had not, however," said Nino, interrupting his story, "any idea of shedding blood," and he continued: "The police said they would leave the ship, but would return with a larger force.

"We hastened our departure. The arms and ammunition had been confided to some smugglers, men on whom we could rely, who were to keep them safe in a gorge not far from the sea. Just then a smuggler arrived very frightened, saying they had been surprised and that all the stores had been seized.

"At this news my men grew nervous, hesitated, and wished to be put ashore.

"I suddenly remembered," Nino continued, "that some little forts on the route had lately been stocked with arms. I told my volunteers about it and proposed to plunder one. They yielded to my persuasion and I hurried them off. I found the ammunition and the arms in a little fort guarded by a small detachment. I took possession of them."

"Without much fear of being blamed by Monsieur de Cavour," I added, laughing.

"And feeling very happy," continued Nino, without answering me, "we set sail again.

"The route traced for us by Garibaldi was a marvellous one, for it kept us between the line followed by large navigating vessels and by that taken by small brigs. We could not, therefore, be discovered. Garibaldi," added Nino, "proved himself in this the greatest admiral of modern times.

"But something else still more terrible and entirely unforeseen happened. Garibaldi had ordered me not to make use of ordinary signals and to show no lights.

"The Milanais was steaming two miles behind the vessel commanded by Garibaldi, who had set sail from a different port from ourselves.

"Garibaldi had gone to sleep and had forgotten to give orders that there should be no lights, or

bells rung. The man who had assumed the place of captain during Garibaldi's slumber had the lights lit and the bells rung. . . .

"We suddenly found ourselves near to another vessel sailing in our line, and which, of course, we took for an enemy's ship. I instantly determined to board it. I harangued my mates, stimulated their courage, made them believe we were pursued, and prepared them for a fight. During this time the captain of Garibaldi's vessel perceived that a ship without lights or bells was sailing in his wake, and believing himself followed, decided to wake the General.

"Garibaldi, much disturbed, went up hurriedly on the bridge and called out through the speaking-trumpet: 'Is it you, Nino?' I couldn't reply. I was so overcome at the thought that I might, in my haste and quick temper, have made everything fail, perhaps even have killed Garibaldi and sunk his ship.

"During the passage I lost Garibaldi twice before reaching Sicily.

"One day, as I was eating my soup on deck, and thought that my volunteers had some also, one of them passing said to me:

"'You are eating soup, and we have nothing but bread.'

"Carried away by my temper, which I never knew how to master, I threw my plate at his head and wounded him. This caused much indignation; and a revolt broke out on board. The sea was stormy. We had lost Garibaldi for the second time. They made me prisoner and wished to kill me.

"'Wait,' I said 'I am the only sailor on board and you have need of me. I swore I would set you ashore at a certain point, and I will do it. You can't do without me. When we reach land you will find enough trees where you can hang me, if you wish to do so.' The revolt calmed down."

At Marsala, in order to put the men he had picked up on his passage more quickly ashore, Nino Bixio stranded the Milanais, for it would have taken him forty-eight hours to land them by a boat.

One day during the expedition he attacked a post with his volunteers. Garibaldi had sent him word: "You must carry that position or the day will be lost."

Nino's horse was wounded and vomited blood through his nostrils. It was impossible to find another horse. Nino was short in stature; his voice was tired out; he could never have made himself heard on foot. The volunteers, seeing him hesitate,

hesitated also. Nino set his horse on a furious gallop. It did not fall. The volunteers followed him and the position was carried.

Another day Nino was wounded in his breast. He searched for the ball with his fingers, and, finding it, threw it away, saying to his men: "You see, those things are not dangerous."

On another occasion, during a panic, his gunners took flight, abandoning their cannon, because the Swiss sharpshooters picked them off one by one. Nino sat down on a cannon for a few minutes and his gunners returned to their posts.

He never doubted the success of the expedition. Whenever it was reported to Garibaldi, there is this obstacle or that peril, Nino would always add: "We will overcome it, General."

Nino Bixio said to me: "Garibaldi is a grand sailor, a great general. He knows all about war and its tactics, and he knows all about the sea. He never yields to any influence, which is a great arm for a leader. He lives alone with his own thoughts, is always gentle and calm, and never," continued Bixio, "at any moment does *he* lose his temper. He orders an officer to be degraded in the same tone as though he were saying, 'Make up that account.' Garibaldi has a sort of supernatural influence over people. I have experienced it, and

what I feel for him is not admiration, I absolutely worship him. You cannot think what gentleness, what patience is required to deal with men such as I am, who are passionate and violent—to command volunteers, men always ready to fight, but who think they can leave you at any minute, and who refuse to mount guard and expose you to danger.

"People think me barbarous, cruel sometimes," continued Nino Bixio; "but I am not bloodthirsty by nature, though I often went nearly mad endeavouring to prevent my men from deserting, and in trying to furnish them with arms and clothes and food."

During the fighting at Palermo, Nino Bixio's bravery was so prodigious that Garibaldi made him major-general.

One day, when I was talking of Nino's courage to his brother, Alexandre Bixio, he said to me calmly:

"I brought him up to have no fear. When he was a little child I would hold him over our balcony suspended by one leg above a street in Genoa."

CHAPTER XIII

A CRISIS IN MY LIFE

SUFFERING from a cold I could not throw off, and from an irritation of the throat which made articulation painful, at the urgent advice of de Ronchaud I consulted Doctor Cabarrus, a friend of Madame d'Agoult, of Girardin, brother-in-law of Madame de Lesseps and son of Madame Tallien. I already knew him, having met him at different places, and he was so sympathetic and kind to me that I never hesitated at the first symptom of the most trifling ailment to go and consult him. Certain fads of my friend, Doctor de Bonnard, on the treatment of throat affections, inspired me with only a relative confidence in his diagnosis.

The great Cabarrus having prescribed absolute rest, I determined to spend a few weeks at Chauny, and the fact that my daughter supported with difficulty being shut up in Paris, was but an additional and imperative reason for this step.

My home life was becoming each day more painful to endure. Already, before this brief retreat to my father's house, I had proposed to my husband a definitive and friendly separation.

"Never," he said. "You are the proudest orna-

ment of my home, and I may need your relations in the future. We must never even think of separation."

It would serve no useful purpose to detail at length the story of my sufferings and struggles. To make them the subject-matter of a novel would form a strange sequel to my book on Mon Enfance et Jeunesse (The Romance of my Childhood and Youth). The development of Positivist ideas in a false direction, the moral deterioration of certain Parisians, might possibly afford a logical explanation of the cruelties I had to endure for a long time. I may say, however, that the nature and character of friends like Madame d'Agoult, Jules Grévy, Arlés-Dufour, Jean Reynaud, Edmond Adam, George Sand, who guarded, protected, and guided me in my troubles, did but grow, if possible, brighter still, from the reflected rays of all the kindness, all the friendship, fatherly protection and love I received from these dear friends. But to bring forward a proof of their moral support, of their many deeds of devoted affection, to repeat once again all that my father was to me, in spite of his great and long-lasting fear of my husband, would necessitate the disclosure of confidences which, I think, should ever remain secret within the domain of sealed intimacy.

Madame d'Agoult returned from Nice the day before my departure for Chauny. I was ignorant of this, and felt sorry I could not see her, especially as I should not be able to return to Paris. My father, in agreement with Doctor Cabarrus, to whom he had written, ordered me to take the waters at Pierrefonds.

Daniel Stern had the great kindness to promise to come and join me there.

I was so touched by this, so grateful for this proof of affection on the part of so influential a friend to one so insignificant as myself, that I wrote her a letter, into which I threw all my heart. To this she replied:

"My little Juliette, you return a hundredfold all that has been done for you. I shall be at Pierrefonds in three days."

As soon as we came together I made it my endeavour, by innumerable attentions, to show my deep sense of gratitude to my powerful friend.

In the morning I gathered on the edge of the woods the flowers she loved so much, and my first greeting to her was accompanied by a posy of flowers. To her great delight I repeated this each day with an ever-varying selection. I then hastily ran over the papers, and for her entertainment told her the latest news.

It was quite sufficient for her to say, "My little Juliette, you are spoiling me," and I felt my day was a success.

Madame d'Agoult told me of the literary discovery she had made at Nice. She had unearthed a woman of genius, but so strange and so whimsical that all that had ever been said on the originality of poets was now cast deep into Cimmerian shade. Her name was Madame Ackermann. The constitution of her mind is best described as infernal. Her atheism was so provokingly tantalizing that, as she herself would say, she would speak her mind to the Almighty, if she thought fit. Her conversation was bewildering in its very unexpectedness, and, as Madame d'Agoult said, was as terse as the tersest of epistles.

Equally at home with the dead languages as with the modern, Madame Ackermann possessed vast knowledge. She laughed scornfully and with ferocious irony at all feminine claims.

"Without ceasing to be a woman and to darn my stockings, I am yet the freest and the most latitudinarian thinker of my generation."

"Madame Ackermann," remarked Madame d'Agoult, "although regretting her husband, has a horror of love, 'that disease of the temperament,' as she terms it, which makes her appear cruel to

all other women who might defend or feel this passion. You cannot imagine her apostrophes to me," said Madame d'Agoult, in confession to me.

In our walks Madame d'Agoult often returned to the subject of George Sand.

"What I reproach her with," she remarked, "is that strange mixture of the conventional with moral eccentricity. She seems to be continually reducing her wildest passions to their lowest terms. She is everlastingly talking of herself and of her adventures, as if the bubbling waters of her impressions, once having left the source of her mind, found no other course but to return whence they sprang. But what I cannot forgive is her awkward and ungainly appearance. She has no idea of dress; her practical joking, and, at her age, her somewhat Bohemian habits, are little to my taste. Such a want of dignity, to my mind, compromises the whole tribe of women who write."

"But, in your opinion, my dear friend," I replied, "Madame Ackermann no more pursues elegance and good taste than a gardener's wife might do."

"It is not quite the same thing," came the reply. "Madame Ackermann, as she herself admits, does

not go into society. Madame Sand is a society woman. She has birth, and no valid excuse for remaining childish as she grows older."

I changed the subject as soon as I could.

"Madame Ackermann declares herself the foe of circumstances; that is to say, of all those idiotic phenomena which appear without sufficient reason. Science is her god. The thirst to know, 'to unveil the mystery,' is ever calling her. She is ever struggling against this mystery, and becomes intoxicated with her own imprecations, but she utters them in superb defiance.

"Ever in revolt, Madame Ackermann finds peace nowhere. She does not believe in friendship; even perched high up on the mountains, dominating the splendid panorama of Nice, she lives alone, surrounded by her peasants, who cultivate vegetables and fruit, in equal shares, for her and for themselves. Once or twice a week she goes down into Nice to stuff her necessary provisions into a long and large basket, and to pay a few calls. At times the odour of these provisions is somewhat embarrassing."

Daniel Stern climbed up to the solitudes of Madame Ackermann, her motto* impelling her, and as she expressed astonishment not to find the prospect

* *In alta solitudinem.*

enlivened by a few flowers, Madame Ackermann replied:

"I hate flowers. Smiles and the perfumes of nature are lies; brightness and light are cruel deceptions."

Madame d'Agoult perceived her opinion of George Sand had not the slightest influence on mine. However, she asked me one day:

"I suppose you still have your weakness for her?"

"Yes, in the precise measure of my strong affection for you."

"But what is it that especially attracts you in Madame Sand?"

"Her whole work, her marvellous productiveness, which fascinates me, and then her affection for the peasant, whom she loves as I love him."

"For my part, I cannot abide a peasant," said Madame d'Agoult.

"I realize this but too well, my dear friend, as you did not even deign to write me a single word on the subject of Mon Village."

"The book interested me, not on account of the type depicted, as I have found in my experience the peasant, cunning, greedy, and coarse, but I was perfectly charmed with the composition and style. I hope to discuss the whole book with you at length,

but all my sympathies go to the townsman and citizen. In workmen and artisans I find elevated sentiments, perspicacity, and a generosity of nature unapproached by your peasant."

"You do not know our French peasants. Their equals cannot be found in any other country. The man of earth is fashioned by the earth as much as he fashions it, and we must love both at the same time."

"I have no patience with you, my little Juliette."

"You must forgive me for having vile tastes and the tastes of a villain, please, Countess."

I always received a gentle castigation with an umbrella or some such scourge whenever I indulged in any spirited quibbling. But Madame d'Agoult, who was never really displeased by any semblance of independence of mind, as she was by nature genuinely liberal and tolerant, only smiled, and it was over—but to begin again.

De Ronchaud had to break his holiday at Lupicin par Claude on account of some urgent business. Spending a few days in Paris, he found time to save forty-eight hours, and brought Madame d'Agoult the latest news.

Prévost-Paradol had left the Débats.

His success had become more pronounced than

ever on La Presse. People raved about his articles. The Government and the Imperialists were furious.

Baron de Heckeren, meeting de Ronchaud, whom he had known a considerable time, said to him on the subject of Paradol:

"At the first opportunity they will crush him."

De Ronchaud told us that in his conversation with Heckeren he had taken a keen pleasure in arousing his anxiety by remarking:

"Take care, take very good care. Your Empire is beginning to totter."

Baron Heckeren retorted:

"Let fate decide; but of this we can be sure, we have had a real good time!"

At this period Prévost-Paradol was being prosecuted on account of his pamphlet on Les Anciens Partis, and he was condemned to three months' imprisonment.

"Prévost-Paradol," said Madame d'Agoult, "whom I greatly admire, and whose style is perfectly delightful, is, in my opinion, wrong to write for La Presse. By his persistence in this direction he will acquire a style quite foreign to natural genius. I already think he is less himself than when he was at the Débats. Our friend Vacherot, who has had a paternal affection for Paradol from the day that, in spite of his weakness in Latin, he

admitted him to the École Normale, wrote me yesterday, suggesting that I should join my forces to his in urging our young friend to sever his connection by degrees from La Presse, where he is exposing himself to a utilitarian influence which will undermine his noble virtues of independence."

It was a favourite theme to compare the genius of About and that of Paradol. In spite of the sum of unquestionable talent displayed by About in what we termed his "works to order," such as his last pamphlet on Prussia, he was read far less than Paradol.

The whole of young France, at least we believed this to be the case, was anti-Imperialist. The comparison which young France was pleased to institute between the "writers at the Tuileries" and the independent writers was hardly in favour of the former.

Mademoiselle Clémence Royer wrote to Madame d'Agoult on the subject of a Swiss competition on The Theory of Taxation; or, The Social Tithe, and informed her she had entered the lists along with Proudhon. She had beaten him, or expected to beat him, I cannot quite remember which it was, but I perfectly well remember the postscript which Madame d'Agoult read me:

"Kindly impart this information to your young

friend, Madame La Niessine. She will certainly be glad to hear this news, if not for my sake, at any rate, as against Proudhon."

Mademoiselle Clémence Royer was in the habit of writing to Madame d'Agoult long and learned epistles crammed with all sorts of quotations from her past and present works. My friend, whose admiration for her was very sincere, often made me read out these letters, and my delight was to tease her by asking her to explain certain passages.

One day I exclaimed triumphantly:

"Ah, this time I can understand all by myself, thanks to certain prints of the celebrated works of Monsieur de la Palice!"

The quotation ran as follows: "The fatal imperfection of all language perpetuates human disputes; nobody ever understands a speaker or a writer as he understands himself."

I had read Mademoiselle Clémence Royer, and had meditated over "the penetration of mind by matter and of matter by mind." I admired her balanced and antithetical arrangement of words, as in the following formula:

"All mind is body, and all body is mind, animating a single entity by its essence, and multiple in number."

This great philosopher affirmed that Descartes

was mistaken, that he had stated the question badly, and that matter no more exists than mind. Materialism appeared a boorish doctrine to Mademoiselle Clémence Royer, Positivism was a stage towards a higher evolution, which she defined. She herself had reached this stage and termed it "monism."

On my asking Madame d'Agoult if she was a "monist," she replied with a sort of "Well, well," which seemed to imply, "Well, perhaps I am."

Mademoiselle Clémence Royer was an admirable interpreter. Outside this faculty her capacities were rather destructive than creative; very much, in fact, like her rival, Proudhon.

During our stay at Pierrefonds we received a mass of letters about the "scandal of the Vaudeville." A wild play in three acts, called Ce qui Plaît aux Femmes, was being played at this theatre at the end of July. It was a medley of many styles. They first declaimed in prose and then in verse. There was dancing and singing, and each act was complete in itself. Truth to tell, there was no meaning to be discovered in this disconnected extravaganza. The author was Ponsard, classic Ponsard, who wanted "to know just once" what it felt like to be fancy free.

The Censor of Plays coming to the conclusion that what could not be understood must be danger-

ous, interdicted the piece, and the author was exiled for—four days!

Somebody at table who had seen Ce qui Plaît aux Femmes declared that it was a hundred times inferior to Les Exploits de Rocambole.

De Ronchaud had left us a few days before. I was soon to lose Madame d'Agoult, who was returning to Paris to be present at the first night of Charles Edmond's new play, L'Africain, at the Français. Charles Edmond and Madame Vilbort had both written me to come up, and that my seat was reserved. But I wished more than ever at this moment not to return to my husband. Besides, the Pierrefonds doctor told me I must undergo another week's treatment. I wrote to my father to come over and decide for me. Pierrefonds was so near Chauny!

I also asked him to thank Madame d'Agoult for her motherly kindness to me.

My father came over, and knew how to express to Madame d'Agoult, in terms which greatly touched her, his gratitude and my mother's for the protection she extended to their beloved daughter.

Soon I was left alone at Pierrefonds, but I was not long in discovering that this isolation emboldened gallant gentlemen to somewhat overt acts of indiscretion. I received presents of flowers,

which I, in due course, presented to the manageress of the hotel. Notes also were addressed to me, which I tore up unread. But what annoyed me most was that I was unable to take my accustomed walks in the forest or move about without meeting people I did not wish to see. I therefore left Pierrefonds and returned to Chauny.

At home with my parents, alternating rest with solid hard work on my Mandarin, I spent several very delightful weeks, not quite unclouded by distress, it is true, as my good mother in her dramatic way often lamented my unhappy marriage.

My little Alice, passing most of her time at Chauny in the open air, was in excellent health, and my father begged me to let her remain with them some time longer.

I now returned to Paris. My friends were slowly coming back. Madame d'Agoult had remained in town. Arlés-Dufour was up for a few days. He told me and gave proof of his desire to be useful to me. Toussenel "crossed the Rue de Beaune," as my old Beuque used to say. The Fauvetys never ceased showing their devotion to me. Here were all my dearest friends, and great was my delight to be among them again.

I often pilgrimaged to Neuilly to see my cousin Vilbort. Here I frequently met Charles Edmond,

Sarcey, About, Louis Jourdan. Discussion was now no longer in fashion as formerly. Everbody was busy at games in the garden. The men played at skittles and the women at graces. I missed the brilliant intellectual tournaments of a former time between About and Sarcey. Our games, while pleasantly diverting, afforded but little instruction.

A deluge of rain, accompanied by a terrific storm, compelled us after breakfast one day, in spite of our heroic resistance beneath umbrellas, to take shelter within doors.

My cousin and myself both felt the same desire to bring About and Sarcey together once again. I asked Jourdan to assist us in this endeavour, but Sarcey was far less eager than in the old days to "let himself loose" on About.

A marked change had come over Sarcey. He seemed to have conquered his whole personality. It is true he still loved his old friend, but he categorically and frankly imposed certain restrictions on his habit of jesting, and to-day he solemnly protested against About's mania of "passing everything through the sieve of words."

The expression struck home and won its commendation, and Jourdan, the sincerest believer in right, in good, and in justice, added:

"The truth is, the mind, whose sole aim is to be

brilliant, becomes in this process a wild iconoclast, and succeeds only in breaking the heads of the puppets erected with so much difficulty."

"And yet this breaking of heads is so delightful in itself," retorted About. "Bang, bang, well thrown; another unhappy puppet put out of action."

"And what happens next?" queried Sarcey.

"Why, then recourse is had to Taine to prop the slaughtered innocents up again. You who admire him so much must admit he performs passing well this office of restoration."

"I must perforce confess he works serious havoc, but he does not wantonly destroy and devastate in anything like the same measure as you do. Just consider what scrupulous care and method he uses in analyzing a fact before he transforms it into ammunition for his battle."

"I grant he never tosses his slaughtered foes to the winds with the same indifference that I do. He gathers them carefully into heaps. But for the rest, my opinion is he leaves intact considerably fewer beliefs and enthusiasms than I do."

"At any rate, Taine always leaves us some hope that one day or other he will start reconstructing, while you just destroy for destruction's sake."

"No! this is too strong. How can you say I am a mere iconoclast, when I am the only Normalian, the only Conservative, who accepts the established government?"

"Why, you are demolishing this Empire of yours more light-heartedly than any one. Have you ever resisted this temptation by one single word? You will die a revolutionary yet."

"Unhappy man! you wrong me outrageously. I am a very pillar of the Empire—which will soon be democratic. Have I ever said, with Taine, that I submit to the present order of things as to 'a necessary evil'? I am sincerely attached to the ivy which binds the Empire to Prince Napoleon. And what an ivy it is! He has strength and power, he has knowledge, fore-knowledge, and talent. Do you know what Renan said to me the other day at the Palais Royal? He said, 'He is a genius.'"

"For my part," replied Sarcey, "I am not to be convinced of this or that by mere exaggerations. On the contrary, I should like to see in the younger generation of Normalians, in men like Paradol, Assolant, yourself, and even in that last one of the older set, like Challemel, another kind of spirit. I should like to perceive them not forever in the vanguard of words, but rather in the rearguard of thought, like your Cousins, your Guizots, your

Villemains. My ideal Normalian is thoughtful and collected."

"Well, you have Taine, but he differs from us only in form. He does not fight or destroy in the same way as we do. But with his positivism, his dogmatism, his scientificism, his Spinozism, his particularism, his observationism, his criticism, he would turn us into a generation of experimentalists, realists, analysts, exacticians, fatalists, anti-idealists, anti-artists, in a word, all anti-French and anti-Gallic. I wish to remain imaginative and spiritual at least. The only thing which concerns Taine is his constant preoccupation not to stray from the beaten track of common sense. He casts a spell over you by his very weaknesses. He makes La Fontaine the first of educators, and to please you would extol Boileau!"

"All that you say," rejoined Sarcey, "in spite of its witty flavour, is not without a certain element of truth. What a pity it is you do not dig the sand deep instead of playing at scattering the surface dust in our faces. I think you would save us, because your penetrating and clear mind perceives many things. I also deplore and become anxious at all those systems which tend to make every Frenchman a methodical registrar and a mere classifier of nothings. We shall soon be in the

position of having more learned fools than ignorant fools. We have all gone verification mad. I should like to see a seed planted which might grow into something."

"Why, this is the most damaging criticism of Taine's method. Your beloved favourite is much more anxious to prove the existence of tares in the gathered harvest than to sow the good seed for a future one. My aim is above all to sow good seed."

"Look here, About, do you know why I like you. Because in the very midst of all your raillery, and all your cynicism, you suddenly speak words which come straight from your heart. You are many times better than you wish to appear."

"Well said! well said!" repeated Jourdan. "I love you both. You are good and clever fellows. We want more men of your stamp in the France of to-day. You have both of you voiced sentiments which ought to be spoken and heard. Just go on, my children, fighting and hoping. Moral equilibrium is always restored, but this does not prevent our crushing those who attempt to destroy our equilibrium. For my part, I can never forgive Taine his statement that virtue and vice are simple products, like sugar and coffee. I agree with About; we are surfeited with systems, and Sarcey shares our opinion. We are ingurgitating too

much science. The reaction of the banished imagination will be terrible. She will return to us accompanied by a retinue of the wildest dreams and most fantastic superstitions. You younger men will witness the truth of this."

"Ah," said Vilbort, "how these discussions show up the emptiness of political tittle-tattle. This very night I shall write down the impressions of this conversation and re-read them in a quarter of a century."

I, like Vilbort, the same evening wrote down what I had just heard. One day, in 1878, when Gambetta, Challemel-Lacour, Spuller, and About were discussing Zola at my house, I produced my notes and read them. About perfectly well recollected the general sense of his conversation on Taine with Sarcey, and it appeared interesting to all of us at that time, and would be still more so to-day, because at this period Gambetta, Challemel-Lacour, and About himself were dabbling in Positivism and science.

The talk then turned on the convention between England and France, to put an end to the massacres in Syria, on the landing of our troops, on the Chinese war, the occupation of the forts of the Pei-Ho. We all bitterly deplored that our foreign policy was at the mercy of the English, to be

know of the question, whose sole title to the knowledge of women is derived second-hand through studying the history of the ambitious mistresses of our kings? Woman," continued Toussenel, clasping his hands, "I have described her, I, who believe I know her, as the being adorably perfectible, almost touching the divine from the double point of view of physical beauty and intellectual splendour. Let us compare a woman of, let us say, the period of the lake-dwellers, when she was a sort of monster, with what she is to-day! What is she not capable of becoming? What was she already in Athens, in Gaul? What will she be in a hundred years' time, when peace and harmony shall reign on earth?"

On leaving Toussenel I went and joined Madame d'Agoult in her walk. She was fond of having two or three friends with her at such times. I found her accompanied by one of her relatives from Nice, whom she had often mentioned to me, a young diplomat of great promise, who begged us not to mention his name should we ever happen to transcribe that day's conversation.

Aware that Madame d'Agoult was thinking of Michelet's Femme, I told the story of Toussenel's revolt.

"That conception of a sick woman, that settled

opinion of belittling a whole sex forever, which is daily proving its worth, makes me also indignant," said Madame d'Agoult.

Our diplomat seemed to be quite at home with the manners, ways, and character of Madame Michelet.

"This young wife," he said to us, "is cleverness personified. She makes her husband turn out bad books, but furnishes him with the opportunity of writing beautiful pages on the sentiments of an old man rejuvenated by love."

"This book," continued Madame d'Agoult, "inspires me with a sort of revulsion. Already Michelet, the historian, torments me by the magic and the passion of his style, and by that diligent search for small causes which seems to me an insult to the majesty of history; such, at any rate, as I comprehend it. To prove woman sick and feeble is an indignity offered to every young girl in good health, to the strong wife, to the buxom matron, to all women who work in field or town, and such statements are made for the benefit of a useless and narrow-minded class to do honour to some weak and feeble lady who would have acquired robust health by mating with a lusty young fellow and becoming the mother of half a dozen children."

"I have a horror of Michelet," abruptly chimed in our young diplomat.

"Why a horror?" asked Madame d'Agoult.

"I will give you my reasons. What I hold dearer than anything else is liberty of conscience."

"But we all of us hold to that," replied Madame d'Agoult. "To us Republicans, and by consequence Liberals, toleration is our necessary and indispensable formula."

"Yet there is such a thing as a tyrannical Republican."

"Well, then, such a one needs a qualifying condition to his title of Republican."

"But the real and genuine Republican is by necessary inference a Liberal."

"I am aware, Madame, of the existence in your ranks of a large number of anti-Clericals, and therefore I have considerable misgivings for your coming Republic."

"Well—touching your horror of Michelet?"

"This sentiment, Madame, dates its origin back to my old Strasburg days, at which time I was intimate with Michelet's son. He was a very nice young fellow, honourable and affectionate, modest and of average intelligence. He possessed not indeed those attainments and abilities which single out a man pre-eminently for future greatness, but

his qualities were rather such as win esteem in private life. Some years subsequent to the death of their mother, both he and his sister—who was the elder of the two and the wife of Monsieur de Lamartine's secretary—surrendered their maternal inheritance to Michelet. They did this at the request of their father, who pleaded his very embarrassed circumstances owing to the loss of post and salary consequent on the Second of December. At the period of my intimacy with Michelet's son, that is to say, in 1833, his income was derived from a small clerical salary earned in the office of the Receiver-General of Taxes for the Bas-Rhin. His father was ashamed and impatient at the mediocrity of such a situation, but rarely sent him any money. In the meantime, as soon as the maternal legacy, which belonged by right to the children, had been made over to him, Michelet married again a woman younger than his son, and above all, younger than his daughter, and incurred all the additional expense of setting up a second household. He doubtless comforted himself with the reflection that this renunciation on the part of his children was right for them to make and right for him to accept. Unfortunately, he did not stop there. One fine day the thought seems to have occurred to him that his son, being in the service of a Receiver-General

for Taxation, would be considered a supporter of tyranny, and that this would seriously compromise Michelet himself. He therefore set himself to bombard the son with letters, urging him in forcible terms to find other employment.

"Weary of this dreary war, the unhappy fellow yielded to the importunate father, and went and buried himself in a post of Superintendent of Railways, where his emoluments were just sufficient to keep body and soul together. His new duties compelling him to spend many of his nights out beyond the fortifications—the unhealthiest of localities, perhaps—he soon contracted a fever. His father, on being informed of his son's illness, took matters so leisurely that on arriving at his son's bedside he found him dead. He doubtless soon consoled himself for this loss, but, scandalous to relate, he witnessed the body surrounded with tapers and holding a crucifix in its hand. This appalling spectacle was too much for his sensitive nature.

"The friends of the dead man and myself were standing in the room, when Michelet addressed us in an excited tone, exclaiming: 'They are insulting me; it is all a plot and a cabal. Let these trumperies be removed forthwith.'

"'Excuse me, sir,' I said, politely, but firmly,

'we are the friends of your unhappy son. We each nursed him in turn during his illness, not without considerable risk to ourselves of contracting the malady. Conscious that his end was approaching, your son, of his own free will, requested the administration of Extreme Unction and of the last sacraments. We strenuously oppose any removal of the symbols of religion from the dead man's chamber. If such tokens inconvenience you, then you must make your appeal before the President of the Tribunal.'

"'You are mocking me,' replied Michelet, angrily. 'You surely must know that under the Empire there is no justice for a man like me. I insist on your leaving here and claim my rights as a father.'

"'Sir,' I replied, 'your son was of age. He expressed the wish to be buried as a Christian. This shall be done. While he was alive I was his intimate friend, and am not ignorant of the fact that during his life you performed your duties as a father in a very shameful way. This, therefore, is hardly the time to claim your rights of a father.'

"'You are an impudent rascal.'

"'You are a sectary and a criminal to boot. With your son lying dead you show neither reverence nor fitness in indulging in vulgar vituperа-

tions. Let me speak most plainly to you. I hold you responsible for the death of your son.'

"At this juncture Monsieur Michelet made an unhappy movement, which seemed to threaten insult. Four arms immediately seized him and caused him to turn on his heel, while one of our friends pushed him in the direction of the door.

"The landlady, who was the proprietress of the Kleber Baths, happening to open the door, Monsieur Michelet seized the opportunity to make good his escape. A minor detail has escaped my memory, Who paid for the funeral? I no longer quite recollect. A report was bruited in Strasburg that the liabilty was discharged by the Jesuits, but the Fathers denied it. However, I am inclined to believe that the necessary expenses were defrayed by one of the reverend gentlemen, Father François, who had attended young Michelet in his last moments."

"Michelet had a double nature," remarked Madame d'Agoult. "I have known such characters. Pen in hand, he no doubt felt truly enough the sentiments he describes. It is not conceivable that he could have played at comedy all through his life. Such really genuine and sincere chords cannot be set vibrating by a mere effort of sustained rhetoric. On the other hand, can we allow that it

is possible for a man to possess a purely cerebral conception of the emotions of kindness, generosity, and magnanimity? "

"Michelet was a bad father all his life," added our diplomat. "How can such astute spoliation of his children with a view to a second marriage be reconciled with the devoted love of the human race? Such love must be mere pose. Vanity, egoism, dominate in Michelet, and for this reason I, the friend of the son whom he abandoned and sacrificed, detest him."

Madame d'Agoult had just received a book which she lent me, Merlin l'Enchanteur, by Edgar Quinet, with a dedication dated "from Veytaux, near the old Castle of Chillon." This book gave me great delight. It was a work of amazing audacity, and interesting as a medley of legend, folk-lore, and actual realism. The style was good and limpid, somewhat emphatic perhaps, but, as was fitting, bringing into harmonious and delicate setting the different epochs, ideas, and nations of history. Merlin l'Enchanteur is so essentially a book inspired by its epoch and period that it must be quite impossible to understand it to-day. Jacques Bonhomme is surely out of date.

The Princesse Belgiojoso conferred on me the

great honour of sending me by our mutual friend, Dall' Ongaro, her last book, La Maison de Savoie, in which the breath of her ardent love for Italy animates every page.

The list of books published at this date would be far too extensive to draw up. Bad books were rare. Of course one had moments of despair when such a worthless book appeared as the Lui of Madame Louise Collet. It was repugnant. Musset was disgracefully described, and Flaubert was ridiculed as an eccentric, disliking the country and not liking town, anxious and tormented, incapable of a sustained effort, taking five hours to write five lines, which he touched up or destroyed the next day.

Madame d'Agoult had more control over her patience than I had with all this malicious nonsense about Flaubert dished up by Madame Collet. Madame d'Agoult had no great admiration for Flaubert as a writer. She found fault with his morbid craving for touching up. "That excessive hankering after perfection," as she termed it, "was as harmful to the flow of the thought as it was baneful to the life and movement of the style."

Here again we judged according to different standards. I had read Madame Bovary, not in-

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

From an etching by H. Toussaint.

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deed for the sake of the intrigue, the realism of which shocked me, but for the delicate chiselling of the form, which quite charmed me.

At Madame de Pierreclos's, who had just arrived from Macon, and who was resuming again her "At Homes" from four to six, I one day met Louis Ulbach, the author of Monsieur et Madame Fernel, a delightful romance and quite the success of the year. Louis Ulbach was a man of real talent and good-natured. He led a hard and tempestuous life, which must often have been difficult financially. But his animation was such that he was often in request even by those from whom he borrowed too frequently. Madame de Pierreclos, with whom he was a favourite, used to say of him: "Every day he needs three thousand francs before three o'clock; but as this sum is only forthcoming three, or at most four, times a year, the rest of the time . . . he manages to do without money."

It was delightful to listen to Madame de Pierreclos dilating on Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon, still fresh on the posters and known but to very few people. As for me, I told Madame Fauvety I would not go and see it, being convinced that it would be inferior to the merits discovered by Madame de Pierreclos.

On the same day as Madame de Pierreclos, with

such real humour, described to us Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon, she gave us some most interesting details of the first love-affair of Berlioz, the married heroine of which, Madame Estelle Fornier, she knew at Lyons. It was a pure love-affair, an idyll of delicate freshness, and a sentiment of such ethereal idealism that it was difficult to realize the same man could become the impetuous lover of Miss Harriet Smithson, whom he married. Poor woman!—his wife indeed she was—but, guilty of conventionality and narrow-mindedness, she was soon abandoned and died of grief. Madame de Pierreclos had in her possession a letter of Berlioz to the young girl he loved, and at the end of her story she read it for us so touchingly and sympathetically that all eyes were moistened with tears.

Of a truth, the niece of Monsieur de Lamartine possessed all the graces of the mind and all the sensibilities of the heart.

The next day I went round to all my friends, telling them, "Get Madame de Pierreclos to describe you Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon and Berlioz's first 'love-affair.'"

Madame d'Agoult left Paris again for Nice, and her departure in the midst of my conjugal troubles gave me greater pain than I had felt even the preceding year, although she left me Jules Grévy to

support me in my difficulties. Arlés-Dufour, in the absence of Madame d'Agoult, was my great solace. Jules Grévy prevailed on him to try and win my father over, who opposed my request for separation, declaring with a stubbornness altogether inexplicable, if one judged him by his advanced opinions, and not by his antiquated provincial ideas, that he would never admit "a scandal" in the life of his daughter.

On the point of leaving for Chauny with this object, Arlés-Dufour said to me:

"Your father is, then, a believer in association, a phalansterian, in short?"

"Yes."

"The disciples of Fourier have ideas as liberal as ours respecting marriage with an unworthy partner."

"My father believes in all the social ideas of Fourierism, but accepts none of its formulæ, which, in his dread, he classes together under the general heading of 'inordinate love of change.' Each time I take leave of him to go to Paris he never fails to give me this parting advice: 'Mind you do not allow yourself to be tempted by the dishonourable lies of this butterfly "passion for change,"' by which he means the desertion of home, whatever that home may be."

"But what if society accepted the phalansterian idea?"

"My father says that society dips into all systems, whether philosophic or moral, and never accepts any one creed in its entirety, but only extracts from each what it can assimilate, which is invariably in the direction of all the most moral in the ethics of the system."

"Well, there is some truth in this."

"Then, again, my good father is ever haunted by the idea that any departure from the established conventions of conjugal life becomes at once the subject-matter for some 'novel.' This word 'novel,' recalling to his mind the ideas and errors of judgment of my grandmother, puts him beside himself."

"Well, we shall see whether the 'eccentric fellow' will succeed in this as in other enterprises."

Arlés-Dufour described to my father all the sorrow and trouble I had kept secret from him for so long. He told him the struggle was telling on my health, and pointed out the imminent danger of a young and pretty woman in Paris, unhappily married, becoming the subject-matter for some romantic story. He then outlined for my father what ought to be "his future line of conduct," as he termed it, with regard to his child. He im-

pressed upon him the necessity of devoting his life to her in the measure required by the serious situation created.

"If you have not courage enough to become the real father you ought to be, if your love for her is not sufficiently strong to champion her cause, then," said Arlés-Dufour, "I myself will take charge of her. My wife shall be a mother to her, and my children shall look upon her as their sister."

Once again the "eccentric one" succeeded by his kindness, and by his summary method of upsetting all specious arguments, and by his way of assuming a personal responsibility in the event of the cause being in jeopardy. My father interpreted in the right spirit this form of paternal devotion. He was quite prepared after a few hours of contact with the best of men, the kindest of friends, to unite himself with me in defending my rights and to follow me wherever it became necessary to champion my cause. My mother also, conscious of the wrong she had done me, thanks to a short lecture from Arlés-Dufour, felt happy in being relieved from that powerlessness to act.

The "father" had worked a miracle. At my advent at Chauny I found courage and serenity in my relatives. For the first time in their lives they were perfectly in harmony as to the end to

be attained. Even my little Alice, whose mind was alert from the many scenes she had witnessed, appeared to understand what every one endeavoured to conceal from her, for she said to me:

"The old gentleman with white hair came to see us. He is a 'good genius.'"

How often in our conversation did my parents and myself repeat these words!

Madame d'Agoult, to whom I wrote the good news of the wonderful change wrought by my dear friend Arlés, answered how much she rejoiced to hear such tidings, and she added: "Work away, little Juliette. Send me the proofs of your Mandarin to look over, and as soon as it is finished start something new. To place it will be easy, and it will enable you to earn a little money. Your dignity demands you should not be entirely dependent on your family."

Madame d'Agoult then mentioned Madame Ackermann again. "From her loftily perched house," she wrote me, "the view is superb. But whenever the moon casts its pale harmony over the agitated deep, or whenever daylight envelops infinity with its azure mantle, then she breaks out into a spirit of blasphemy and bewails the isolation of man. And yet this woman is a great artist. She has drunk deep of the secrets of rhythm from

the traditional sources. Her verse has all the elegance of form and of beauty resulting from words in perfect harmony with the image depicted. But at the same time one is conscious that she feels nothing but anger. Neither love nor motherhood has ever dissolved into joy or into pain this heart of adamant eternally irritated. The divine has never cast its benign influence on this agitated soul. I often find myself telling her: 'You are a monster of ingratitude. You are the exponent of an art. You live in the midst of the most beautiful scenery in the world, and yet you never cease finding fault with life.'

"It is true she is common and even ugly in appearance. Her forehead is too broad, and her face, all right angles and, as it were, masculinized by thought which is ever combative, is not exactly attractive at first sight. Abrupt, peremptory in her speech, she can be rude if she is displeased, and does not hesitate to give immediate expression to her irritation. With unfeigned contempt she witnesses two women in conversation, and her disgust is intense should they embrace. She puts up with me because I can speak German, and to Madame Ackermann the only art, the only science, the only literature, the only letters, the only philosophy, is the German. Her curiosity is only aroused by young brains and their evolution. She takes

greater pride in provoking admiration from young people on account of her knowledge than in astonishing them on account of her revolts."

As Chauny was on the road to Brussels, my cousin Vilbort paid me a flying visit as she was passing through on her way there the very next day after my arrival home. I could not see her at the time of my departure, and she was anxious about me. I told her all I could of my semi-reconquered liberty. She was perfectly charming to me and to my circle.

My father wrote to Grévy and thanked him warmly for having championed the cause of his unhappy daughter. He was thankful, he added, "to find her case in the hands of the most honoured among Republicans." My father concluded by saying he had no doubt that "a counsel of the great reputation of Monsieur Grévy, in possession of the proofs mentioned to him by Arlés-Dufour, would find no difficulty in removing as soon as possible out of my life a man who had made it so hopelessly wretched."

So the days passed. I continued my work. My great distraction was to be present at the lessons given by father to my little girl. He was a wonderful educator, but he was not so exacting with her as he had been with me in my early lessons.

CHAPTER XIV

POLITICS—ART—MUSIC

WHAT disturbed the balance of my father—and, truth to tell, this was not difficult to do—was what was termed the "constitutional Opposition," the Liberal Empire.

"These words, which howl to be placed together," he said, "make me see all in red."

It requires but little imagination to picture how he received the decrees which accorded to the Senate and to the Legislature the vote of an address, and the publication of the debates *in extenso*, briefly what is called the Decree of the 24th November.

"This Liberal comedy," he said, "exasperates me far more than the Imperial tyranny."

In writing to de Ronchaud, who frequently met Hippolyte Carnot, I requested him to repeat to Carnot what had been said about him by Renouvier. "I know no man more endowed with real sapience—the product of knowledge and wisdom—than Hippolyte Carnot. Never have I heard him give expression to a single trite or commonplace thought."

"My dear friend," wrote de Ronchaud in reply to me, "I am not sending you a letter, but a volume. I am convinced you will read it without complaining of its inordinate length. I was last night at that mysterious agape at Girardin's which we call the dinner to Madame d'Agoult. Nobody is invited but Tribert, Littré, Carnot and myself. We assemble in the absence of our dear and noble friend and talk about her. I forward to her the report of the evening's proceedings. This time the honours of the evening were for you, and Madame d'Agoult will gently pardon the transgression. We were but three the evening before last, Girardin, Carnot and myself.

"I first began by telling Carnot the words you had heard from Renouvier, and that you charged me to report them to him; but I added:

"'I really find Renouvier a vile flatterer. To possess your qualities, my dear Carnot, you had only to be born and to inherit all that your father had in superabundance. Could the son of the Organizer of Victory possibly be different from what he is? Or better still, as you cannot assimilate into yourself all your father has bequeathed you, there must remain a goodly portion for your eldest son, Sadi, who, I make bold to say, will one day be right worthy to carry the name of his

grandfather and to perpetuate his father's nobleness of heart. "All beautiful things are arranged in triads," said the Greeks.'"

(At a later date I read to Sadi Carnot, when Minister of Finance, these words from de Ronchaud's letter. He knew of the prediction; his father had repeated the words to him when he passed out first from the École Polytechnique.)

De Ronchaud continued:

"I asked Carnot where he had first met Renouvier, and he answered: 'When I was minister in 1848 I was so ingenuous as to be capable of believing that it was my duty to improve and ameliorate, to reform and even to revolutionize a little, and that we ought to give every possible opportunity to the men of progress, assuring ourselves, of course, that such men are properly balanced. I made a study of the administrative machine piece by piece, and the forcible and logical conclusion I arrived at was the absolute necessity of revising the educational programme, suppressing what was out of date, in fine, trying new experiments and considering the best means to form the civic character of the rising generation, so as to bring such character into harmony with the instincts of our race, our history, and patriotic ideal, without losing touch with the modern requirements for

action and with the necessity of practical knowledge for life's battle. I asked Renouvier, who was at this time a ministerial secretary and had given signs of exceptional ability, to draw me up a manual of education embodying the leading principles just enumerated. A few weeks later he handed me a perfect masterpiece. My desire was to scatter immediately far and wide this useful manual; but, would you believe it, I discovered in my colleagues and in the National Assembly a spirit of official red-tapeism and a narrowness of vision well-nigh inconceivable? My best friends forsook me, declaring me too daring. Nobody reading to-day Renouvier's Manual could believe that the men of 1848 refused to make its principles the moral basis of Republican education.'

"My dear friend," continued de Ronchaud, "as it was your compliment of Renouvier respecting Carnot that started this conversation, and as I am sure the sequel will interest you, I send you the full report. The unhappy exile at Chauny can imagine she is still in the midst of her friends, listening to them discoursing:

"'Revolutionaries have never carried great reforms,' said Girardin. 'Look in England. The Whigs propose and the Tories dispose. Could you, Carnot, President of the Council, have pro-

posed in 1848 a reform of the magnitude and importance of Sir Robert Peel's, the abolition of parliamentary disqualifications; in other words, the vote of commercial liberty? Could any one of your party under a Republican Government have signed a Commercial Treaty with England and decreed free trade, as the Emperor has done?'

"'Well, there are some compensations, at any rate,' said Carnot. 'The Republic would never have declared war on China, nor have allowed the soldiers to be complimented for looting the Summer Palace.'

"'Well, you know "imperial corruption" must filter away somewhere,' said Girardin. 'We are all rotten, that we are agreed upon. I have myself written to Admiral Couperent-Desbois to bring me back my small share of the loot.'

"'You, Girardin, are one of the guiltiest, with your alternatives of opposition and rallying,' continued Carnot. 'You have a taste for elegant and high seasoning that Morny delights in. You have a weakness for the somewhat shady intriguers of public opinion, and are not averse to those who pull the strings of financial operations. Imperial corruption and the morals it engenders have alone enabled Jewish financiers to buy up your newspapers, and, like Millaud, to marry their daughters

to princes, to have streets named after them, like Mirès. Can we not grasp the fact that their exceptional and particular merit is to dupe?'

"'Then they will go to prison, just like others.'

"'Because richer and more powerful men than they will insist upon it.'

"'What, are you not satisfied?' exclaimed Girardin. 'You are really not rating at its proper value "brazen-face corruption." All the satirists are on your side. The stage is replete with pieces dealing with the successful theme of money and its influence, and the stock-jobbing calculators and business generally are feeling the effect of the spirit abroad.

"'Everything went wrong up till now for the want of a safety-valve. Each volume of steam became concentrated and threatened everywhere to blow the vessel to atoms. But here are your decrees. We shall now be able to hear the hissing of the rushing steam through its proper outlet. You were speaking of de Morny just now with contempt, my dear Carnot. Yes, I am aware he is responsible for the Second of December, which drove me and my friends into exile. But de Morny to-day clearly recognises that we need a liberal government. He is forever repeating to us, the wise and the prescient ones, that we must

win liberty by pacific means, without struggles and without a fatal reaction. "Liberty," he says, "acquired through a revolution, is always abused and then restricted."

"'I tell you in all truth and sincerity,' added Girardin, 'liberty conceded by tyranny is the best of all.'

"'Since you instance de Morny, the freest of Imperialists,' replied Carnot, 'I will cite you Challemel-Lacour, the broadest of Republicans. "In all sincerity," he says, "I admire these assassins who mean to acquire profit by the resurrection of the murdered. The Empire can never give us liberty, but it will give us a senseless and constant warfare, ending in final invasion." And to these imprecations of Challemel,' said Carnot, 'I will add that the Empire implies that utter demoralization will be the heritage of the succeeding Government, for from a fallen foe we can even inherit, were it but the ground on which we have just fought.'

"'Are you strong enough to overthrow the Empire by yourself, Carnot, or even in alliance with Ronchaud and with the remnant of Republicans but a thousand strong? You cannot hope to do so, can you? For my own part, I would rather rot away than grow mouldy. To enjoy this

liberty I follow the example set by Ollivier, I am in complete agreement with de Morny, who alone is strong enough to wrench this liberty from the Emperor. He is the cleverest, the most valiant, and the most politic of all those who surround the Imperial throne.'

"'Why, of course,' said Carnot, 'Napoleon III is in a tight corner, both as regards home and foreign politics and finance. He now sees the absolute necessity of making the Chambers share his responsibility with him, and to palliate his misdeeds by compromising the most honest and upright party that has ever existed, the party of 1848. Thanks to Ollivier, we are to bear the brunt of the attack. Is it not a standing disgrace to hear the son of one of the proscribed patriots of the Second of December inviting Napoleon III to become "the initiator of French liberties"—he who has drowned these liberties in a sea of blood? Is it not revolting to witness one of our noble party decreeing to the man of Strasburg and of Boulogne the title of "Legendary Hero," and to praise him publicly for his "generosity"? The humiliation for the party to which Émile Ollivier belongs is far too cruel. "The initiator of liberties," a Napoleon III, a de Morny, a Prince Napoleon are angling in troubled waters. Is the rumour

to be trusted, Girardin, which asserts that your Prince is about to start a new paper with the title of Humanity? Nothing less comprehensive than this. It seems that Ollivier cozens your Emperor into the belief that the dawn of reconciliation of all parties is just beginning and that peace is to reign in France. . . .'

"'And don't you find it quite natural,' replied Girardin, half in earnest, 'that Émile Ollivier should be predestined to make the presentation of the olive-branch the symbol of peace? However you may deplore the fact, he is the man of the hour, and youthful talents group themselves about him in gay procession. . . .'

"'Except, of course, those who keep away. To me Ollivier has outrageous ambition but mediocre attainments. Your Emperor is mediocre; your Prince Napoleon is mediocre.'

"'I take exception to the last-mentioned,' cried Girardin. 'To him it is owing that France has shaken off her dumbness. "We must have initiative, initiative," says Prince Napoleon every day. "There is nothing like it, and we must develop it by all possible means. Initiative is the safety-valve." He is like me in his insistence on a safety-valve. Initiative is the solid foundation of all political systems for the aggrandizement of a country.

Are such words those of your average mediocre man? As to Émile Ollivier, he is a splendid diplomat, as he was splendid in courage in 1848 at Marseilles. Your Edmond Adam, your Bixio, assaulting barricades, cane in hand, are raw recruits in comparison with Ollivier driving a revolted crowd into the Town Hall and alone haranguing them and breaking them up.'

"'What is this story?' queried Carnot. 'Why, he ran away from the crowd like a hunted hare.'

"'At all events, you, the active spirits of 1848, considered yourselves powerless, since you only dared to face . . . abstention.'

"This document," interrupted de Ronchaud, "is the best offering I can make you at the approaching festive season. Girardin and Carnot have revised the text, as you can verify by looking at the words they have either deleted or altered.

"They are quite aware that in your eyes this document represents a 'turning-point' in Imperial history. My opinion is that a discussion between the two men who represent the two opposite and extreme currents of public opinion should find a pigeon-hole in your archives. You are the youngest of us all. You therefore may derive the most benefit in the future from the exposition of these ideas. May my wish be realized.

"As you know, you are a favourite with all of us. Girardin calls you 'the universally beloved.'

"I kiss your hand in respectful homage.

(Signed) "De Ronchaud."

This "memoir" has preserved for me, and perhaps also for those who may chance to read it, an interest of living actuality.

All the letters I received at this period were interesting as manifestations of opinion, although they somewhat disconcerted my father. However, little by little, he was growing accustomed to my manner of life. I realized that by detaching him from his rather narrow and circumscribed sphere of ideas he would suffer less.

Carnot mentioned to Eugène Pelletan his long discussion with Girardin, and told him of the "report" forwarded me by de Ronchaud.

"A better Liberal than I am does not exist," Pelletan wrote me; "but I must confess I am on my guard against what I term the 'pluralities' of liberty. Liberty to do this, liberty to do that, are implied by connotation in real liberty wherever it may thrive. The Empire can only give us liberties. Ollivier has begun at the wrong end; he believes, or pretends to believe, that he can glide himself into power with the help of this shibboleth, and that liberties added to liberties will yield a

grand total of actual liberty. I deny this. Such process of addition can only create a political condition best defined under the name of imperial liberalism. You understand what I say—Imperial. The liberal Empire would be quite another thing, and would imply the Empire becoming liberal, and not liberty becoming Imperial. I should welcome such a state of things, because it would mean a forward march, which sooner or later, one fine day, would drag the Empire down into the bottomless pit.

"The actual state of politics, my dear friend, with its imperceptible bright spot, bids us fight on the harder, using as our weapons the press, books, and free speech, and especially the latter, which demands from the speaker loyalty, conviction, and faith in the good to be achieved."

On his way to Brussels Hetzel brought me the first copy of my Mandarin. He told me he had given it a good send-off, and that it was certain of success on account of its anonymous characters, whose personalities and names were easily distinguishable.

He brought me much news. The first representation of Émile Augier's Effrontés had been a great success. He had met Sarcey at the theatre, who begged to be kindly remembered to me. He commissioned Hetzel to bid me to look out for his

next criticism, which would be "extremely good" and would give me a very complete idea of the play, "just as if I had been there myself."

The day before Hetzel had breakfasted with Toussenel at the restaurant at the corner of the Rue du Bac. Toussenel had charged him to kiss—my hand. Coubet was present at the breakfast, and they had fought. Toussenel had begged Hetzel to repeat to me a phrase of Mirès which was going round:

"If France is so slow in blotting out the action of the Rothschilds, in fifty years' time she will have no more rope left with which to hang herself."

Toussenel would certainly come and pay me his respects, said Hetzel, if my father invited him.

"I will do so this very day," said my father.

Hetzel brought for my little Alice all the imaginable Mademoiselles Lilis. She advised him to go on publishing many such books, and that she would be always pleased to accept them as presents.

"Little rosebud," Hetzel said, "you will be very pretty in ten years' time. I predict it."

In one morning Hetzel had made the conquest of my father and mother, which was no slight task, and had completely won my little Alice by the easy help of Mademoiselle Lili.

Hetzel had an especial and particular communi-

cation to make me, which greatly moved me. It was a communication from George Sand in a letter addressed by her to Hetzel. She knew he was coming to see me, and wished him to read me the letter. George Sand "was anxious that the kind heart which had taken up her defence should not be left under the impression created by the malicious and venomous things said about her since the publication of Elle et Lui." The letter was a splendid piece of sincere revolt. She spoke of the necessity of publishing Musset's letters, and she terminated a long defence with these words: "The letters of Alfred will prove what I have said a hundred times over, that I never encouraged a nascent love in a dying man. I have never deceived any one in my life. Cruel I may have been, but never hypocritical, treacherous, or wicked. I absolutely refuse to believe that, even when utterly demoralized by vice, he could ever have said what my enemies make him say."

"I can bear witness," said Hetzel, "that de Musset never lied about her as they make him lie. We were very old friends. I often used to question him about Madame Sand; I wanted to find out what he thought about her, to read right into the depths of his soul. Twenty times I must have mentioned the subject to him, and often when he

was in his cups, and at such times in the company of men it is but natural to boast in confidence of one's conquests. 'No, no, not a word about George; drop the subject,' was his constant reply. On one occasion, at one in the morning, Rue de Grammont, I came across de Musset overcome by drink and sitting on the step of a house. He was pitying himself. 'What are you doing here?' I asked him, attempting to raise him.

"'They have ejected me, ejected me,' he repeated, with the maudlin whine of the drunken man.

"'It is always women, my poor fellow!' I said, dragging him along the boulevard, where I hailed a cab.

"'I want some supper. I am hungry and thirsty,' he exclaimed, when barely seated in the cab. He then set up such a howl that I was compelled to stop the cab at the first restaurant.

"'I will give you supper and wine,' I said, pushing him into a private room, 'on the sole condition you talk about Venice.'

"'I will tell you everything, but give me something to drink.' While he was drinking I put some abrupt and searching questions to him.

"'It is all a hoax, George never loved you. At Venice she dropped you at once.'

"'I tell you she did love me,' he replied, in a raucous voice. I felt positive shame in hearing him mention the name of Madame Sand in such a condition. 'But,' he added, 'it was her head that fell in love with my head, do you understand?' He laughed an idiotic and drunken laugh.

"'But she also loved you with her heart, unfortunate man.'

"'With her head; with her heart, no, it was not this. She did not want me to look upon her with such desires as I might entertain towards another class of her sex. I upbraided her, I accused her of not loving me. Her reply came back in gentle and soothing words which only maddened me the more. I could have killed her; do you understand? The next day she would tell me I was unworthy the love of a good woman, and that my proper place was in the abandoned society of the meretricious. I could not help acknowledging the justice of her reproaches, and then we would both fall a-weeping at my shame. Now you know all, Hetzel; you know all!'

"As I was de Musset's friend I mentioned these confidential confessions only to Madame Sand, but since the appearance of Elle et Lui I feel justified in openly discussing this delicate question with any one who seeks for information respecting their

intimacy. Those who accuse *her* are despicable, for she bravely concealed by her love what I for many years concealed by my friendship, the degradation of his genius through vice."

"Hetzel, please repeat this again, and repeat it incessantly," I exclaimed. "They may blame Madame Sand, but they must not cast aspersions upon her. I feel the consciousness of her thorough loyalty, and, if I may use the term, her thorough manliness. Please inform her that I have never once suffered her to be accused in my presence of any dishonouring or unworthy act, however slight."

"Write this yourself to her, my dear child."

I wrote to George Sand what I had said to Hetzel.

A new book from Proudhon's pen, La Guerre et la Paix, suggested to me the idea of bringing out a new edition of my Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes, which Dentu was pressing me to do. He had now withdrawn the title-page of the last edition bearing the name of Monsieur La Messine, and in its place substituted my name. For this new impression I wrote an important preface, justifying my attack on the fallacious principles postulated in Proudhon's book, that the law of nations

was summed up in the doctrine that "might is right," and as a necessary inference from such conclusion the denial of intelligence to weak women.

My energetic and indignant refutation found much favour.

My good friends, Louis Jourdan, Charles Fauvety, Vilbort, Clément Caraguel, Eugène Pelletan, Laurent Pichat, not only congratulated me, but in the papers and in the reviews eulogized my preface in most flattering terms. My second "father," Arlés-Dufour, sent me an exhaustive and enthusiastic memoir. A letter from Challemel-Lacour, with some trifling reservations, was equally commendatory and made me feel very proud. Challemel's approbation was rare. His reputation fell far short of his merit. At this period he made no attempt to curry favour, and yet he was writing in all the leading reviews, Les Deux-Mondes, Nationale, Germanique, and had bestowed on each one extracts from his beautiful translation of Ritter's Philosophy, which he now was collecting into volumes. Every one of Challemel's articles was much admired, but, strange to say, this admiration did not appear to be cumulative. How often I have heard, "Read Challemel's article; it is simply wonderful, superb." But how

much less frequently did they add, "Challemel is a writer of the front rank." He was praised in detail only.

The case was not the same with Prévost-Paradol, who was a familiar figure in society, much courted and lionized. His winsome and charming personality doubly increased the admiration felt for his writings. Those who mentioned an article by Paradol never failed to add, "How clever; he is perfectly unique and inimitable!" His letters in the Courrier du Dimanche were marvellous performances in their suggestive appositeness, their balanced exuberance, their deftly disguised irony, and their cruelty withal so imperceptible in the word, but which corroded, as it were, into the very marrow of the Imperial Government like a powerful and colourless acid. To understand him it was necessary to collaborate with him, for the more one read the more numerous became the delicate and oblique inuendos. One could not mistake what he wished to say, or misunderstand the subject of his allusion or of his invective. To read Paradol was to set out on a long voyage of exploration, and how great were the discoveries made!

When in the August of 1858 Monsieur de Césena transformed the Semaine Politique into the Courrier du Dimanche, he little foresaw that

his paper was to become a great Liberal tribunal.

Edmond Texier, his daughters, Louis Jourdan, de Ronchaud, Madame de Pierreclos, the Adam-Salomons, whose little daughter, a friend of my Alice, they intrusted to my care, and several other of my intimate friends, came and spent a whole Sunday at Chauny. It was a most enjoyable day in spite of the weather, which prevented our going out; but the drawing-room was very spacious; the conversation was spirited and clever, and they all relished the "fat delicacies of the provincial table," as Madame de Pierreclos called them, and it was evident that dulness found no place in our pleasant and intellectual circle. Texier started the ball of conversation rolling with some interesting anecdotes about Wagner's base and black ingratitude to Monsieur and Madame Charnacé, and, in fact, even to all of us, who had taken such infinite trouble in placing his concert tickets. Wagner had visited none of his old friends in Republican quarters. He had returned to Paris under the protecting ægis of Madame de Metternich, and his Tannhäuser was being given at the Opéra by order of the Emperor.

"It is notorious," continued Texier, "that the wife of the Austrian Ambassador holds in commis-

sion from her Imperial Highness Eugénie the office of Grand Mistress of Court Functions and Ceremonies, but we still have to learn that she is also Adviser in Art to Napoleon III. This grand and noble lady, whose proud boast it is to belong to a Court, admittance to which requires at least eight quarters on the aspirant's escutcheon, considers it consonant with her dignity to set to our Court of France the tone of a music-hall. When people of her own set remonstrate with her, asking whether she permits these 'Imperial' manners and license in Austria, she blandly replies:

"'There is the same distance between the Hofburg and the Tuileries as there is between the Empress Elizabeth and Mademoiselle de Montijo.'

"Madame de Metternich has two and widely different tones," continued Texier; "one for Paris and one for Vienna. In Paris she is not above singing light and comic ditties, and decrees that at her house 'rigid formality' is but for 'form's sake.' In Vienna, Princess Metternich only allows German classical music, and under this heading that of Wagner of course. It may be asked why in the world she is so keen to foist these compositions upon us. Has she grown weary of amusing herself in France? Has it dawned upon her that our gaiety is the outward sign of superiority?"

"Avoid the Rue le Pelletier on the first night of Tannhäuser. Some mischief is brewing," said Louis Jourdan.

"Berlioz is furious," added de Ronchaud, "as he had written to the Emperor, for which I blame him, asking permission to produce the Troyens for him, a Frenchman of Frenchmen."

"Under the Lower Empire the Lower Emperor," solemnly continued Madame de Pierreclos, "pampered and favoured the foreigners who flattered them in order to ruin them. I make you a present of this historical discovery, gentlemen of the press; please examine it and apply it."

Again it was Madame de Pierreclos who informed me I had just had the honour to be somewhat roughly handled by Monsieur Barbey d'Aurevilly, a second Proudhon, when it becomes a question of women writers.

"Who can tell me anything about Barbey d'Aurevilly?" I asked.

"I can," cried Edmond Texier, from the far end of the refreshment table. But this "I can" of his, in its vibrating energy, squashed a puff-cake, and the contained cream inundated his moustache.

We thoroughly relished his predicament. But Texier was quite equal to the occasion. He drank

a glass of water, applied a tea-napkin to the point in distress, folded it nimbly, and appeared before us relieved of his creamy deluge.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "Monsieur Barbey d'Aurevilly is the enemy of womankind. Some say he is a priest. What? No! you say. Well, then, if he is not, his brother must be a priest. Yes, just listen to this tender sentence of the scourge of the fair sex:

"'Women are still in quest of their souls.'"

"Well, there is some truth in this," we all protested in chorus.

"Here is another phrase of Monsieur Barbey d'Aurevilly:

"'Our fathers were wise to massacre the Huguenots, and most imprudent not to do the same to Luther.'"

"I echo this sentiment also," said Madame de Pierreclos.

We once more protested.

"Barbey's style is picturesque and imaginative, if any style possesses these qualities. There is not the slightest suspicion of dulness. His book, Les Œuvres et les Hommes, is not the production of the first comer. He lashes your free-thinking tribe with no light flail. Good Catholic as he is, he yet never spares Catholics; and Jourdan, who keeps

silent, has often been heard to quote Barbey against Veuillot. He is an arch sectary, both as writer and Catholic, and in attacking you, Madame, he has paid you a very high compliment indeed. He must have smelled the pagan in you."

I was really glad to see some of my old friends again.

I received a short note in Italian from Madame la Princesse Belgiojoso:

"Dear friend of my beloved country, rejoice with me that the Senate of Turin have given us a King. Victor Emmanuel is to-day King of our Italy. When will he be so at Rome? To-morrow, if France so wished it.

"Remembrances,

"CHRISTINE DE BELGIOJOSO."

Texier had promised me a full account of the first representation of Tannhäuser. Here is his letter:

"On the great night, my dear friend, what a crush! First there were the intimates of Madame de Metternich dispersed with intelligence and profusion all over the house. I am unable to mention all the names of those present, but among others were conspicuous the Countess de Pourtales,

the Princesses Poniatowski, De Sagan and Solms, Countess Waleska, and the Marquise de Gallifet. Then came Madame Lehon and de Morny, to all appearance ever faithful; Princesse de Beauveau and Laurent Pichat, still discreetly smitten; Mademoiselle Erazzu, the lovely Mexican; Beyens, the Marquis de Caux, the Rothschilds, the Aguados, the brothers Lambertye, the melancholy Montjoyeux, General Fleury, Gallifet, Massa, Grammont-Caderousse, d'Althon Shée, the Emperor, the Empress, and the Court. Have I left out any? I must not omit to mention the whole world of fair Aspasias present in full force.

"You now know who is here and how the house is arranged. The spirit in the ascendant is somewhat demoralizing for the Philistines, like ourselves, who mean to protest. We take courage, however, for the stalls are on our side. Just think of it, they have suppressed the ballet!

"Madame de Metternich takes her seat in the front of her box, with fan in hand. She is to lead the plaudits, attention!

"Niemann-Tannhäuser makes his entry with a lyre hung on his arm. 'Why, this is Orpheus in Hades,' exclaims a wit. We Philistines take advantage of this ridiculous comparison heard all over the house to raise a loud and unseemly laugh.

Niemann bears all the evidence of being ludicrously embarrassed by his lyre, not knowing what in the world to do with it. A shepherd with his pipe now enters. Tu! tu! tu! But where has the lyre gone to? Oh, here it is. Then comes a duet of lyre and pipe, the divine and the bucolic in strange medley. At this juncture a hautboy chimes in at a distance. The whole situation is delightfully amusing, and we have now reached the stage of utter frivolity.

"But suddenly clashes out the bang, bang of the orchestra, who have struck up the march. Here is no laughing matter. The beautiful is always beautiful. The applause is universal, and I must needs follow suit. This march absolutely gets hold of you. I am still humming it as I write, ta-ta-ta-ta-ta.

"It is a triumph for Madame de Metternich, and we are furious.

"The harps now made their appearance. We then witness a kind of march past of various instruments. Where is my lyre? Where is my shepherd's reed and the hautboy? At this moment Niemann-Tannhäuser enters with his precious lyre. It was consoling to be assured the sacred instrument was safe! A gentle cachinnation is audible.

"A single word whistles through the house like the crack of a whip, 'Fools!'

"The qualification is Madame de Metternich's protest at our levity, and we wince at the insult. Pent-up emotion was strained to bursting point, and the elegant epithet sounded the death-knell to all order. Shouts of applause or of disapprobation ring from boxes to orchestra stalls, and are re-echoed back lustily from stalls to amphitheatre. Fragments of a broken fan fall on my head. Madame de Metternich has crumpled hers into ruins in a movement of anger.

"'This is a pretty jest,' said Jules Janin.

"'She is a pretty thorough woman, at any rate,' added Scholl, 'in spite of her not being pretty.'

"During the interval my remark found much favour in the green-room: 'The words bore me, and the music wearies me.'

"We return. This time marches may come, and marches may go, but the hullaballoo has set in for good, and there is no stopping it. The young ones whistle, and the old ones growl, each to his heart's content.

"We fought for Berlioz, and you were not in the firing-line.

"As for him, he is delighted.

"Wagner has done better work than this; why in the world did he choose Tannhäuser? The orchestra is perfectly absurd and the staging grotesque to a degree!

"Saint-Victor shouts to him:

"'Well, Berlioz, at any rate, you are avenged. And besides,' he adds, 'can a German appreciate Venus? One must be a Greek or a Latin for this. Can we on our part appreciate the Niebelungen? And Saint-Victor pronounces this word in the French fashion.

"I have seen all the criticisms, and I do not believe there is a single favourable one.

"It was a great evening, my dear friend, and proves conclusively a foreign lady and the Emperor cannot decree a success in our Paris.

"Greetings from all to all.

"EDMOND TEXIER."

Challemel, on his side, also wrote me that "Paris has been horrid and unfair towards Tannhäuser." He is not inconsolable, however, because politics have gained by Wagner's failure. It has shown Napoleon III that opinion can still be passionate, and that it but needs a legitimate excuse to cause ebullition. Opinion was unanimous that Madame de Metternich bore her defeat in a proud and haughty spirit. The daughter of Count Sandor,

a Hungarian magnate, whose courage and temerity were legendary, she faced the music of opinion as befitted one so nobly sprung. The day after the Tannhäuser defeat only Wagner was played at her reception.

De Ronchaud sent me a note with these simple words only: "The Hydrocephalic one bears a hatred for France, which his pride will render as venomous as possible."

The Tannhäuser was an Imperial defeat, the Funerailles de l'Honneur was a Republican one. If Souvent Homme Varie had been inordinately and out of all proportion applauded in order to laud Victor Hugo over the head of Vacquerie, on the other hand, the Funerailles de l'Honneur was in the same way unduly and exaggeratedly cried down. As in the Tannhäuser, certain scenes of Vacquerie's play afforded fair opportunity for mocking and noisy demonstration, which the Imperialist Philistines were but too eager to turn to advantage.

The letter of Madame de Pierreclos on the Funerailles de l'Honneur began thus:

"These presents will render an account to Mistress Juliette Lamber of the unique performance of a play in seven acts, to all appearance dealing with death, though in reality not so, and treating

of the story of seven bastard brothers, each duller than his neighbour.

"Of the seven brothers of Dom Pédro (please don't forget the e with an accent, so that some importance may be given to a personage who is quite deficient in this qualification), if you do not mind, we shall say nothing about them. To describe these gentlemen seems to me a work of supererogation, as the only apparent interest in them lies in their being at once dramatically useless and obstruent. In this play we are in the very thick of romanticism, but a romanticism in the superlative degree, which alone the verse and melody of Hugo could have made endurable. At a given moment Don Yorge—and why not the more natural and prosaic Gorge?—through a series of events I will not trouble to relate, as they cover the inordinate extent of seven acts, bids the Court be present at his obsequies on the morrow in the cemetery of the Capuchin Friars of Saint Bartholomew.

"Here we are in the next day and at the cemetery. A man is digging a grave in the ground, while a funeral procession defiles past in melancholy array, chanting the office for the burial of the dead and promenading a bier about covered with a blood-stained pall, which, to my mind, is but a

relative sign of mourning, but which I must perforce confess to be emblematic of crime.

"Enter the King, lover of Don Yorge's mother. He seems in marvellous spirits. Already father of seven bastards, he is about to unite himself in unholy wedlock and to become the father of more.

"Don Yorge uncovers the bier. It is empty.

"'Where is the body?' naturally queries the King.

"'I will tell you,' replies Don Yorge. 'You forgave me. I am disarmed before you. But the insult is indelible. My honour is dead, and the dead are buried.'

"My dear friend, it seems that when the curtain fell in Tannhäuser the Philistines, hypnotized by the march, applauded vociferously in spite of themselves, and we Republicans, who had come to applaud in Vacquerie, the great exile and legendary hero, were all seized with a fit of uncontrollable laughter at the obsequies of Yorge's honour, and not of Gorge."

Summoned by Monsieur Grévy, I spent a few days in Paris at an hotel, near my cousin Vilbort.

The two great events of which everybody was speaking were, to begin with, the first numbers of the Temps, under our friend Nefftzer. From the time he left (he then came back, and then again left

the Presse), Nefftzer always meant to set up for himself. He first of all founded the Revue Germanique with Charles Dolfus, and now here he is the supreme power at the Temps. We may rest assured he will fashion his paper in the likeness of his own image. If God grants life to the paper, come what may, Nefftzer will be no other than managing editor of the Temps. He does not understand or tolerate cumulative professions and will never allow a journalist to be a member of Parliament. To Nefftzer the tribune of the press is superior to the parliamentary one. Nefftzer is a liberal, or rather a free-thinking philosopher, and he means to be free to remain such. He protests against all restriction of free-thinking, whatever form it may assume, and he becomes fierce when the independence of personal life is called into question. I have often listened to his discussions with Littré. Nefftzer is an Hegelian, and he willingly repeats, "Every Hegelian is a Positivist, but a Positivist who has appointed limits to his thought cannot be an Hegelian."

The second great event is the publication of the Duc d'Aumale's pamphlet, entitled Lettre sur l'Histoire de France. In spite of the insistence of Prince Napoleon, whom the pamphlet attacks most virulently and who is shrieking from the house-

tops that Orleanism is receiving a gigantic propaganda, the Lettre sur l'Histoire de France has got to answer for itself in the law courts.

De Rheims, a friend of the Duc d'Aumale, brought me the unprocurable pamphlet. He confirms that Prince Napoleon had exerted every effort, first to remove the interdiction and then to prevent its seizure, and he repeated Prince Napoleon's words: "This so-called lesson from history is nothing but an Orleanist manifesto. Take good care not to furnish it with the halo of a seizure, the more so as the Legitimists themselves declare against this manifesto and disclaim its principles, which, they say, are antagonistic to those of Legitimacy."

"The princes," added de Rheims, "are delighted at the seizure, which just trebles the importance of the publication. I have received this very morning," he told me, "a letter from the Duc d'Aumale, who blesses the Imperial Government, and is astonished to find it so ingenuous. We have two thousand copies of the pamphlet in reserve," de Rheims told me in confidence. "Just ask me for as many as you want. I am sending those for the ladies wrapped up in chocolate boxes." I gave him the names of all my lady friends and warned them by letter.

The style of the Lettre sur l'Histoire de France has not the classic form of seventeenth-century French. The thoughts are noble and the judgment at once elevated, realistic, very combative, and very living. The historian remains a historian, but he does not despise the passion and rhetorical arts of the controversialist.

What will Nefftzer have to say (and I shall be compelled to ask him) on the coincidence of the appearance of his paper and the publication of the Duc d'Aumale's pamphlet? "Our fat friend," as we call him, who distinguishes himself under the rubric of "the stranger to all parties," is secretly an Orleanist. His ideal world seems to be a good-natured King with a tincture of the Voltairian spirit and as conventional as Louis Philippe. Nobody suspects him of being a Monarchist. All his life he will be considered a Republican.

However, the Temps will be no greater enemy to the liberal Empire than the Presse under the guidance of Nefftzer was to the first of oath-takers, to Émile Ollivier. Albert Nefftzer would not at this hour go so far as to exclaim, like his *protégé*, Ollivier: "For myself, who am a Republican, I shall support to the full extent of my power, and my support will be the more efficacious in propor-

tion as it is disinterested, and I shall admire the liberal initiative of the Emperor."

The pleiad of leader-writers on the Temps is well known. By degrees all my friends, ancient and modern, became contributors to its columns.

In our circle they say of Nefftzer: "He is as honest a man as possible. Somewhat dull of imagination, he possesses above all strong common sense; he will never become, whatever betide, a thunderbolt of Opposition." Moderate and well-balanced, he is tenacious of one thing only—his own opinion. When once his mind is made up on a subject, it is not to be shaken, and therefore he means and intends to put his belief into action. He is profoundly liberal and tolerant because he would bear it ill if others were not thus disposed towards him.

The only subject on which Nefftzer grew eloquent was religious discussion. I have it from Challemel-Lacour that Peyrat and Nefftzer often engaged in heated argument on this vexed and debatable question at the Café Kusler. The tables shook with the violence of their emphatic fists, and glasses trembled and wobbled, while the doughty champions were busy hurling opposing texts at each other's heads.

In the early part of the month I went with the Vilborts to a first performance of La Statue at

the Lyric Theatre. The composer was Reyer, a young man who, as Madame Vilbort said, "had a future in spite of his being a Frenchman." Can one conceive the impudence of these Wagnerians? It really gives one a clean bill to hate them cordially. Saint-Victor was in the audience with Léa Félix. He did not stir from his seat, although he had caught sight of me. Gautier sat between his two lovely daughters, Judith, a wonder of beauty, and the other charming. Berlioz, who condescended to come and pay his respects to me, was more tragic than ever. He was so unlucky as to say to me, in the presence of Madame Vilbort:

"Do you feel proud now you have placed so many tickets for the concert of the Tannhäuser gentleman?"

Madame Vilbort was on the point of making a reply, but with my eyes I begged her to refrain. When Berlioz left the box she said to me:

"You were wrong in not letting me tell such a partial musician that I am a devoted lover of Weimar, and that I can with the same breath admire the great Berlioz and the great Wagner; and I must add, cousin, Berlioz can only be really great for the crowd, when Wagner is great for the same crowd."

"With Berlioz's character, my dear friend, I

can easily anticipate the reply and the sneer; and for my part I would prefer not to be either cause or witness of such unpleasantness."

Madame d'Agoult had now returned to Paris, and once again we found ourselves all grouped round her. How much she must have been missed by all those who had not had the good fortune, like myself, to be absent from Paris; how empty town must have felt without her!

Among my musical acquaintances Berlioz was not the only one who was so unfortunate as to be misunderstood. I had known Louis Lacombe now for some years, having been introduced to him by my friends, the Adam-Salomons. Louis Lacombe was a writer, poet, and composer. As enthusiastic as he was timid, he altogether lacked the power of pushing himself forward. His wife, a woman of rare intelligence and devotion, might have supplied this quality wanting in his composition, but she was a martyr to a mortal disease. One would have thought at one moment, when the great patriotic hymn of the Cimbri and Teutones was being chanted by five thousand voices with enormous success, that the portals of fame and renown stood wide open to Louis Lacombe. But one of his symphonies, accepted by the Conservatoire, gave occasion

for violent protestations on the part of all the musical critics. Lacombe also was a precursor. The daring and bold audacity in the instrumental portion of his symphony was pronounced revolutionary and altogether inadmissible. In revenge, another of his great symphonies, Sappho, found none but perfervid admirers.

Lacombe wrote exquisitely about music. His conversation on this theme was captivating and enthralling to a degree, and to those whose good fortune it was to be present never to be forgotten. His theory was that melody blends itself imperceptibly into harmony in such a way that inextricably penetrated and permeated the one with the other, they become, as it were, one; and melody resulting from harmonious union may be compared to that delicious perfume of woods in springtime, when the gentle zephyrs waft in their train countless exhalations of sweet and delicate odours.

To Louis Lacombe music was but the voice which expresses the ideas and sentiments of man in universal language. In his opinion music was not the fortuitous combination of sounds strung together by art; his constant aim was to bring out and emphasize the philosophic thought and the dramatic sentiment underlying all musical expression. His lyric epic on the progress of human thought

may be compared to what Chenavard was striving to express in the sister art of painting, humanity-hood, if I may be allowed the word, and universality. The ideas of Auguste Comte and of Littré were influencing art in a most curious way. Altruism, association, synthesis, humanity, were everybody's watchwords and stock in trade. At this period the infinitely great claimed the universal preoccupation, as later on the infinitely small engaged the general attention. The limits of inclusion and comprehension were too vast to allow a clear conception to be formed of any one thing.

Poor Louis Lacombe had lately suffered a most painful and bitter experience. The representation of his Madone was a complete and tragic failure. From this moment all recognition was denied him. Yet his name was not unknown, and some of his works, notably Chants de la Patrie, and his religious melodies, like Au Pied d'un Crucifix, Le Sorge de Jeanne d'Arc, were mentioned with approbation and approval. His operas, like Vinkelried, which subsequently received such frenzied applause at Geneva, and his Reine des Eaux, were works of high value, composed to perpetuate and consecrate for all time the name of a great artist.

We formed a small and select band of faithful admirers, who loved to listen to Louis Lacombe,

and applaud him. It was our custom, whenever he gave a musical evening, to go over to the Saint-George quarter, and none of the faithful ever failed at the roll-call. We were happy to show our appreciation and admiration for him, and to soften a little of the bitterness of his disappointment. The Kestner family, who were extremely musical, were always present at these gatherings. Madame Floquet, still quite a young girl, was, like all Lacombe's pupils, a worshipper at the shrine of the gentle and unfortunate master, and this afforded him much consolation for the public indifference. Louis Enault, a devoted admirer, brought over many of his literary friends, and the universal exclamation, after listening to the music, was always: "How is it possible for such talent to be misunderstood?" And yet was not Berlioz equally misunderstood?

Neither Madame d'Agoult nor I had been able to be present at the opening day of the Salon, and we were now constantly deferring our visit. But one day Castagnary, one of our first art critics, proposed to meet us there. He had but lately joined the staff of the Courrier du Dimanche, or was just on the point of doing so, I forget which. Along with him we had to admire, first, Daubigny's Parc aux Moutons, then another picture of natural

life, then a landscape by Corot, and finally three pictures by Millet, which led to an earnest and interesting discussion between Madame d'Agoult and Castagnary on the subject of Millet. Madame d'Agoult mentioned the great impression produced on her three years before by the Woman Grazing a Cow. Castagnary was in raptures, for he claimed to be among the first to "discover" Millet—and how skilfully he analyzed him! With what dexterous art did he unfold and point out the truths and beauties in that masterpiece, La Tondeuse de Moutons! Of the three paintings exhibited by Millet, the one I should have preferred to possess was L'Attente.

I now began writing my Récits d'une Paysanne, and did my best to saturate myself with the spirit of research after simple and unadorned truth, after nature both eclectic and respected, but such a nature seen through the eyes of a great artist should remain unaltered and identically the same in essence, notwithstanding its different manifestations and expressions.

"Millet also loves peasants," I remarked to Madame d'Agoult.

I received a reprimand.

Castagnary had defended Courbet at the moment he was most bitterly attacked. I told him of

the scene in the Rue de Beaune between Courbet and Toussenel; it gave him much amusement.

The Charlotte Corday of Paul Baudry produced a deep impression on me, and as I had given Madame d'Agoult one of my photographs in the costume of Charlotte Corday by Adam-Salomon, my dear friend, although she herself admired Baudry, gently ridiculed me, saying:

"Come, little Juliette, you have admired yourself quite long enough."

The Battle of Solferino, by Ivan, interested both Madame d'Agoult and myself; but these "clumsy affairs" were not to Castagnary's taste, who piloted us hither and thither, to show us here and there his preferences. By degrees he got us into a corner where was hanging my portrait by Charpentier, who had also painted the portrait of George Sand with the Carnation, and one of Rachel. Charpentier had painted this portrait the year before, and had exhibited it without my knowledge. Castagnary admired it very much on account of the expression, which he found "poetical and sorrowful." Madame d'Agoult thought his criticism was just.

"Sorrowful, yes," I repeated after Castagnary. Poetical, well, perhaps, for while I was sitting Charpentier, who is passionately fond of Italian

art, was telling me of Italy's great painters, of the different landscapes which each one had had before his eyes, of the places in which they lived, and which landscapes, as seen by them, made it easy to define and classify their different styles.

I went to Charpentier and abused him for having exhibited my portrait without my knowledge. He only laughed at my anger, and said:

"You will be delighted to see the number of the exhibition on the frame of your portrait, and it will also prove to you and your friends that the painter was not a dabbler."

I thought that his reasoning was more clever than complimentary to our knowledge of art, but I gave him, however, permission to keep the portrait in his studio for some little time after its return from the exhibition.

We all agreed to meet at Challemel-Lacour's lectures in the Rue de Provence. What a treat it was to hear such beautiful language delivered! What great knowledge did these lectures show, what original and personal views, and what lucidity! We, his friends, were delighted at his success, and we warmly and enthusiastically sounded his praise. Madame d'Agoult gave the final verdict: "It is of the first quality!" Madame de Pierreclos was most amusing, saying: "Such a divinely intel-

lectual feast made me think I was drinking ambrosia, and that I was at last tasting for myself, and not for my uncle, a little immortality." Clémence Royer deigned to write to my dear friend that "in Challemel-Lacour the criteria superabounded." Edmond Texier said: "Nothing can describe that fellow's dry humour. He could easily knock us all off our perch if he so wished."

Nefftzer wanted Challemel-Lacour on his staff, and de Ronchaud was overjoyed, as he always was, when praise was given to any one of whom he was fond. Monsieur de Girardin grew impatient whenever any one spoke to him of Challemel-Lacour, and asserted that his lectures teemed with political allusions. It is to be supposed that the Minister of the Interior entertained the same views, for he stopped the lectures and deprived us of our "treat."

"I felt certain," said Madame de Pierreclos, "that our rulers would cut off my ambrosia. Baked apples are what those people like best."

Madame d'Agoult received sad news from a friend in Turin. Cavour was at the point of death; the Italian doctors were killing him. They were barbers, and had bled him fourteen times. Alas! they bled him three times more, and he died.

"His death is a great and irreparable disaster,"

said Madame d'Agoult, when the news of it reached us. "Of course, the Italian harvests will be gathered in, for they are ripe, but no one will reap and preserve their fruit with his cleverness and foresight."

"And, just see," added Madame d'Agoult as a sequel to this conversation, about a month later, "France recognises the Kingdom of Italy too quickly, and without guarantees; the negotiations with Cavour would have been made on a different footing."

At one of Daniel Stern's evening receptions every one was talking of the evacuation of Syria by the French troops, but none of the anti-Clericals—not even Peyrat—cast blame on the expedition. Both Littré—who openly expressed his mind—and Carnot were of opinion that France could not admit any forfeiture of her traditions in the East. We all approved Dupont-White, without one dissenting voice, who said that "where influence was traditional, politics should be left out."

"Go and persuade the Syrians," he said, jokingly, "of the importance of Monsieur Dupont-White's books on Centralization, and the State. They will think you are talking Chinese to them. Any Government that feels the importance of our

protecting Christians in the East is entitled to our support," continued Dupont-White, "and it would seem that the present solution of control by the Powers was the best of all for the prevention of the renewal of periodical massacres."

Just then Renan came in and Dupont-White called out to him:

"I say, Renan, you have been twice to Syria; do you consider the present decision a good one?"

"A very good one. It will certainly stop the massacres."

"Were you sent there to stir up religious fanaticism?" asked Dupont-White, laughingly. "I know that your second mission was obtained for you by Prince Napoleon, so I fancy that you went there rather to join hands with the infidels. Both you and your Prince are two of the finest specimens of unbelievers in the world."

"But Prince Napoleon is a Deist," answered Renan.

"All the better; I am glad of it; and you?"

"I?" . . . he hesitated.

"You, Renan," said Tribert, "you are a seeker of divine . . . literary inspirations!"

"I often say, 'My God!'" returned Renan. "But between that and opening my eyes to believe——"

"Oh, dreadful sceptic! The answer is worthy of you," Dupont-White added.

"And the astonishment worthy of you, Dupont-White, the Catholic."

"Excuse me, the Christian!"

Littré, who had seemed to be musing, said, smiling kindly:

"I cannot fancy Renan preaching a crusade in Syria or anywhere else."

"There is no danger of it," concluded Tribert, who never lost an opportunity of introducing a popular saying.

What a friend I had in de Ronchaud! He was constantly sending Madame d'Agoult to invite me here or there, to that or this. His friendship was continuous, unchanging, sure. He had just finished his fine work, Phidias, La Vie et Les Œuvres, and he brought it to me.

"Ronchaud, I shall not only read your Phidias, I shall devour it! Setting aside the passionate interest I take in the Master of Masters, think what pleasure I shall have in discovering new views about him, knowing, as I do, the respect and affection that has guided their search. I must tell you, Ronchaud, of a dream I had about Phidias. I was talking to a priest of Eleusis, whom my imagination had conjured up, and who had come to life

at my call, and I asked him if he thought that Zeus had taken interest in the work of the immortal Phidias. 'Never doubt it,' he replied. 'But now, being risen to life again,' said the priest, 'I see in times to come Phidias preparing, unawares, other gods than ours. In giving to man a perfect and divine form, he has tempted a God to become human. Plato, in his turn, will so spiritualize man's mind that it will suggest to a God to incarnate himself in man. Shall I ever be able to rest again after such strange visions?' added the priest of Eleusis, and disappeared."

"The idea of Phidias preparing the way for Jesus is a beautiful one," said de Ronchaud. "I am going now at once to repeat it to Saint-Victor, who is often unhappy at not being able to reconcile his Catholicism with his passion for Greece."

We were only four persons at Madame d'Agoult's one evening. I had gone to bid her good-bye. She was leaving with de Ronchaud for Lucipin-par-Claude, and I was returning to Chauny. Édouard Grenier was praising Phidias in most eulogistic terms. He declared he had made Monsieur de Lamartine listen while he described the book, and as everybody knew that Monsieur de Lamartine never listened to anything, it was therefore Grenier's greatest success, to which

any future successes he might have would be nothing in comparison.

Grenier had two passions: the first was Monsieur de Lamartine; the second, Madame d'Agoult. De Ronchaud said: "I feel the same, only I begin by adoring Madame d'Agoult, and then Monsieur de Lamartine after."

I had written to Ménard to say good-bye and he came to see me, and I was delighted to hear him praise Phidias also.

"It is a fine, a very fine book," he repeated; "and, *à propos* of renown," Ménard added, "I fancy that Mireille will receive a prize from the Academy. Several of the 'Immortals' are thinking of giving it. The Academy will honour itself in honouring this work, which is an offspring of Greece. It is time that France should acquire renown through her provinces."

"How extraordinary, Ménard! You talk like Littré, who regrets that the small French provinces which elaborated the grandeur of France should not have received their part in her greatness."

CHAPTER XV

MY HEALTH FAILS

I COULD work well nowhere but at Chauny. Paris absorbed me and used me up, in a few weeks, more than would a year in my quiet province. I felt in my heart I could never live continuously in Paris.

I began to work, and soon had written three short stories of my Récits d'une Paysanne. My father thought that these tales showed great progress over my preceding books. This gave me fresh courage. I sent one of my stories to Madame d'Agoult, who kept it, and wrote me that on her return from Lucipin she would give it to John Lemoine, who, she remembered, had spoken very kindly of Mon Village, and who, she thought, would certainly accept it for the Débats. My dear friend added:

"We have also La Presse, Le Temps, Le Siècle, the Revue Germanique, and the Revue Nationale, where our friend, Arthur Arnould, is sure to ask for a story. When once you have these published, the others will soon follow suit. Hetzel, moreover,

can undertake to propose them, if by chance they should not ask you for them."

I found time, at last, to read La Décadence de la Monarchie Française, by Pelletan.

My father enjoyed it fully. Fancy! Louis XIV and Louis XV considered as "factors" of the Great Revolution! This had been my father's opinion ever since I had known him. The principle, "God alone is great!" was changed by Pelletan to "The people alone is great!" Nothing that I could write on the Décadence de la Monarchie Française would ever describe the state of my father's feelings. I began this letter to Pelletan:

"My dear Friend: I pass my pen on to my father. He will tell you far better than I can, who am less radical than he, how much his sympathy for you has increased since his discovery that you both think alike on every point. He never imagined that his innermost thoughts could be put into such magnificent language."

Madame d'Agoult, who had just returned from Lucipin, wrote me that she was longing to see her young friend, and she invited me at once to go with her, at the end of October, to see Alceste at the Opéra. Doctor Cabarrus was also to be asked, in case I should faint away. Ronchaud had

told her of all the emotion we had felt when we heard Orphée, and of my having fainted.

"I owe it you, dear child, to take you to hear Alceste," said Madame d'Agoult, "so that you shall no longer remember or reproach me with Orphée-aux-Enfers."

Was I really to hear Alceste sung by Madame Viardot? Being at the world's end would alone have prevented me from going. I determined to spend but a week in Paris, as I wished to finish my Récits d'une Paysanne, so that, as Hetzel desired, they might be published in the papers and reviews in the early part of the year.

One happy evening accordingly found me at the Opéra, in a box close to the entrance to the stalls. All the men, as they passed, bowed to Madame d'Agoult. Jules Simon, Challemel-Lacour, and Edmond Adam sat near to us. Madame d'Agoult pointed out Chenavard to me, whom I had never seen. Berlioz also was there. Madame Viardot called him "her adviser."

Was it Berlioz who had so wonderfully imbued Madame Viardot's soul with the character of a love over which fatalism predominated, and which still imagined that struggle was possible? What incomparable artists were Glück and Madame Viardot to add to my intense admiration of Euripides!

JULES SIMON.

From an engraving by L. Le Main.

The tragic grandeur of Alceste's feelings touched me to such a degree that my tears flowed.

As the curtain fell Chenavard asked Madame d'Agoult, in scarcely audible tones, and before me, who was the young person who wept at Alceste.

"A pagan," replied Madame d'Agoult.

Chenavard was a philosophic artist. "The painter of thoughts," as he was called, who had summarized in forty celebrated cartoons, "the history of man from his first sorrows to the French Revolution." In 1848 Ledru-Rollin commissioned him to decorate the Pantheon with his forty cartoons. He began to paint them, and although the rather sectarian spirit of his conceptions might admit of discussion, no one could contest their artistic value.

The Second of December wrested the artist from his work without so much as allowing him to finish any of the pictures he had begun.

All the artists took his part, and the "Chenavard question" was debated in every studio and *café*. He did his utmost trying to defend it. He received a First Medal for his cartoons, which were exhibited in 1855.

Chenavard asked me to go and see his cartoons. I went the next day, and, in spite of my dislike for universality, I was delighted.

Alceste had but little success with the subscribers at the Opéra, which was another source of chagrin to Berlioz. He came to shake hands with Madame d'Agoult and myself, and both he and I talked in raptures of Alceste. My eyes were still full of tears. "The music that moves you to tears makes others yawn," he said, with a sweeping gesture that took in the whole audience.

Jules Simon came into our box, sat down and chatted with Madame d'Agoult about various things, while Berlioz stood outside and talked to me of Puccini and Glück. Puccini, he thought, had power to move sensitive souls, while Glück seized, took possession of, and racked the stronger ones with pain.

Jules Simon was enumerating his grievances against the Empire; the war with China was over, but he felt certain that a fresh one was about to begin in Mexico. On the other hand, the United States remained neutral, and Jules Simon sighed. We often, among ourselves, called him "the weeper."

He was a writer of great worth, and L'Histoire de l'École d'Alexandrie, his Platon et Aristote, are works which I highly esteem. I think he was a sincere Liberal, and the last book I read of his,

La Liberté de Conscience, I consider as an act of courage. Although Jules Simon—I cannot tell why —claimed a certain literary relationship with me, I never liked him, and we have never been intimate friends. His character did not inspire me with any confidence. At certain moments one could agree with him, for he was sometimes caught in his own trap. But which one of us would have pledged himself to follow him always, or be assured of being always followed by him?

I was talking one day of Jules Simon to Edmond Adam, and he related this incident to me: "In 1851 the theatres still reserved our places for us, as being contributors to the Nationale, and one evening I found myself next to Jules Simon at the Théâtre Français. He had resigned his position of professor, as I had resigned mine of State Councillor. I had contracted 20,000 francs of debts at the Paris City Hall, where we received no salary, and all I possessed was 300 francs. On leaving the theatre Jules Simon and I walked home by the Boulevards. We complained together of the hard times, and he excited my pity to such a degree by his descriptions of his home, his wife and children, that I offered him the half of what I possessed. Now, I heard from a friend of his, whom I accidentally met on leaving him, that he

had at the very least ten thousand francs a year by his wife, which sum, in those days, was thought to be ample means."

Madame d'Agoult kept Jules Simon in the box, and no sooner had the curtain fallen than he began disparaging Paradol, and said "that were the Press free he would be found to have no talent whatever. Oh! how much he preferred Eugène Forcade. There was a man whose prose did not beat around the bush; he attacked subjects at once."

Jules Simon could not make out how a warning had been given to La Revue des Deux Mondes. The warning was eminently severe. Forcade was accused of endeavouring by the most mendacious accusations to spread alarm in the land. And Jules Simon, having demolished Paradol to Forcade's advantage, said that he thought the latter had, perhaps, "misunderstood the information, and at times was really a little out of his mind." Jules Simon was, in truth, kind-hearted.

Girardin, just then, came in for a moment to speak to us. He had learned what had brought the King of Prussia to Compeigne. There was complete accord about the unity of Italy. Prussia, too, was working for the unity of Germany, and would therefore aid the unity of Italy, and the

system of compensation which had already given us Nice and Savoy was very likely to spread.

Girardin found this line of politics remarkable, that in acquiescing to the Italian current of opinion they should create a corresponding German one.

Jean Macé, the author of La Bouchée de Pain, was greatly in favour of an alliance between France and Germany, the Germans being so good and so fond of us!

I recalled Hetzel's words and About's prophecy, and I said to Monsieur de Girardin that Hetzel and About—one coming from Alsatia and the other from Lorraine—perhaps knew the Germans better than he and Macé, who were both Parisians.

Laurent Pichat came to speak to us. Was the Princess there, too? Should we imitate our friend Jules Simon and become censorious also? But the author of Sybille had no enemies; all that he could have feared would have been a little gossip. He had a large heart and a superior mind. His Chroniques Rimées were written ten years before the first volume of La Légende des Siècles, and are not unworthy of being compared to them. He founded La Revue de Paris, and the sacrifices he made for it have ranked him with the great

Mecænas. His kindness was proverbial. His greatest luxury was to give.

Edmond Adam and Challemel-Lacour took us after the opera to Tortoni's for ices.

I returned to Chauny, after having spoken to Madame d'Agoult concerning my short stories, and she busied herself about them. Challemel, who was General Secretary of La Revue Germanique, took one, and the Débats accepted another she had proposed to them. Arthur Arnould asked for two. I was to bring them completely finished when I returned to Paris in December. Thank Heaven, my dear friend was not going to leave Paris that year!

I had been only a short time at Chauny when, in the first fortnight of November, Monsieur Fould's nomination to the Ministry of Finances gave rise to reports which greatly stirred public feeling. The financial situation was considered very critical.

On the 24th of November the Moniteur came out with a leader, which was a Memoir addressed to Napoleon III by Monsieur Fould. He disclosed the financial situation, which until then had been kept from public knowledge. A catastrophe seemed imminent, unless preventive measures were at once taken. The time for dissimulation and

untruth was over. The national debt was over a thousand million francs. All the letters I received were full of these facts. The Opposition had unceasingly cried danger, but had had no proofs to show; now the figures stood out plain.

Pelletan wrote me that "the man of the Second of December" had been obliged to restore to the Legislative Assembly its right of controlling expenses, and related to me the famous scene between Fould and de Persigny, when the first cried out to the latter: "We have had enough of bric-à-brac politics!" and railed at the Minister whose sole aim was to restore the old Napoleonic Empire. The return of Monsieur Fould to the Ministry was hailed with joy by the financiers. It meant defeat to the Conservatives. Napoleon III placed the matter in the hands of the man who had pointed out the danger.

Pelletan was condemned to three months' imprisonment for an article that appeared in the Courrier du Dimanche—Liberty as it is Exercised in Austria. As soon as he was under lock and key we all wished to fly to see him. I came at once to Paris to pass forty-eight hours, in order to make him a visit at Sainte-Pélagie. I asked for permission and obtained it.

Madame d'Agoult gave me her Histoire de la

Révolution de 1848, which she begged me to present to Blanqui, who was a prisoner in the same pavilion as Pelletan.

Ronchaud accompanied me. Sainte-Pélagie is a gloomy place. It was the first time that I had ever been in a prison. I heard some one screaming lamentably, and Pelletan told me it was a prisoner who had gone mad in his cell.

Scheurer-Kestner was to arrive in a few days. He was then undergoing imprisonment for a month elsewhere. His crime had been that he had circulated the publication of Le Léon du Quartier Latin.

Il veut manger du Bonaparte
Le Léon du Quartier Latin.

And, moreover, Scheurer-Kestner was a Republican; he had opened a subscription in Alsatia to found a journal for Vermorel, Le Mouvement et le Travail. The "Black Cabinet" opened one of Scheurer-Kestner's letters in which he had sent Vermorel eight hundred francs and had written: "Strong men like yourself are destined to break idols and to re-establish the worship of the true God." The penalty of these little indiscretions was three months' imprisonment.

Prisoners received their friends in the "Politician's Pavilion." Monsieur de Montalembert had

called the day before, and the Comte d'Haussonville on the morning when I was there. Was a Liberal union in course of formation, or was it only the friendly visiting of writers on the Courrier du Dimanche?

I told de Ronchaud to wait for me, and asked Pelletan to take me to see Blanqui. I intended to present him, first, with Mon Village. I felt some emotion, for I looked upon Blanqui as a martyr to Republican faith, but a martyr who did not hesitate to give his enemies blow for blow.

I did not know whether I was going to see an embittered man giving utterance to curses, or the hypocrite who had played, in a satanical way, the rôle of a persecuted victim, in order the better to betray the opinions he had pretended to defend, and the men, his brothers, who had confided in him. I entered his room, which was large, damp, and cold, with a barred window high up on the wall. Blanqui was in bed, at the foot of which were his *sabots*. He fixed his eyes, burning with fever and intensely black, on me. I could scarcely support his gaze. His thin face, his dolorous physiognomy, pained me, for I had never seen before such an expression of hopelessness and of suffering engraved on any human face. You could guess the bitter lines of his mouth under his white beard.

The effects of solitude, of his imprisonments at Fontevrault, Mont Saint-Michel, and Doullens were written on his pallid brow, that had so seldom been caressed by sunlight. A troop of sparrows flew about the room.

"Here," said Pelletan, "is Madame Juliette Lamber, a Republican writer, who has come to give you her last book. You, who are a Southern man, will find the poetry of the North in it, and perhaps it will interest you for an hour or two."

"Unless—and I have only just thought of it"—I added, "it may be cruel to bring a prisoner the perfume of the open fields."

Blanqui took the book from my hands and placed it on his bed.

"And then," I continued, "I am commissioned by Daniel Stern——"

"Daniel Stern!" His eyes gleamed like fire.

"To present you with her Histoire de la Révolution de 1848."

"Has she dared to do it?"

I handed him the volumes, which he let fall from his hands on to the bed.

"Who has authorized her to insult me in my prison?" he cried angrily.

"Blanqui, be calm, be calm," repeated Pelletan. "I can assure you that——"

Blanqui seized the volumes and threw them with all his might at my feet.

I picked them up slowly and laid them one above the other in my left hand. Then fixing my eyes on his, I approached the bed calmly and took up Mon Village, and when I was very near to him said:

"You are not a Frenchman."

Monsieur Thiers described Blanqui as "the cleverest man and the greatest scoundrel one could meet." No! That man, with that face, could never be a scoundrel. He was a rebel, and he had every right to be one, and he was an extremely proud man who could not master his wrath.

When I related the scene to Madame d'Agoult, she was at first most indignant, and then calmed down and said:

"He would not have done that if he had read my book."

This little trip in the severe winter did me much harm. I caught an exceedingly bad cold and passed my New Year's day in a miserable manner, in spite of my delight at being with my father and daughter.

I worked with difficulty at that time. I was not ill, but had an annoying cough that no medicine would calm, and I felt so languid I had courage for nothing. I spit a little blood, but I did not

tell my father of it for fear of frightening him. But I determined that when I should feel a little stronger I would go and see my dear Doctor Cabarrus.

My cousin, Madame Vilbort, wrote me that she thought the French were really idiots! She was in despair. They had hissed Wagner, but that might be excused, for he was a foreigner, and explained on the ground of Parisian incomprehensibility. But had they not also prevented About's play from being given at the Odéon—About, who was the quintessence of Boulevard wit and originality? "Now Gaétana was simply perfect," wrote Madame Vilbort; "witty, clever, and fantastic, and combined at once drama, tragedy, and comedy, with a little tinge of scepticism and of the unexpected; in a word, all that in which Paris delights. But people had hooted and would listen to nothing. The young Clericals had hissed the anti-Clericalism of the Palais-Royal in the person of Prince Napoleon's friend, and the enemy of temporal power in About himself; and, on the other side, the young Republicans had hissed the editor of the Moniteur, the friend of the promoter of a Liberal Empire."

The war with Mexico excited public opinion to the most intense degree. The landing of the

French troops at Vera Cruz set all manner of wild stories afloat regarding dishonest financial arrangements, which this expedition secretly favoured. My friends wrote me so many different versions about it that my series of various opinions was complete.

I felt myself growing constantly worse. I had a fever every night, and the blood-spitting increased. How should I ever have the courage to pain my father by telling him how I felt? I concluded that I must, indeed, be very ill.

I could think of nothing better to do than to write to my old friend Arlés-Dufour, who was ever ready to prove himself the "best of fathers." I begged him to write me as quickly as possible a pressing letter which I could show to my family, calling me to Paris *à propos* of my separation from my husband. I asked him to name a day when it might be feasible for him to come to Paris, to meet me at the station, and to take me to see Cabarrus, so that I might know whether my illness was a serious one or not, and I added:

"Father, I fear I am dangerously ill."

I received by return mail from my fatherly and devoted friend a favourable answer to all I had asked.

I needed great courage not to betray my emo-

tion when I bade my father and daughter good-bye. In what state of mind should I be on my return if Cabarrus told me the truth, and supposing there was some hopeless truth to tell?

I started, and had great difficulty in the icy-cold station to hide from my father my handkerchief stained with blood. My daughter saw it, and was about to speak, when I made her a sign which the poor little thing understood, and with tears in her eyes kept silence. As I got into the railway-carriage I whispered in her ear:

"I am going to Paris to try to get well." The train had scarcely started when I was choked with blood and had a real hæmorrhage. I should have stopped at Noyon and gone back to my father, but I felt I was more and more in danger, and I said to myself that I would find a cool-headed doctor at Paris, whereas at Chauny my father would be out of his senses, my mother's lamentations would add to my nervousness, and that I would be too unhappy at seeing my little Alice suffer, as she always suffered when any of us was ill.

I found at the station my second "father," who was very anxious when he saw me look so ill. He had already given notice to Cabarrus of our coming visit, and he received us at once.

"My poor friend," he said, "go home at once,

lie down, do not talk, and I will come and examine you more thoroughly. Where are you staying?"

I gave him my address in the Boulevard Poissonière.

"That is fortunate," he replied. "It is central, and will make everything easy."

"Everything? What?"

"Your instant departure for the South."

"But——"

"There must be no 'buts,'" said my "second father." "You must do what Cabarrus orders."

"Dear Doctor, I want to know if I am dangerously ill? Tell me the truth, I beg of you!"

"Do I look as though I had given up hope of curing you? You are ill; you must take care of yourself, and, above all, stop talking."

My old friend took me to an hotel, left a maid to take care of me, and went off to seek help from my friends.

He went to Madame Vilbort, who lived near to me, and then to the Siècle for Louis Jourdan, and to the Comptoir d'Escompte for Edmond Adam.

Madame Vilbort came and would not leave me. Jourdan promised to write a pressing letter to Monsieur and Madame Jean Reynaud, who were at Cannes, and to procure two letters from Renou-

vier and from Pelletan. Arlès-Dufour commissioned Edmond Adam to see Monsieur Thiers, and to get a letter from him recommending me to the care of his old college friend, Doctor Maure of Grasse, the most influential and the highest medical authority on the Riviera. Adam was to inform Madame d'Agoult of my departure, so that she might come to bid me good-bye. My dear fatherly Arlès-Dufour saw Enfantin and asked him for a railway compartment where I might be made comfortable for the journey. Enfantin was the President of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway Company.

After a while Arlès-Dufour returned and told me what he had done, and that he should only write to my father the next morning, so that my family might do nothing to hinder my departure. I had no longer any will left for myself, and was only too thankful just to cast myself on the care of the kindest of "fathers."

No one who had not seen Arlès-Dufour planning a proselyting campaign, an act of charity, or the rescue of some unfortunate person, could have an idea of how much can be thought of in a few hours and the advantage one can take of what is under one's hand.

Thiers gave the letter to Doctor Maure without delay.

"That is good," said Arlès-Dufour, who, however, detested "the little protectionist man." "I knew that he liked you very much, Adam, and that is why I selected you as emissary."

"Might I ask, my dear Arlès, who is to accompany Madame Juliette Lamber to Cannes?" said Edmond Adam.

"I, and you also, if you choose."

"I am quite willing. When do you start?"

"To-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and between now and then you must find us a nice maid."

"I will give you my cook, who has been a maid, and for whom I can vouchsafe."

"Then, in that case, we are quite ready. Nothing more is wanting."

Cabarrus then came, bringing me some medicine.

I was again choked with blood. . . .

Madame d'Agoult and de Ronchaud came in, but only stayed a moment, for Cabarrus, seeing how agitated I was, sent them away.

Jourdan brought me his letter and one from Renouvier for Jean Reynaud, and Pelletan sent his the same evening from the prison of Sainte-Pélagie.

Cabarrus's medicine put me to sleep, and I scarcely remembered anything that happened until I found myself comfortably installed in the rail-

way-carriage, where the "father" and Edmond Adam, whom I had at first so disliked, and who had afterward grown so dear to me, were taking care of me with such kindness and devotion that I wanted to thank them every minute, but I was not allowed to speak.

It was snowing hard. At Lyons Madame Arlès-Dufour, to whom her husband had announced my arrival, came to kiss me, and called me "her daughter," and said she hoped on my return to see me at Oullins. I burst into tears, and Arlés-Dufour hurried her out of the railway-carriage.

We soon arrived at Toulon, and I could look at the sea from the hotel where we stopped. The sun came pouring in through the open windows, and outside all was blue. I had always fancied that "azured Greece" must look like this. I took long breaths, in order to inhale this blue ether. It seemed to me that it would ease my chest and stop the flow of blood, of which my mouth was always full. I thought that I already felt the good effects of this pure air, and I wrote in a pretty little note-book given to me by Cabarrus my impressions of the instantaneous benefit I was deriving from this medical treatment, which caused a laugh among my friends.

It took two days to go by carriage to Cannes, as

the railway did not then go farther than Toulon. The next year it was built as far as Arcs.

We arrived at our destination in the evening, and the next morning Doctor Maure, Monsieur and Madame Jean Reynaud, to whom "the father" had written from Toulon, came to see me and "to take possession of my person," as Arlès-Dufour said, for both he and Adam were obliged to leave the same evening.

My friends had no sooner left me than I had a fierce battle to fight with Doctor Maure, who wished to send me to Cannes.

"I won't go where Rachel died. It would make me feel as though I were going to die too. I want to see the ocean and to breathe the salt air; that alone can save me."

I wrote this in my note-book for Doctor Maure to read.

"The sea will kill you," he replied, angrily.

Oh! if only I could talk, I could easily convince my new friends that they are wrong in decreeing that I must go to Cannes. My written words are too cold to convince them.

It began to rain, and the sea that had looked so blue at Toulon was now covered with mist. I sent out my nice maid from Bordeaux to look for a small furnished apartment.

She was the only person who thought I was right. She soon returned, having found one.

"You will be able to look at the sea and the islands."

"Go quickly and set the little place in order."

She spent the afternoon cleaning it, and that same evening, after Doctor Maure had left, saying that he would "carry me off" to Cannes the next morning, I left the hotel and took up my abode in the apartment.

During the afternoon I had posted a letter to Doctor Maure at Grasse, and another to Monsieur and Madame Reynaud. The next morning they would all know my new address. It was a "coup d'état."

The two rooms and the drawing-room of my small apartment faced due south, and were as full of sunshine as the rooms at Toulon. There was no more mist on the sea and the sky was ethereally blue. My new friends did not appear, but wrote me severe letters. The next day Jean Reynaud came to see me and found me sitting by the open window drinking in the sea air.

He asked me if I wished to commit suicide, and if my life were so distasteful to me that I wanted to leave it?

I answered him by writing on my little note-book:

"No, I want to live for my dear ones and for my friends, gifts from the gods, whom I worship and love."

He shrugged his shoulders sadly, and left me without a word of farewell.

During the following week I received disapproving letters from Cabarrus, Arlès-Dufour, Edmond Adam, and Madame d'Agoult. Neither Doctor Maure nor Monsieur and Madame Reynaud had sent to inquire about me. They were waiting, as Doctor Maure wrote me, "for me to repent and send for them."

The weather was splendid. I spent all my days, during the hours of sunshine, lying on the sand by the seashore. At first I felt more intense burning in my throat and chest, but by degrees my lips were less suffused with blood and my fever diminished.

I wrote this to Doctor Maure, who came in one morning like a whirlwind.

"Well, Doctor, I feel better. I have had no more blood-spitting since yesterday morning."

"Is it possible?"

"I assure you it is, and you see I can talk with impunity."

"It is most extraordinary."

"No, the sea has cauterized me."

"That just expresses it. Put on your hat; my carriage is below; I am going to breakfast with Jean Reynaud, and I will take you with me."

"But——"

"No more 'buts' or I shall lose my temper."

We accordingly drove to the Reynauds, where we found Lord Brougham. The surprise produced by my entrance can be imagined. Doctor Maure told them what I had done and the miraculous benefit I had derived from my own way of curing myself.

"Oh!" said Lord Brougham; "it does not astonish me. There is an English physician who has begun to treat patients suffering from chest diseases by sending them to make sea voyages."

I had really thought I was condemned to die, and I now felt myself returning to life and health as though in a dream.

What I had always been seeking for since my childhood was reality, and my impotent imagination had never been able to find it. But now I saw this light, this country, these flowers, and they all sang in my heart a Homeric psalm. There it was, in very truth, that sea, which does not eat or wear away the earth, but which only sobs gently as it incessantly recedes from it. Was I not in Greece?

I had never realized what Madame d'Agoult had

often described to me, nor what Homer had sung about it. At last I really *saw* it!

Phœbus Apollo, radiant and dazzling, rose and set in the ocean like a god. One day I fancied I could see through the floods of light that streamed from his locks, the golden wheels of his chariot, and the shining nostrils of his horses that scent and devour space.

In answer to my father's long letters I had only written short notes. Neither Cabarrus nor Arlès-Dufour nor Madame d'Agoult had said anything to make him anxious. As soon as I was better I set his mind quite at rest about myself, and told him at great length of my Grecian impressions.

I sent Aunt Sophie descriptive Virgilian landscapes. My little Alice sent me word through my father that she wished "to see with Mama the bright sun and the trees ladened with oranges." I replied that I promised to bring her with me next winter.

My correspondence was voluminous, but I never wearied relating the surprises which this lovely azure shore gave me, and the ecstasy with which it inspired me.

I finished my Récits d'une Paysanne, the short stories which had all been taken, thanks to my devoted friend, Madame d'Agoult; and, while Het-

zel was having them printed, I began another volume, compiled from what I saw daily around me: Mon Voyage Autour du Grand Pin.

I was a happy woman, for soon I had a third father, "my Cannes papa," Jean Reynaud, who, in writing to Arlès-Dufour and to my father, had assumed this title himself.

All things spoke to me of my gods, and I talked constantly of them, to the great scandal of the author of La Terre et Ciel and of Madame Reynaud, who was very religious, and who was shocked at my paganism. But both my friends were kind, noble, and possessed essentially elevated minds. They tried to snatch me from the errors of materiality and to sow in my mind the good seed of spirituality, which was to bring forth fruit in after years.

While Jean Reynaud, on the terrace of his villa at La Bocca, talked to me of Heaven, and, as I expressed it, "put on his wings," Madame Reynaud, who was one of Chopin's most distinguished pupils, sat near the opened window and, accompanied by the far-off murmur of the sea, played Beethoven's sonatas, works of the master her beloved philosopher preferred above all others.

The perfume of the roses, the violets, and the

early orange-blossoms intoxicated me, and I no longer wondered at belief in a Hereafter, when life on this Mediterranean shore was so luminous, compared to gloomy Chauny and foggy Paris.

"I recognise in every one," Jean Reynaud said to me, "the right of absolute sovereignty over his own mind. To believe what one wishes to believe is a primal rule on condition that man's conscience prompts him to ameliorate, edify, regenerate, and elevate religiously that in which he believes. There is too much poetry and not enough divine elevation in your pagan religion," he added.

The profoundly grateful letters my father had written to Monsieur and Madame Reynaud had touched their hearts, and they really felt something more than simple friendship for me. Having no children of their own, they adopted me.

Although Jean Reynaud had separated from Enfantin before the establishment of the School at Menilmontant, he had been condemned to prison in the lawsuit brought against the Saint-Simonians for outrage to public morality, for the simple reason that without his knowledge his name had appeared in a joint letter of the defenders of Enfantin and of his forty sons. He founded, together with Pierre Leroux, the Encyclopédie Nouvelle, and it was the articles he had written in the Ency-

clopédie, which he had compiled in book form under the title of Terre et Ciel, that were condemned by the Council of Perigueux. Jean Reynaud was elected Deputy for the Department of Moselle, and was afterward made Under-Secretary of Public Instruction under Carnot. In 1849 he became Councillor of State, which post he resigned after the Second of December. According to his annual custom, Henri Martin came to spend a few days at the Villa of La Bocca, and it was a veritable treat to hear him talk of ancient Gaul with Jean Reynaud, who was a true son of Gaul himself, fond of daring adventure, always ready to brave death, and feeling only attraction for it, because, according to his serene belief, death was only a halting-place in the soul's journey through the infinite.

The founder and editor of Le Magasin Pittaresque, Edouard Charton, lived near Cannes, at Cannet, for which I had had such dread. He also often came to the Villa of La Bocca. He was a friend and like a brother to Jean Reynaud, for both of them had been early imbued with the same ideal Saint-Simonian doctrine and with Republicanism.

The friendship of these two exceptionally high-toned men was a moral tonic to all those who came under its influence. Jean Reynaud said, in speak-

ing of Charton: "He has always done good and never done evil." And Charton said of Jean Reynaud: "I can never follow his soul, it soars too high."

After Henri Martin had left, Legouvé arrived. What a contrast there was between these two men, who could be, however, compared in an identical general way! Both were loyal and patriotic, and their aspirations, their thoughts, their feelings, their conception of honour, were essentially those of true Frenchmen. Henri Martin was, like Legouvé, the stanchest of friends, and always ready to prove his friendship. Apart from this, Henri Martin and Legouvé were entirely dissimilar. The first looked like an untidy countryman, awkward, ungainly, and large-featured. The only attraction about him was his simplicity, his good-nature, and the confidence he inspired in others by the sincerity in his physiognomy. Legouvé was comely; his features were refined; his manners were perfect; he fully realized the idea of what was called later, "a man of select society." Democracy needs to ripen and does not produce its aristocracy until after a long time. Morality is the fruit that we should especially cultivate. No man leaving an inferior sphere of life to enter into a higher one, can become thoroughly refined in a day, even should he seem

to be such. He may be able to catch the tone, but he fails in acquiring ease of manner. Several generations of distinguished men had contributed to making Legouvé what he was.

Jean Reynaud often said that "if all the French *bourgeois* were like Legouvé—thoroughly good-mannered, liberal, generous, well-balanced in their minds, and brave men—then, truly, they would have reaped that appanage which they had wrested from the nobility, and which the Revolution had legalized. Legouvé," continued Reynaud, "is a man superior in morality to any one I know, even to Charton. He is a transcendental *moral genius*."

Legouvé was a rare writer and a remarkable conversationalist. Distinction and dignified kindliness were the most striking qualities in his character. An inexplicable charm, mixed with a slight degree of feminality, seemed also to dominate in him. But, on the contrary, his charm of manner sprang from his studied benevolence, from his sure discrimination of things, from his faithfulness in friendship and from the surety of his opinions; and this combination of qualities made him gentle and at peace with himself, courteous to others, and calmly cheerful in his own life. No one could know Legouvé without respecting him and loving him profoundly. He was truth personified.

Madame Jean Reynaud and I were very curious to know about Madame Ristori, and when we questioned Legouvé concerning her, he spoke with the highest admiration of her talent and with the greatest respect for her character.

Two of Legouvé's colleagues of the Academy were at Cannes—Prosper Mérimée and Victor Cousin—whom Jean Reynaud did not see on account of his Republican opinions. Legouvé liked them both, although he thought the one too cold, too reserved and selfish, and the other too verbose. But at this he only hinted.

Jean Reynaud often teased Legouvé about his "excessively juvenile" appearance. He was so slight and active, and he was so coquettishly dignified!

It was at Senneport, Legouvé's country-seat, where Jean Reynaud always spent a few weeks every year, that he met his wife, who lived near Legouvé and was a young and mystical widow, determined never to marry again. Jean Reynaud and she were both living in dreamland when they met.

No one whom I ever knew understood to a higher degree what a wife's duty should be than Madame Reynaud. I have heard sublime and touching things expressed by her. Jean Reynaud had given

up Saint-Simonian because it lessened family respectability, for domestic happiness and duty in conjugal relations were matters for which he professed the highest respect.

Vacherot sent me his book, which, although it had been published two years before, had just been seized by the police. As he was aware that Jean Reynaud had not read it, he begged me to give him, in his name, a copy of his Democratie. Vacherot professed in this book to care only for philosophy, but he wrote most competently in it both of politics and the social movement. Being excessively malevolent in character, Vacherot's writings were chiefly criticisms. Accordingly in La Democratie he divided his friends into classes, so that he might the more easily ill treat them all in turn. He catalogued some as Liberals and reproached these for not being Democrats, and others as Democrats whom he reproached for not being Liberals. His definition of the idea of a State was the following: "A State may centralize individual energy and set it to work, but never at any time should it use its own particular right in contradiction to individual right. The State should intervene to enforce respect for individual rights. This should be its first duty." How often have I listened to discussions on this subject between Dupont-White and

Vacherot. Their quarrels were sharp, but when over, each one would acknowledge to the other that they were both of one mind on the main point, and that the State, to which they allotted a large degree of power, was, in their opinion, a result and not a cause in itself, as Louis XIV had wished it to be when he said, "L'État, c'est moi."

One could understand that Vacherot overcame his bitterness of character with difficulty, for, in 1851, when he was head master at the École Normale, he was dismissed, the Abbé Gratry having found his books heretical and blasphemous. All his pupils went to bid him good-bye, and Taine made him an address in their collective name. Among Vacherot's former pupils were numbered the flower of French writers and thinkers. Émile Deschanel, Caro, Paul Janet, Gaston Boissier, Pasteur, Challemel-Lacour, Alfred Mézières, Assolant, Perraud (who later was made a cardinal), About, Sarcey, I. I. Weiss, Prévost-Paradol, Gréard, and many others noted in letters.

Jean Reynaud read La Democratie and wrote a charming letter to the author. Vacherot was under the impression that he owed something of this to me. He was very justly proud of his own merits as a writer.

I went one day to Grasse to breakfast at the

house of Doctor Maure with my friends, among whom were Charton and Garnier-Pagès, the latter then being at Cannet. Doctor Maure took me to see the wonderful Fragonards which the painter in vogue before the Revolution had hidden there in a room that was always kept shut. Fragonard painted Revolutionary emblems in the corridors to dispel the idea that there could be any charming little ladies depicted there to offend the strait-laced. After his fall Fragonard took shelter in this family mansion, where he consoled himself for his misfortunes by teaching his son painting.

When I visited the Fragonard dwelling it was still in the possession of two elderly maiden ladies distantly related to Doctor Maure. Every one had been, or was, anxious to purchase these pictures. I came myself several years later on behalf of my old friend Séchan to offer the ladies five hundred thousand francs for their four panels to be replaced by four pictures from the brush of four of the greatest living painters that they might care to choose.

The old ladies answered me thus:

"We have enough to live upon, and our only distraction is seeing the distinguished visitors who come to admire our pictures. We should no longer

be any one if we sold them, while now we are of some importance—'the ladies of the Fragonards.'"

I agreed with them in spite of my defeat.

CHAPTER XVI

I RETURN TO MY OLD FRIENDS

HETZEL and Bixio both write that they have interested Mérimée in me, and that I may expect his arrival at my house. What will Jean Reynaud say if he comes? Bixio is Mérimée's most intimate friend, and rumour says the latter's residuary legatee. "Bixio is indestructible," says Mérimée incessantly, so Hetzel told me several times. "Death had a fine opportunity to take him in 1848, but would not; he will outlive us all."

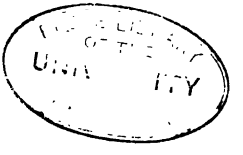
In spite of the opinion held by Hetzel and Bixio, I considered Mérimée a prig, cold, sarcastic, and sceptical; he was usually so described, and I was rather in awe of him.

We (Mérimée and I) lived at opposite ends of the Cours. He appeared three days after the announcement of his visit, and, without any preamble, said to me:

"You are a young person whom Hetzel and Bixio have already made me like. Old Maure, too, has greatly interested me in your stubbornness. I am thankful for your recovery. You have taken

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

From a lithograph by de Devéria.



it by storm. I only believe in the sea, in the sea," he added in caressing tones, and with a tender look. "I have read your Nouvelle Paysanne in the Débats. It is so good that it shows better may be done. I will teach the secrets of building to the foreman if he aspires to become an architect. I know you have perpetrated some Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes. I will not read those. They are not for women."

"Oh! with regard to women, we shall not agree. You are too hard upon them—unkind even."

"We have come to such words already! What will you say to me upon my twentieth visit? Also, it is better to settle matters at once. I have been hard upon women, when they were too good to me. To-day they are no longer at all good to me, and I am less . . . unkind. Let us speak frankly. Have I taken up a position pleasing to you?"

"Quite."

"We shall become friends?"

"We are already."

"Legouvé and Maure will be glad, but Jean Reynaud will not admit it."

"Oh, yes!"

"Oh, no!"

Nearly every evening I stayed and dined at the

Bocca, and was brought home, sometimes by Jean Reynaud, sometimes by one of his old friends, a neighbour, who goes off to his club at nine o'clock.

Madame Jean Reynaud was absorbed in her garden and scarcely ever went out. Jean Reynaud often came to fetch me in the afternoon; he was very fond of walking, and we rambled over the mountain. He liked to talk; I liked to listen. My Voyage Autour du Grand Pin was half evolved during these conversations.

Little by little he told me of his infancy and youth. I could to-day write his "memoirs," so plentiful are the notes I took of what he told me, and so much do I remember.

Here are a few of the souvenirs I gleaned:

When Jean Reynaud was at the Polytechnique, Charles X came one day to visit the school, accompanied by the Duc d'Angoulême, who questioned the pupils upon their calling. Jean Reynaud answered:

"I intend to go into the Artillery."

"Sire! Sire!" cried the Duke; "here is a young man who intends to go into the Artillery."

Jean Reynaud was already a Republican. The King came up and said to Reynaud:

"You will fire guns?"

"Yes," replied Jean, grimly, "I will not fail to, should opportunity arise."

They were informed that Jean Reynaud was a pupil of Merlin de Thionville.

The Duc d'Angoulême said to Gay-Lussac *à propos* of his balloon ascent:

"You ascended to a very great height, it seems, sir?"

"Yes, your Grace."

"And was it very hot?"

"No, your Grace, it was cold."

"Ah! was the sun large?"

"I did not reach high enough, your Grace, to be able, relatively to its distance, to perceive it."

"And were there many birds up there, sir?"

"I did not see a single one that day."

One of the professors, Monsieur Leroy, had not yet obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and desired to do so by impressing the King with his answers. Charles X questioned him upon some little astronomical models.

"How very remarkable!" said the King. "Are these made by the pupils? They are charming."

"Yes, Sire. They are to teach them the square of revolutions."

The courtiers turned away.

"Extremely pretty, sir."

"Sire, in the revolving motions of the stars . . ."

The King walked off.

At the time of the War of Independence in Greece Jean Reynaud was delegated by the "School" and saw for the first time Père Enfantin, who headed a subscription list. The "School" subscribed a handsome sum for guns. Père Enfantin was anxious to send out doctors.

"I will not pay a penny," said Jean Reynaud, and took the money back again.

I was especially anxious that Jean Reynaud should tell me about his split with Père Enfantin, but I dared not question him.

Nevertheless, I told him one day of the step taken in Père Enfantin's name by my future dearly loved "Father" Arlès-Dufour and Lambert-Bey, to give me a dinner and proclaim me "the woman legislator."

We were on the hill above his villa, climbing, I behind him, a fairly steep path. He turned sharply to me and said:

"Is it possible? Arlès dared to ask you that? I am surprised at nothing Lambert-Bey may do; he is a slave; but Arlès, brave and loyal, whom I deemed untouched by the unfortunate moral influence of Enfantin. I am stunned!"

"When it is a question of the principles of the School, Arlès-Dufour upholds them all, and is not the 'woman legislator' a principle?"

Jean Reynaud leaned against an olive-tree and made me sit down.

"Yes," he repeated, "it is a principle—one of Enfantin's own. Listen, my dear child; why should I not speak to you of those things, the greater portion of which will be published after my death, but respecting which I must warn you, so that you never fall into the clutches of Enfantin, that moral weakener, the worst I have ever met. I tell you that the most odious part of Enfantin's manœuvres to dominate the soul of his disciples was to destroy their conjugal happiness, to prove to them that all wives, even their own, were ripe for emancipation, for free-love. Many are the ruptures made by Enfantin's order which I have healed, and numerous are the scandals I have managed to avert. The so-called 'Père' sent to the wives men resolved to seduce them by every means, then to betray their secrets to Enfantin, who forced the luckless ones publicly to confess their faults.

"One of the most awful scenes, the most fearful tortures, I witnessed decided me to break with the School.

"One day Enfantin rose and said:

"'Providence has willed that I should be surrounded by none but deceived husbands.'

"Bazard rose in indignation. His wife was admirable, devoted, brave and proud. She was irreproachable. Very pale, he protested against the insult offered by Enfantin to *all* the husbands round him.

"Slowly Enfantin pronounced the words:

"'Even you——'

"Bazard uttered a despairing cry which wrung my heart; he fell back upon his seat; then suddenly, with wild eye and livid countenance, rose and, reeling like a drunken man, left the room. I followed to help him in this terrible trial.

"Like myself, Bazard revolted against the conceit and power of Enfantin. By means of ruses, snares, falsehoods, the relation of which would seem impossible to you, a seducer sent to Madame Bazard had imposed upon her, pursued her, assailed her in such manner, threatening those dear to her with vengeance, danger, even death, that, maddened, Madame Bazard yielded. In my presence the miserable woman made her confession. My heart still aches at the recollection.

"The day I left the 'School,'" Jean Reynaud went on after a long silence, "Enfantin accused several of his disciples of betraying him.

"I had stanchly espoused the defence of Madame Bazard, and denounced the infamy of which she was a victim. Upon me in particular, therefore, did Enfantin direct his accusations. The name Judas was on his lips, when, in a burst of arrogant eloquence he cried:

"'I feel I resemble Christ!'

"'With this difference,' I replied coldly and ironically, 'that Christ was upon the Cross and you are in a comfortable arm-chair.'

"Thereupon I left what I loudly declared to be a 'School' of moral mischief.

"I did not see Enfantin again until the Bourges' trial. That day, pursuing the same idea, he said:

"'Two thousand years ago a man teaching a new morality appeared before his judges.'

"A new morality," repeated Jean Reynaud; "the morality which stained the two purest beings in the world—Bazard and his wife.

"How could I become a member of a society both humanely religious and economic when I am a spiritualist and a dreamer?" Jean Reynaud asked me. I was unable to answer him, not having lived at the moment of the systems when one undertook to fight without paying sufficient attention to the choice of weapons and of leaders.

Doctor Maure dined with us that night. Jean Reynaud recurred, in spite of himself, to the past he had called up for my benefit.

Old Maure was an eclectic philosopher. He spoke of schools and philosophers with a detached ease which made him a delightful talker. He found some good in each school, having had friends in all of them; morality in all philosophies, having weighed them all. Witty, original, nothing was so diverting as a certain grimace prefacing one of his remarks, always unexpected, decisive, which cut short any conversation, so droll was it. He was much attached to Jean Reynaud and Mérimée, who detested each other cordially. Mérimée disbelieved everything which the author of Ciel et Terre believed. In revenge, he had faith in the benefits of the Empire, while Jean Reynaud accused Napoleon III of every possible crime.

Nevertheless, when I arrived in Cannes Jean Reynaud was not so irritated against the Imperial rule, because of the union of Nice to France.

"That is the only thing Mérimée has found fault with," said Doctor Maure to Jean Reynaud one day. "It is written that you shall never agree about anything."

I was most curious to know what Mérimée would say about the Empress, and I worried Doctor Maure

with questions. He, mischievous, pretended not to understand the drift of my remarks.

"Now, Doctor, does he think her intelligent?"

"He wishes her to be so."

"He wishes, he wishes; just so, to wish requires an effort; therefore, when questioned, he does not say simply, 'She is intelligent.'"

"He acquiesces, and adds, 'She has a wonderful memory.'"

"A substitute, Doctor?"

"How do you mean? A substitute?"

"A wonderful memory which makes up for intelligence."

"That is as you like. Mérimée not being there, it does not behoove me to oppose your opinion; but if I sum up impressions gathered here and there during my conversations with Mérimée, I believe the Empress to be alluring, enchanting, versatile, a woman to her very finger-tips, more complex and diverse than the man of Montaigne, and with all this, and, mark this well, absolutely faithful. Not in the least prodigal, as people say, but rather the contrary."

"Does Mérimée approve of her mode of procedure on certain occasions, the songs and worldly guidance she permits from Madame de Metternich?"

"My dear child, you are going to force me to divulge intimate confidences. The Empress loves her husband, and suffers intensely when he deserts her; she then seeks distraction at any cost, diversity of sensations which make her forget her conjugal sorrows for a moment—the theatre, games, songs, excursions into the country, she tries them all."

"And as a mother?"

"She is perfect. She brings up the Prince Imperial admirably; keeps away everything which might excite his vanity, wishing him to be well informed and not stuffed with learning. In short, she possesses, as we all do, qualities and defects. It seems to me, since reading some of her letters to Mérimée, that qualities predominate."

"Ah! but, Doctor, though a friend of Monsieur Thiers, though an old Liberal, though an Orleanist, it seems to me that Mérimée has made you like the Empress!"

"No, appreciate her."

The son of a painter, Mérimée was devoted to painting. Doctor Maure brought me one day a water-colour painted at Saint-Césaire, the property of the Doctor, which Mérimée had just solemnly presented to him. It *was* mediocre!

"My poor friend, you are now forced to behold Saint-Césaire unsightly!"

"No," he told me, with his grimace, "I will only turn this—er—landscape on the bad side painted by Mérimée when he does me the honour of being my guest, and for ordinary occasions I will paste a pretty picture on the back. Alas! why is not Mérimée able to paint as well as he writes and eats."

To be able to eat was a claim upon Doctor Maure's regard, and on that account he had a great contempt for Cousin.

"Would you believe," he told me, "that one day arriving in the middle of luncheon I heard him asking his governess for some more veal, and it was pheasant!!"

Upon the other side of Cannes Bay, opposite me, was a pine-wood, where Doctor Maure advised me to spend an hour every morning stretched upon the sand by the sea. There I could see Mérimée in the distance, followed by his old English friends in light dresses, one carrying a quiver and the other a large bag, both fastened to a strap over the shoulder. Mérimée carried a bow—like a god, Homer would have said. At a given moment one of the Englishwomen took out an arrow, Mérimée held the bow, the arrow whistled and struck a pine-cone, selected for its ripeness. One of the Englishwomen ran after the pine-cone, which she put in

her bag; the other picked up the arrow if it fell. There was a silent flutter of anxiety as the arrow shot from the bow, followed by joyful cries, exclamations, or rather acclamations, which ended only when Mérimée again stretched his bow and shot.

Hidden behind a juniper-tree, I could see everything without being seen.

One day I meet Mérimée and Lord Brougham. They bowed and stopped.

I complimented Mérimée upon his skill in pine-cone shooting. Lord Brougham looked at me with an eye full of mischief. I did not even smile. Mérimée was pleased with the grave manner in which I congratulated him.

"In Picardy," I added, "every man of spirit is a skilful archer, and I am a good judge of the sport. You are splendid. Yesterday you brought down five cones."

"William Tell is outdone," rejoined Lord Brougham; "but, do you not think, Madame, that my two countrywomen do not sufficiently resemble Psyche for this strapping Cupid?"

It was impossible to refrain from smiling.

"Moth!" said Mérimée, laughing.

Doctor Maure allowed me to worry him with questions about Mérimée.

There was one I had not yet ventured to ask. You may easily guess it concerned George Sand. I constantly hovered round it.

"You know, Doctor, Mérimée congratulated me upon one of my articles. I am positive he cannot bear women who write."

"You are mistaken. Moreover, among his faults there is one which in no way predominates—hypocrisy."

"He really admires writing women?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Who, for example?"

"Madame de Staël, George Sand."

"George Sand!"

"Yes; he admires her as much, even more, than I do."

"Come, now."

"I swear it; and it is for that very reason that——"

"That?"

"That their lot has been so sad. His interest in George Sand was aroused after reading Lélia. He saw Madame Sand possessed an heroic character similar to the one he himself posed as having. Mark that I say *posed*. He saw her the master (I repeat his very words), looking upon man as the latter looks upon woman in a light love intrigue—a love

which gives nothing of his inner self, taken up and cast aside day by day, unless the fancies of the senses are added to those of the mind.

"Mérimée dreamed of fascinating Lélia, of making her find in him that which he sought in her —something undiscovered, a defensive strength that could not be broken down, an unlimited disdain of the other, a challenge to penetrate that other, even in possessing it.

"The preliminary game lasted long between them. Mérimée affected an icy coldness, even in his declarations; Madame Sand abandoned, in sheer weariness caused by many experiences, her whirl of passionate love, curious to experience an affair without love.

"He (Mérimée) would subdue Lélia one day; would leave upon her life an ineffaceable mark, which would stand apart from all other souvenirs an everlasting query. Above all, she must rebel against the intellectual male that his victory might be the greater.

"I will once more quote you Mérimée's words:

"'She possessed nothing, absolutely nothing of what I thought to find in her. Sensitive and submissive, she gave herself into bondage. She fell from the heights of Lélia in my imagination. Outrageously cheated, delayed in my life, I flung,

wounding her, my indifference in her teeth. There again, instead of maledictions and hatred, I was only faced by a woman once more deceived and weeping for her lost dream.'

"If Madame Sand proved herself romantic, Mérimée, you must admit, was extraordinarily so," added Doctor Maure, with his grimace.

Jean Reynaud, Madame Jean Reynaud and I went to Vallauris, and there were struck by the taste displayed by one of the young Massiers, little more than a child, who, with the pretty pinky-white earth of which common, almost black, earthen pots are made fashioned charming vases of classic shapes. These he dried in the sun, so as to preserve their colour, and sold to strangers.

We were greatly interested in this child, a true potter, loving his art and dreaming of glazing and baking, begging us to help him, to persuade his father that he would earn more money with pretty vases than with his *toupins* and *pignattes*, earthen pots and saucepans. Jean Reynaud did as he asked, sent him books; and I, when I became a "Vallaurian," was smitten with this art which I saw tried, developing little by little, and attaining the perfection of form, new creations; finding again the lost reflections of the potters of Granada, creating

the pottery of Vallauris, which others would in their turn, enrich with their discoveries.

The young potter of whom I speak was Clément Massier.

Jean Reynaud and Madame Jean Reynaud left Cannes. Before their departure they rented for me a small house surrounded by orange-trees and close to their villa. And there I was to come the following autumn, with my daughter. Madame Jean Reynaud gave me a small Brigasque peasant-woman, Angélique, who returned to Briga every spring, at the foot of the Col de Tende, and came back in the bad weather. She would serve me when I returned to the South.

To give more character to Mon Voyage autour du Grand Pin, why should I not go with Angélique to the Col de Tende, penetrate into the heart of those mountains stretching so magnificently below our eyes?

I therefore set out for the Col de Tende with my Brigasque, her brother, and her sister, who were going home at the same time as Angélique, to that village buried beneath the snow in the winter and where the old folks alone remain.

When I returned from my picturesque and most interesting trip I unluckily bethought me of going from Cannes to Marseilles by boat. The weather

was frightful, and I was dreadfully ill for sixteen hours, and again spat blood.

On my arrival at Oullins, near Lyons, at the house of the "Father," at the house of Madame Arlès-Dufour, whom I soon called "Mother," I was in so pitiable a condition that my old friend kept me for a week, refusing to allow me to go home ill after a four months' stay in the South.

Arlès-Dufour had been to the Universal Exhibition in London, and told us of all its wonders, and profited by the circumstance to speak of the rule of commercial and industrial fraternity among nations, the end of warfare, and such things.

"When you have proved that you will not fall upon a wretch who insults your wife and children," said Madame Arlès, with her bantering smile, "I will believe in the end of warfare. When our peasants no longer fight about a changed boundary in their fields, I will believe in the suppression of frontiers. When people no longer commit crimes in order to possess the inheritance of others, I will tell myself that man has changed; that he is no longer covetous; that another's property is sacred, and that we are entering upon the Golden Age."

"O short-sighted woman!" cried Arlès-Dufour.

"Clear-sighted woman, you mean."

I left Oullins quite recovered. My father, Ed-

mond Adam, and de Ronchaud were at the station. Madame Vilbort was not; why? I was to learn the reason only too soon.

My father and Edmond Adam had corresponded during my absence; I found them friends. They would have fired at one another in 1848, but agreed perfectly upon hatred of the Empire. How grateful I was to Edmond Adam for giving me his little Bordelaise, whose devotion had had much to do with my recovery!

I returned to Chauny that same night, after having embraced Madame d'Agoult and taken my father to thank Monsieur and Madame Jean Reynaud. What joy to see how my daughter had grown! She dreamed of nothing but "the beautiful blue country, and of the orange-trees." She wished it were "the day we are going to start."

"Ungrateful mite!" said my father laughing.

He knew the danger I had been in, for Doctor Maure had written to him. Even my mother blessed my friends; "but we must see at the end." She allowed me to understand what interest each one had in being so extraordinarily devoted to me. It is so pleasant to suspect!

Ah! suspicion, odious suspicion! I learned that in my absence my enemies managed to impose upon my charming cousin Vilbort, and that in her house

it was reported that my sudden illness was a farce and that I went to Italy in search of adventure.

My cousin received every week on Wednesday evening, and I knew that since my return the kindly prattle about my "more than light" conduct was increased each week by a fresh assertion.

I arrived at her house about ten o'clock, greeted no one, and stood by the fireplace.

"Good evening, dear cousin," I said loudly. "Here I am, better than the day before my departure for the South, where you so kindly helped me. I am informed that spiteful people are circulating spiteful reports, declaring loudly that I have not been ill; that I went not to Cannes, but to Italy, in pursuit of a more or less perfect love-affair. Happily, you are here, cousin, to maintain the critical condition in which you saw me, and if, among your friends here present, there are any who have refused to believe you, I beg they will question me. I am ready to explain."

Profound silence followed my words. I fixed my eyes upon two persons in particular. These, I had been told, were bitterest against me. One was a friend of Mademoiselle Clémence Royer. They, like the rest, remained silent.

Vilbort was the first to speak.

"You could not choose a better house than ours,

cousin, wherein to justify yourself," he said, "knowing that our relationship is strengthened by solid friendship."

"Thank you, cousin," I answered, rather touched, grasping his hand.

I was about to leave, when Madame Vilbort flung herself, weeping, in my arms.

"Dear, dear Juliette, forgive me," she murmured.

The kindly ones gathered round me, the waverers followed suit, and the two evil-minded ones went away. Their departure was applauded as in a theatre, and my cousin's guests, disburdened of the remorse of ill-will, finished the evening happily.

My Récits d'une Paysanne appeared, and I hastened to put my very straggling notes upon Mon Voyage autour du Grand Pin in order. I returned to Chauny, and, my notes classified, I intended to come back speedily, for my friends missed me. It was so long since I had talked from day to day with them. I knew nothing of political matters save what had been written to me, and what I read in papers; but what a difference in the ideas one exchanges after the appearance of an event and those experienced before!

I made a strenuous effort, though I was worried daily by my mother, who incessantly repeated that

I was killing myself, because I did not go out, because I rushed to my work "as soon as I have swallowed the last mouthful."

"For goodness' sake, Mama, leave me in peace. Has not every trade its risk? For the doctor, infection; for the slate-layer, the tumbling down of the roof; for the soldier, death. The writer has excessive work at times, by fits and starts. Must you, when you have chosen it, abandon your trade on account of its risk? In that case, none would ever do anything."

"Your daughter is perfectly right," said my father.

"I agree with you," added my mother, who was rather a quibbler, and likes you to give her "reasons."

As soon as my notes were put in order I returned to Paris. I settled myself once more in my little drawing-room in the Boulevard Poissonière, and saw my friends again one by one.

Nothing was talked of except the war in Mexico; we were naturally inexpressibly shocked.

"Is it not the Mexican clergy who are anxious to overthrow the Liberal Juarez? Is there not the scandal of the good Jeckers?"

"Imperial corruption has reached the culminating point," cried my friends.

Toussenel discoursed of nothing but the acquittal of Mirès at Douai. The magistrates themselves were contaminated, the Supreme Court of Appeal only annulled for the sake of form, to furnish an argument for simpletons.

In the Chamber the "Five" made a good deal of noise. The eighteen seats in the public gallery were always filled by their young friends, who groaned in a manner likely to irritate the majority, but not so much as to give Monsieur de Morny the right to expel them. Much amusement was caused by a story told by Floquet, who, having fallen asleep in the gallery, suddenly cried out in his stentorian voice, while a speaker mumbled and the Chamber dozed:

"Citizen President, I wish to speak."

The effect may be imagined. The whole Chamber rose. The public gallery was cleared. Finally, Floquet owned himself in the wrong, and Monsieur de Morny treated the incident lightly.

Two "juniors" occupied the attention of the "seniors," and their names constantly recurred in the conversation of the latter. They were those of Brisson and Gambetta.

Pichat was the first to mention Gambetta to us. He described him to me as badly groomed, with an enormous nose, a pale eye, thin, stooping, the hot

temper peculiar to Southerners, alternating with tokens of observation and practical sense. He abused the seniors more than any other junior. According to him abstention was but a form of powerlessness, the non-oath-takers did nothing, organized no means of attack or defence.

The Liberal Union, however, was being sketched in. Jules Bastide, Carnot, sought a form of action while resolving to take up a position in the legislative abstention.

Jules Simon played his usual double game, enthusiastic about the idea of the foundation of the Liberal Union; he kept close to the juniors and flattered them, reiterating that the part of the seniors was played out. The development of the Liberal Union began, and neither the Orleanists nor the Legitimists gave way.

Through my old friend Beuque I made the acquaintance of Massol, who, moreover, was my near neighbour in the Boulevard Poissonière. Frequent visitors at his house were Caubet the sage and Doctor Clavel. All three constantly prophesied the most brilliant future for their young friend Brisson. Clavel undertook alone to make him known and understood in his neighbourhood.

Massol, a former follower of Saint-Simon, had been delegated by Père Enfantin, in the prosperous

days of the "School," to propagate the doctrine among the workmen of the principal towns of France. He belonged to the mission of Egypt. But what were Massol, Brisson, and Clavel above everything? Freemasons. The lodge which monopolized all their thoughts became the motive of all their acts.

They began to speak with unction of a series of studies which were to lead to the complete liberation of the human mind, and would be pursued in the Masonic lodge with the high-sounding name, Renaissance par les Émules d'Hiram. I own that these words impressed me greatly. Massol was sincere, without any personal ambition, and his theories of "independent morality" were not lacking in depth. He dreamed of one day bringing out a magazine under that name. Many people, Freemasons especially, were interested in his future work, and even more among the Phalansterians than the followers of Saint-Simon.

When Massol and I discussed things, and I spoke to him of our Greek philosophers, he showed such disdain that one day I brought him Louis Ménard, upon which occasion I was present at the finest and most erudite discussion upon morality I have ever heard.

Massol collaborated with Proudhon in the Voix du Peuple, and had remained his friend; he was even one of the executors of his will. There was no want of opportunities for wrangling, but on political matters we agreed perfectly. When the Imperial Government wanted to seize Freemasonry by requiring Marshal Magnan to become Grand-Master, Massol protested with extraordinary energy.

Brisson was Massol's Benjamin, and the latter gave him his pupil Clorinda in marriage. She had been brought up in the integral ideas of the Renaissance par les Émules d'Hiram. Massol spoke figuratively of rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem. This temple was that of the "independent morality." Massol, like the King of Tyre, would furnish wood, iron, and silver. In the meantime he sold stone fountains.

Hiram, King of Tyre, son of Abibal, and friend of Solomon, sent him, with materials for the building of the temple of Jerusalem, an architect of the same name as himself—Hiram, who was murdered by his workmen. This story became a myth for Freemasons. I quite believe that in the minds of Massol, Brisson, Caubet, and Clavel this myth meant that when the temple of Jerusalem should

be rebuilt, the great Architect of the Universe would, like any simple Hiram, have to be murdered. For many years of my life did the name Hiram sound in my ears.

As Gambetta, the much talked-of other junior, was untidy and unkempt, so was Brisson well kept and spotless. He took care of himself, and of his character most of all.

I do not believe Brisson ever laughed with the heartiness characteristic of man. His character was to him naught but a character—grave, austere, anxious, with all the anxieties to which a man is subject who wants, in his short life, to free human thought from the religious seizure of centuries, for until the "independent morality" there had always been religions; and my friend Renouvier even said that they still corresponded to the state of ignorance or of science.

Brisson stopped at the political literature which gives free-thinkers adversaries such as a Rodin, a Jesuit. He suffered, as we all must, from the tyranny of the Empire in addition to his personal fears. Massol was gay, rather, despite the weight of human thought he sought to relieve of its dross. Caubet willingly chattered of things and other people. Clavel, like a child, was easily amused, especially if one made excursions into the country

with him. He would run after a butterfly, climb to pick flowers, and fall down again. Brisson remained Brisson under all circumstances. His greatest fault was looking at himself, never at others. As long as events continued as at that time to gravitate in the same sense of attack, it was satisfactory because it was necessary *nolens volens* to march in company, and Brisson fought the fight of opposition as well as any other, but he never believed the victory won. That would have been too cheerful. He would still pursue the slain, and, at a pinch, draw his sword against shadows.

My dear old Beuque was very fond of Brisson, but did not consider him "young" enough. She would say so to Massol, one of Brisson's most enthusiastic admirers, who used to reply:

"What can you expect? He bears the weight of 'obscurantism.'"

Returning from Nohant, Madame Sand sent Marchal, the painter, to me, whom I was acquainted with, to tell me that she liked my Récits d'une Paysanne, "tout-plein," a Berri idiom. She was, it seemed, curious to see whether, being so devoted to the North, I was going to describe the South, never doubting, she added, that I was preparing an account of my stay at Cannes.

I told Marchal that this was indeed the case, but

that since I had read Tamaris I was afraid. Happily I had only just read it, or I would never have ventured to begin my new book.

"I will write and tell her so," said Marchal.

Léon de Wailly, speaking in L'Illustration of my Récits d'une Paysanne and of a return of the Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes, called me "Bradamante." The name clung to me and every one teased me about it. Prévost-Paradol and Henri Lavoix added their flattering paragraphs to those of my friends.

Madame d'Agoult had just written a very fine book, Florence et Turin, which was talked of in all circles. When an echo of her success reached me I was overjoyed to report it to her.

My friend was at this period plunged in a state of melancholy from which we, her intimate friends, could not rouse her, for her sorrow sprang from an event that was to have filled her with rejoicing. Her daughter, Madame Ollivier, was pregnant, and though not young, all physical symptoms were satisfactory. The cause, however, of Madame d'Agoult's grief was that during the first months of her pregnancy Madame Émile Ollivier had insisted that her mother, who gave her the income accruing from a dowry of one hundred thousand francs, should hand her the capital, reiterating

every time they met that the happiness of her household depended upon it.

One day I went to see Madame d'Agoult, and we were starting for a walk when Grévy arrived. She had sent for him, but he had anticipated the hour mentioned. I would have retired, but my dear friend insisted upon my remaining; "for," she told Grévy, "Madame Juliette Lamber is acquainted with all the details of the matter I wish to consult you about."

Having explained everything to Grévy, Madame d'Agoult added:

"This persistence shown by Blandine causes me unspeakable apprehension under the circumstances. Is Ollivier, for some reason unknown to me, anxious about his wife's confinement? Does he wish to have nothing to settle with me if she dies? It looks like it."

"It does, indeed," answered Grévy, who had no great liking for Émile Ollivier; "but you cannot run the risk of adding mental trouble to the physical one your daughter is now undergoing. Should the worst happen to her, you would be stricken with remorse. Give her the hundred thousand francs."

Madame d'Agoult did so, and peace again reigned over the household.

Nearly all my friends now left Paris, and I returned to Chauny. Jean Reynaud was taking the waters, and I corresponded regularly with Madame Jean Reynaud, when we were all upset by the Aspromonte affair and Garibaldi's wound. With her usual calmness and customary sense she wrote:

"I will tell you that I greatly regret that this fine type of a spotless hero, as striking in his Caprera as the symbol of abnegation and patriotism itself, should have fallen in civil war."

Our illusions at this period may be gathered from the words of Madame Jean Reynaud:

"When universal suffrage—a Parliament—has been established in a country, let right reign therein and bring all benefits in the fulness of time. Garibaldi, unfortunately, is one of those who hasten without waiting to reflect, as Pelletan says, and whose hearts are greater than their minds.

"Garibaldi has doubtless faults of principle and clear-headedness coupled with many great qualities, once more proving that one cannot possess everything. I trust that glorious occasions will not be lacking in Garibaldi's world, that his valour and great generosity will be used in more justifiable conflicts. So much evil has already resulted from this gloomy enterprise that he must be enlightened as to the circumstances and change his course.

" My husband, on his side, is, as I am, delighted with Pelletan, and with his letter to Monsieur Imhaus. A vast amount of energy and spirit is necessary to thus produce a dozen essays in one year. The last shows that his seclusion has done him good. He is more brilliant than ever.

" This year we shall go to Cannes early. There is nothing like a sun cure for completing an air cure."

Jean Reynaud was home again now and added a few words to his wife's letter:

" Although I also think that Garibaldi was in the wrong, I hope the consequences of his blunder will be satisfactory."

I informed Pelletan of Madame Jean Reynaud's approbation, of which he was very sensible and told me that the duty of combatants increased daily; " that the younger members of the schools are disquieting, and allow themselves to be led more and more by Vermorels and Gambettas, by the roughs of the party, who have not the demeanour of Floquet, Ferry, and Adalbert Philis." Pelletan added that doubtless " we must not return to the ' yellow gloves ' of the National, but the ' manners ' of Carnot, Grévy, Duclerc, Adam, Pichat, and many others have added, let us acknowledge, to the respectability of our party."

The Roman question was always the one which most impressed political men of all parties. Napoleon III sought to gain time. He declared that nothing must be altered before the death of Pius IX. All the present ministers thought it impossible for matters to remain *in statu quo*.

Thouvenel vacillated and oscillated, so Hetzel told me. He stopped at Chauny on his way from Brussels, where he had seen Victor Hugo. Hetzel was a friend of Bixio, and frequently met Nigra at his house. Nigra pretended that the ministers were cowards; that they knew the situation in Italy to be untenable, and notwithstanding not one of them helped to lessen its precariousness.

"Prince Napoleon," said Nigra, "proclaims loudly that if France remains in Rome it is impossible for the Italian Government not to resume on its own account the movement created by Garibaldi. All that France does," he added, "decides in favour of Garibaldi. Between him and the Italian Government is nothing but a difference of method; both have the same object in view."

Madame Émile Ollivier died in childbirth at Saint-Tropez. All Madame d'Agoult's friends were filled with dismay. Poor Blandine! so beautiful and strong! I wrote to my dear friend: "Do you wish me to come to you?" Her reply was:

"I was always haunted by the fear that Blandine was in danger. Do not come, my child. I refuse to be consoled. The blow is too sudden for me not to remain crushed for many days. To wish a reaction at this moment would be more cruel than leaving me to my sorrow."

When I met Madame d'Agoult again there was still something fierce in her grief. She reminded me of her conversation with Grévy, and added:

"But, if my son-in-law was anxious about Blandine's confinement, why did he take her to Saint-Tropez, rather than leave her in Paris, where all the great practitioners were within her reach?"

De Ronchaud, who was present, saw my embarrassment, and replied:

"A confinement in good air is worth more than a dozen doctors, and even if he were anxious, Ollivier did quite right to take his wife to Saint-Tropez, where, in September, the climate is perfect."

"And the story of the hundred thousand francs? How do you explain that?"

"As you yourself did when Blandine asked for the money; that is to say, that in the event of his wife's death, Ollivier would not be obliged to discuss business matters with you. The payment of this amount settled everything, whether the child lived or died, for Blandine and her husband ex-

changed, from the early days of their marriage, a deed of gift between living persons."

"You are certain of this?"

"Yes."

Tears sprang to Madame d'Agoult's eyes. I had so seldom seen her weep that I was quite overcome.

I did not like Monsieur Émile Ollivier, whose false eyes and political behaviour did not inspire me with any good-will. The anxiety he had evinced in the settlement of his affairs in connection with his mother-in-law in that always alarming crisis which his beautiful and clever wife was about to undergo, now increased my antipathy.

All the friends of Madame d'Agoult mourned with her.

Public opinion and Government circles were agitated by one sole question at this time, namely, the Italian question. Monsieur Thouvenel, whose valour is highly relative, believed, however, in the possibility of an arrangement between Italy and the Pope. He sought to achieve this. Monsieur Thouvenel's agents naturally acted in accordance with his ideas. Monsieur de la Valette had no opinions save those of his leader. Monsieur Benedetti saw how things were progressing by the side of Prince Napoleon. One fine morning, however,

Monsieur Thouvenel was replaced by Monsieur de Lhuys; the most astounding part of the affair was the form of the revocation.

The Minister of Affairs received a letter from Napoleon III telling him that he was dismissing him in the interests of peace. Now it was plain that Monsieur Thouvenel was not replaced because his policy was a policy of peace. The Emperor added that he wished "to put an end to an equivocal situation which rendered all the acts of the French Government unintelligible."

But it would now be equivocal in a different way, and the Imperial policy equally unintelligible! Monsieur de Morny, who encouraged Monsieur de la Valette and supported Monsieur Thouvenel, was directly affected in his influence.

Proudhon now came forward again and aided the Imperial policy by his publication of L'Unité et La Fédération Italienne. This was the self-same man who looked favourably upon the *coup d'état*.

Bixio, the friend of Cavour, the only intermediary with Napoleon III during all the preliminaries of the Italian war, wrote to me thus: "Your enemy is still getting through a good deal of work, and is assuredly an insulter of all noble causes. He is now ranged against Italian unity. He is

treated as he deserves by La Presse, Le Temps, and L'Opinion Nationale, but no one has horsewhipped him as you have. Quickly, another Anti-Proudhonienne idea."

Proudhon answered this attack with a pamphlet, in which he accused all the journalists who favoured Italian unity of being decorated by Victor Emmanuel, and of being, under one form or another, in his pay.

This is a somewhat repulsive species of disputation, and I must put up my pen.

Persigny sided with Thouvenel, and accused the Papacy of being the cause of the impossibility of Italy's realizing its unity. It would seem as if the Imperial policy grew more and more "equivocal and unintelligible." Monsieur Drouyn de Lhuys protested, people said, with energy against the false position in which he was placed, and found in his turn the *bric-à-brac* of Monsieur Persigny cumbersome.

I spent some weeks of October in Paris, for my daughter besought me to start early for the land of bluebirds and oranges.

An article by Proudhon upon Garibaldi, which Edmond Adam told me had greatly impressed Monsieur Thiers, and had lately been published by the Officice de Publicité de Bruxelles, predicted that

the realization of Italian unity would prove dangerous to Europe, for it would bring about other unities more dangerous still.

Madame Fauvety spoke to me about the *début* of a young actress, Sarah Bernhardt, whom she had seen a month before in Iphigénie en Aulide, and who, she said, would one day take the place of Rachel and cause the latter to be forgotten. My poor friend, alas, cherished rancour!

We went together to the third performance of Gauaches, which had been adversely criticised.

We did not find this play as antidemocratic as reported, and Marcel Cavalier, after all, had the finest part. Our friends blamed Sardou for depicting blockheads of all parties and omitting a Napoleonic blockhead; but would the censor have allowed it to pass? In my opinion the Jacobin blockhead is the least abused.

I bade farewell for many months to my dearest friends. It was a great grief to me, and it seemed that my mind would lack sustenance; but the sky and sea smiled from afar and drew me irresistibly, the more so that I was once more suffering from my bad cough.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SOUTH AND THE SEA AGAIN

ALICE and I started forth, and stopped at Oullins, as my dear friends, whom I looked upon as relations, were anxious to know my daughter. She loved the "good genius," then proceeded to attach herself to Madame Arlès-Dufour, and soon adopted all the adorable aunts, uncles, and cousins belonging to the "good genius."

"You belong to the good genius?"

The answer was given in the affirmative, the acquaintance was made, and affection followed.

At Oullins, when the children had gone to bed, we read aloud Les Miserables, which had just appeared, and our enthusiasm increased. What tears were shed in spite of some caution on the part of Madame Arlès-Dufour, who professed to be moved to tears "by the troubles of worthy people rather than by those of rogues, even were their miseries greater."

Arlès-Dufour called his wife *bourgeoise*, and she retaliated with "follower of Saint-Simon." After spending a few delightful days at Oullins, we took the train, which still went no farther than Arcs.

Arlès-Dufour wrote to Paris to secure two seats in the coupé of the diligence, which were duly assigned to us.

The journey was dreary; my daughter, who had anxiously looked for blue skies directly we left Lyons, only saw rain.

At Arcs we found floods of rain, and no shelter whatsoever. We floundered through the mud. The railway line was to be extended as far as Cannes some months later; everything was deserted at Arcs; it was hideous.

An Englishman and his wife settled themselves in our places in the coupé. I was so furious that I drew out my revolver. The diligence people took my part. Finally I obtained possession of my coupé, but one of our bags, which was in the straps, fell on to my daughter's head, causing her nose to bleed profusely. I thought I had seriously injured her, and was in despair.

The diligence, which was making its last voyage, groaned and creaked, but the great Estérel Mountain reminded Alice of all the tales of brigands we had told her, for at that time she could not read. I had strictly forbidden my mother to tire her, and before teaching her b-a, ba, I wanted her delicate health to improve.

Now the blue sea and sky appeared at the de-

clivity of the Estérel. A sudden veering of the mistral swept away all the clouds, and my daughter was in raptures.

The diligence stopped at the bottom of the garden of our little villa, called the "Villa Arluc." There was Angélique, my Brigasque, with her red corselet and head-dress of black velvet twisted round her head! In ten minutes my daughter and Angélique were friends.

Kind Doctor Maure, delighted to find me in not too sad a state, brought my daughter some preserved fruit from Grasse, but Alice was absorbed in the contemplation of an orange-tree. She fingered the oranges, and in spite of all Angélique said to frighten her about the landlady, whose villa was but a few yards from ours, she pulled and pulled and finally came into the drawing-room with her broken branch and her orange, crying:

"It is a *real* one!"

To be more certain she proceeded to bite the skin itself, and was delighted, in spite of her grimaces, to eat a *real*, though horribly sour orange.

Mérimée had already arrived. The good Doctor told me his friend was displeased. "Advances were being made into the interior where it was dangerous, and there were nothing but retreats in

the exterior. Italy wanted Rome at any price, and Bixio told Mérimée that bands of brigands were terrifying the provinces, Southern Italy in particular, and that all these bands came from Rome."

"Mérimée," Doctor Maure told me, "is in such a state of exasperation that he has actually quoted a phrase of Challemel-Lacour to me, declaring that revolutionists are driven to speak thus; and this phrase of Challemel is frightful," added the Doctor. "Judge for yourself: 'Infamy, cowardice, blackguardism, dulness; here is the summary of French France and Italian France.' What do you think of Mérimée quoting that to me?"

I had brought the Poëmes Barbares away with me and I read them in the glorious sunshine. They seemed more wonderful than in Parisian or Chauny mists. I thought I saw at sunset, when Estérel was veiled in tragic violet shades, descending here and there, *les panthères noirs*.

Girardin wrote to me thus: "My friend de Lesseps has triumphed. I can imagine the emotion felt by a man of our modern day when he saw the Mediterranean flowing into Lake Timsah and rushing into the Red Sea. The earth must have experienced some shock therefrom. Do you know, that at one moment, when Mohammed died, everything

was almost jeopardized. The English laugh no longer, and Palmerston's historical remark, 'That swindle, which, as long as he lived, he would never allow to be perpetrated,' becomes quite ridiculous. A secret—hush! I will rebuke the Presse. Not a word to any one."

Jean Reynaud now arrived. He had read in the train a pamphlet by Edgar Quinet upon Mexico, and was amazed at its assimilation. "Exile causes recoil and allows us to better judge great political lines," said Jean Reynaud. "We will see what the perspicacity of Quinet is worth." He concludes that Juarez is preparing to resist heroically against this unjust war, contrary to all rights, and that for us the Mexican expedition will end in humiliation.

The literary event of the last days of this year was the appearance of Salâmmbo, by Flaubert, which had been spoken of for so long, for all his friends had heard extracts from it.

For the first time Madame Sand did not wait to receive a letter from me before writing. And she spoke of Salâmmbo.

"You must read it," she wrote; "it is a splendid work, one of those which leave a mark for all time. I tell every one 'it is a book of a century.' Would you believe that that dreadful Edmond de Gon-

court, after hearing several extracts from Salâmmbo at my house, went everywhere saying that it is spurious Eastern-Algerian-Tunisian, too replete with *gueuloir* phrases. Read it, and write me your impressions."

I read Salâmmbo, and admired the breadth and power of its pictures, in spite of all the absurdity which marked many of the details, which Flaubert, with his scruples, must be certain of; at the same time I read the book fearing to express this admiration badly to George Sand. I could never have judged Salâmmbo had I not known the South and its dazzling days, which alone make one understand African life from without and the mystery of the shade within the temples.

I wrote to Madame Sand my appreciation of nature, art, and history. All my youth I preferred Carthage to Rome. How I loathed the Gallo-Greek!

Madame Sand replied to me very quickly that she "liked my letter, and had made Flaubert like it."

I learned from Madame Vilbort that Sarcey was "overjoyed" at the success of Augier, a far greater success even than that of the Effrontés. "The conception of the character of Giboyer, who is a bandit, and would have his son honest, is ad-

mirable," Madame Vilbort writes. "Sarcey—do you remember our day at Neuilly?—was right when he said that Augier was merely theatrical in the theatre. Ah! he is not overkind towards 'backslidings'; for instance, the author of Fils de Giboyer, or audacious cynics, still less they who exploit reactions and use religion as an instrument! A great Liberal breath permeates the play, adding to Sarcey's joy, who reiterates, 'Characters and their setting, situations, action, morality, all are admirable, admirable!' You can hear him saying this from where you are, I dare swear!

"You know, my dear Juliette, that I detest Italian music, but it so happens that I am enraptured with a marvellous singer named Patti, who made her *début* last month in La Sonnambule. She warbles like a bird."

I met Mérimée, who was acquainted with the official news, moreover, with the recovery of the Presse by Girardin.

"He has bought it," said Mérimée, "for one-fourth of the amount for which he had sold it to Millaud. Opposition from Girardin will cause no anxiety to the Empire; on the contrary, since he is the creator of constitutional opposition. Then he will, perhaps, shake them up a little, give them a few qualms; they need it."

I inquired, laughing, though sharply, whether the Emperor subsidized the "constitutional" opposition newspapers. Mérimée replied solemnly:

"The Empire, Madame, subsidizes no one that is good to Republics!"

My days were spent at this time in finishing Mon Voyage autour du Grand Pin, which I submitted chapter by chapter to Jean Reynaud, and in continuing my daughter's education so wonderfully begun by my father. Did the South awaken any heredity in her? I constantly found her in raptures over the sky, the sea, and "the changing colours of the Estérel." Impossible to make her learn any lessons out of doors. Her eyes could not be brought back to her book.

We both accompanied Jean Reynaud in his long walks, and it is impossible to imagine what he taught Alice. Nothing amused him so much as my respect for the small personality of my daughter. I did not force any of my ideas upon her. When I had to teach her anything rather exalted, I told her: "Grandfather thinks like this, and I think like that; decide for yourself. Have your own opinion."

The first time Jean Reynaud heard me say to Alice, who was then seven and a half, "Have your own opinion," he burst out laughing, and was be-

ginning to make fun of the phrase when my beseeching look stopped him.

While my daughter was gathering flowers I said to him:

"Tease me as much as you like, but not before her. Remember, she has only me to respect."

Madame Jean Reynaud organized an open-air dinner at Napoule.

We were to meet either at La Bocca or at Napoule, at the foot of the old tower. We were starting with the provisions and servants when the Garnier-Pagès arrived from Cannet, the Chartons in a brake, and Doctor Maure in his everlasting little closed coupé. He made a grimace on learning we were going to lunch out of doors, declared we should feel cold, and that it would be better to lunch at the villa, and then visit Napoule. No one paid any attention. Jean Reynaud had a closed garden-chair, a foot-warmer with very hot water, and a fur rug placed in our *char-à-bancs* for the Doctor; then we set out. The weather was glorious.

Our great amusement was in settling the old Doctor, who owned he was well looked after. We placed him with his back to the sea, facing the rest of us. The foot-warmer was still very hot, the fur rug "extremely warm, but agreeable," he said, and

lunch was eaten at the foot of the beautiful Estérel, in view of Cannes, the islands, the snowy Alps, and the infinite azure sea.

"And your Grasse, Doctor," said Alice, "looks as if it were sitting on the mountain so as to look at you."

We applauded my daughter's wit. The Doctor made his grimace, and replied to Alice:

"Grasse is thankful, you see, that I turn my back upon Cannes."

After lunch the Doctor was allowed to return to Grasse; "for," said Jean Reynaud, "I would never dare take him where I am taking you—to see a wizard bone-setter."

Alice danced for joy at the thought of seeing a wizard.

We followed Jean Reynaud, and went down to the edge of a torrent amid a tangle of verdure. There was a quaint hut made of green branches of trees, some of which had shot forth. The bone-setter had a look of Edmond, and like him was tall.

Jean Reynaud took me by the hand and said:

"This is my daughter; she is ill. What ought I to do?" He accompanied the introduction by a five-franc piece.

"It is drugs of the future that you want."

"Of the future," I answered.

The wizard addressed himself to Jean Reynaud:

"Your adopted daughter is very ill," he went on.

We all looked at one another.

"How do you mean, adopted?" replied Jean Reynaud.

"Yes, adopted," repeated the wizard. "She is not even the daughter of your wife, but you both wish her well; make her undermine stone, build a house, and plan a garden, and she will be better than you are, and as well as I am."

Alice broke into a new dance, humming:

"We are going to undermine stone, build a house, plan a garden." She began again, adding with a stately courtesy:

"Thank you, Mister Wizard."

"She will remain nice," added the bone-setter.

"You say that my . . . adopted daughter will enjoy better health than I; am I ill, then?" asked Jean Reynaud, with whom I had remained behind, while the other guests moved away, declining to consult the wizard.

"I never say what is unpleasant," answered the bone-setter; "but you must look after yourself carefully this summer, and beware of the doctors."

"You do not like doctors."

"Do they like me?"

"Well, you do them harm."

"As much as I can, but not as much as I wish to."

Legouvé now returned to the Villa Bocca. This time he preceded Henri Martin. There was much conversation when Legouvé was present. Jean Reynaud liked to discuss all his ideas with him. They groaned over the relinquishment of the ideal by the French race. The exclusive praise of "practical sense" seemed to them to destroy all the illusion, poetry, and heroism in us.

"The ideal even has its market value," said Jean Reynaud. "It is that which gives us consciousness of beauty, and that taste, that art, which are the richness of our country. Yes, the beautiful has also its use."

"It is not to be believed," added Legouvé. "We run after what is vulgar, coarse, and vile. You cannot imagine the absurdities sung in the music-halls. As much trouble is taken in all circles to seek the unsightly as to discover the beautiful. The noble lord affects the manners of the coachman, the great lady imitates adventuresses. People look round them, and look down, but no longer look up."

"How explain," Jean Reynaud went on, "that at the moment one is pleased to imitate the faults of ill education, the stupidly correct taste of the eternal sameness predominates. The commonplace, the monotonous, the absence of fancy and originality, seems as if it must ere long make everything square, level, and uniform."

"If this continues the future will bring us but few surprises, my poor friend," sighed Legouvé. "No more irregularity, only levelling! Have you heard of the new Petit Journal for one cent which Millaud is going to bring out—the paper of the multitude, written for the multitude in the spirit of the multitude? Millaud said a few days ago before John Lemoine, who repeated his words to me: 'I am going to have full power over the great press, over the great aristocracy of journalism. I will have a million readers to your thousand, and what power! You cannot penetrate the masses; I will penetrate your classes. My newspaper will be the only reading of the masses. You, the great of Paris, the denizens of the boulevards who bewitch you, you will be a hundred miles away from the reputation of one of my vulgar editors. You will see, you will see! A novel in my Petit Journal—and I have an extraordinary one—will engross France more than the great Hugo's Miserables.'"

"It would seem, however, that there is in Millaud a desire to lower the intellectual level of the upper classes rather than to elevate that of the lower classes," observed Jean Reynaud.

Legouvé now left us, and we all grieved, even my daughter, who thought him adorable.

Cannes was in a state of great excitement. A general meeting, presided over by the Duke of Vallombrosa, had just decided to institute a nautical club, where balls, concerts, and dinners would be given, and which was to be built by our friend Bardu, that architect of much taste.

The Duke of Vallombrosa devoted himself so heartily to the interests of Cannes that under his guidance the town developed rapidly.

"More's the pity," said Mérimée.

The great distinction, charm, elegance, simplicity, and kindliness of the Duke of Vallombrosa gave a perfect tone to Cannes society. A Legitimist, he was not repelled by Jean Reynaud's and my Republicanism. The Imperialism of Mérimée attracted him but little.

I went one day with Alice to lunch at the house of Doctor Maure; Mérimée and Cousin were there also. Jean Reynaud naturally was invited, and declined, but knew full well I was going. He was aware that I was in the habit of seeing Mérimée,

and thought I could not but be benefited by talking of letters with him.

Mérimée fetched Cousin from the Villa des Anges—he would not have come otherwise. Cousin would never have hired a vehicle to go out to lunch! We were only six in number—Doctor and Madame Maure, Mérimée, Cousin, my daughter, and I. Alice, after the first two courses, would go and play with some friends she had in Grasse.

A more curious sight than Mérimée and Cousin opposite one another cannot be imagined. It was an "expectacle," as they say in Provence. Cousin conversed; he did not chatter. He seemed to work out what he intended to say the first time. He seemed to follow with surprise the unfolding of his ideas, but the form was completed, the expression definite, selected, grave, and scholarly. He spoke as one teaches, and grew excited.

Mérimée, cold, sceptical, and jeering, threw out hints and allusions, upon which Cousin flung himself like a puppy upon a stone that is thrown him, and which he rolls and rolls. . . .

The rhetorical philosopher developed ample and even indefinite periods, while the sober writer inflicted pauses or indicated the flow of a word. The one was a pure spiritualist, dwelling in such an ethereal height, to the giddy summit of which

neither Volarian Doctor Maure could follow him nor I, with my Pagan tendencies. Still less could Mérimée, well grounded in materialism, follow him—Mérimée, who did not admit the divine in any shape or form, and who was delighted when he was able to say he had worked irretrievable ruin on some scaffolding of the Hereafter.

Doctor Maure nicknamed Cousin "the philosopher"; Mérimée "the orator in philosophy."

Cousin always paid a gentle homage to me, whatever the sly Doctor might say as to his no more being able to distinguish the sexes than veal from pheasant. He had employed all his sentimentality in the service of the society dames of the eighteenth century.

My daughter soon asked permission to go and play. Madame Maure gave her a small basket of cakes and fruit and despatched her to her friends.

Every instant Doctor Maure would remark:

"Now, Cousin, take this; it is simply delicious. Be present once at least. If you have never *really* loved, you might for once really eat!"

"What! he has never *really* loved? *He?* But do you not know," replied Mérimée, "that he is one of the *hes* of Madame Collet?"

"Mérimée," answered Cousin, "you are spiteful and say things which wound me."

"Very well, I regretfully withdraw my words, for there was in them matter for good joking."

"What a pity," sighed Doctor Maure, who considered that broad jesting at table gave a spice to the dishes; "when one lunches with Cousin, who is 'straitlaced,' there only remains the 'good cheer,' to which he is quite indifferent."

"At table Cousin is absent," added Mérimée, in revenge. "You, Doctor, are doubly present. Cousin scorns sensuality, and you, Maure, think of nothing else."

"One strives to preserve a few feelings intact."

When Cousin became too irritating on account of his insensibility to good cheer, Doctor Maure would speak to him of Taine, whose most stinging remarks he knew by heart.

The "philosopher" suffered more from these criticisms than any one else, for his vanity was great. No one felt the loss of popularity more.

Upon the occasion in question Cousin partook of some breast of boned quail, very delicately stuffed; and as Mérimée and I repeatedly said "It is exquisite," Cousin, fearing to repeat the mistake he had once made about the veal, so frequently recurred to by Doctor Maure, remarked to Madame Maure:

"This 'pheasant' is delicious."

Doctor Maure bounded in his seat.

"Taine is right in thinking you . . . vague," he cried. "You are incapable of an authentic statement."

"If I were to feed upon priests, as Mérimée does, I would soon know them again."

"Oh, yes, you go to mass, Cousin," replied Mérimée; "but you are nothing but a hypocrite. You are no more a believer than I am!"

"Hush! take care of the servants. Be cynical among people of importance, but not with those of lesser degree."

"Would you go to mass on account of your servants?"

"As an example, yes; and even, if you will, on account of my servants."

"Here is a sentiment I intend to repeat," said the Doctor.

"My dear Maure, repeat my sentiment as often as it pleases you. I will explain it. Do you imagine I can make the morality of my philosophy intelligible to my governess and my cook? It is far simpler to accept apparently the forms of their belief, because I believe as they do at heart under another form, and it is in what they believe that they find the virtue of serving me faithfully and

honestly. I have a horror of unbelievers, and were I not so fond of Mérimée——"

"You would be fond of . . . spinach!"

"Tell me, Mérimée, do you read the Samedis of Pontmartin?" asked Cousin, after a pause.

"No; I read the Lundis of Sainte-Beuve; he has wit."

"Always wit. That is all you talk of, except when it is a question of spiritualism. A thought interests you a hundred times less than a spark of wit, so naturally Sainte-Beuve delights you."

"Better than that; he diverts me."

"Are you pointing your remark at me?"

"My dear Cousin, you never bore me, but I confess that your eloquence occasionally overwhelms me."

"To overwhelm is not much better than to bore."

"Pardon me, boredom sterilizes; the tide fertilizes as it retreats."

"You are a perfect ironical courtier."

"A courtier! *I* a courtier!" cried Mérimée.

"Yes; there are many people who, speaking of you as one of our greatest writers, add, 'the author of the fortunes of the Empress.' I know the story of the correspondence between Mademoiselle de Montijo and the Emperor at Compiègne. I know it, so that you cannot deny it."

CHARLES AUGUSTIN STE. BEUVE.

From an etching by H. E. Lessore.

Mérimée did not like joking, and Doctor Maure intimated to me without speaking that matters were going badly. I was not pleased either, for what could I learn by allowing Mérimée and Cousin to insult one another? I much preferred hearing them simply tease one another. I interrupted the conversation by saying that one of my friends had written to me that on going to see Victor Hugo in Brussels he had told him how his Parisian admirers mourned his interminable exile.

"I do not feel an exile," answered Victor Hugo. "What is one's mother country, after all? An idea!"

Never was a storm more successfully averted.

"Our mother country an idea!" cried Mérimée. "When it is the picture of all that is most tangible in the world, flesh of our flesh, spirit of our spirit, heart of our heart! It is the living amalgamation of our ancestors, our fathers, ourselves, the vibration of all our voices! Language, tradition, science, art, letters, it is that which triturates them to make them French. I could speak for five hours at a stretch upon patriotism, as Cousin talks upon philosophy. I overflow with it. People say I believe in nothing. I believe in '*Her*,' our France. I am her adoring son, and worship her even to fanaticism!"

Ah! had I then felt what I was to experience so keenly after our defeats, how I would have applauded that splendid outburst coming from a man usually so cold and sceptical. I looked at Mérimée with amazement, as did Cousin and Doctor Maure.

"See here," added Mérimée, abruptly. "I love the Empire. I believe it is necssary to lay the Revolutionary dust, but with the Empire I know that France is in danger from European coalitions and invasion. That is why my patriotism, ever on guard, is violent. Were France ever invaded, it would kill me."

These words of Mérimée awoke sentiments still embryonic in my heart. I loved France, French Gaul, yes, exclusively; but I did not feel that wild passion for the mother country. French victories filled me with pride, but the distant defeats of our soldiers moved me but little. They seemed to me those of the Empire.

Nevertheless, after this outburst, I felt more drawn towards Mérimée. His scepticism was merely a pose—perhaps a feeling of modesty—to conceal an ardent nature and extreme sensibility. His faithful friendship for Stendhal, all he did for Libri, maintaining his innocence with such devotion, even to penalty and imprisonment; his brotherly affection for Bixio proved his goodness

of heart, like the Prise de la Redoute, and all I had just heard proved his patriotism.

Cousin told us about his great publication, Histoire Générale de la Philosophie depuis les Temps les plus Reculés jusqu a la fin du XVIII Siècle.

"You will go no further?" asked Mérimée.

"No."

"He ought to speak," added Doctor Maure, with his customary grimace, "of Comte, Littré, Renouvier, and Taine; but what can you expect?"

CHAPTER XVIII

I BUILD A HOUSE BY THE SEA

THE municipality of Vallauris wished to establish a winter resort at the Golfe Juan, and offered a piece of ground to Jean Reynaud and to me on condition that we would each build a house thereon.

Jean Reynaud received the letter in the morning. He spoke to me about it at breakfast, whereupon Alice began to sing:

"Stone to mine, a house to build, a garden to plan."

I laughed heartily.

"Why not?" said Jean Reynaud. "Why should your relatives not come every winter to you, if you think they are determined to spend the summer in Paris? The health of both you and your daughter will make it necessary for you to live in the South for some time to come. I will help you to build a small house, and, if we are careful, it will not be too costly. The Golfe Juan is charming. Let us go there this afternoon and choose our land."

"Let us choose our land," I repeated, gaily.

Alice and I were of the same opinion. Here was our ground, upon the road and as close as possible to the sea, between two streams. The farther end formed a hilly curve, like the back of an armchair. Flowering broom grew thickly between the pines and gave forth a smell of almond which was intoxicating. This should be called "Les Bruyères."

Jean Reynaud approved, unsmilingly.

"We must not," said he, "accept this ground gratis, but pay its utmost value at this moment, namely, one franc per metre."

"But, my dear friend, I have not a farthing, and you seem to speak seriously."

"I am as serious as possible. Your father must buy it."

"From a distance, without having seen it?"

"Leave it to me."

My "Cannes papa" wrote to my "Chauny papa." What said he? Always spontaneous, my father replied that he was sending ten thousand francs for two acres.

Alice and I were frantic with joy, and repeated all day: "Stone to mine, a house to build, a garden to plan."

Jean Reynaud triumphed, and on March 12th acquired the Bruyères ground at Vallauris as my

father's proxy. For himself, he purchased another plot of ground nearer the Golfe Juan beach than Bruyères.

We made nothing but house plans during our walks on the roads, on the seashore, and at night in the lamplight.

Bruyères was to be quite small, but large enough to house comfortably Alice and me, my father and my mother.

I wanted, in spite of some opposition from Jean Reynaud, who afterward came round to my opinion, to build the house upon the highest point upon the plateau. In fact, I should have, by levelling the plateau, stones at hand to build the house, which would be most economical. My apprenticeship as an architect made progress rapidly. I engaged a plain master mason from Antibes, and behold, I began "to undermine stone." Very early each morning I started for Bruyères with Alice and Angélique, and we worked in the garden with the brother of my servant, André, a sturdy lad of eighteen, who was to be the "gardener" at Bruyères. Jean Reynaud allowed me to arrange my garden alone.

I hastily finished the manuscript of my Voyage autour du Grand Pin and sent it to Hetzel. I was therefore free to devote myself to "Bruyères."

Jean Reynaud always addressed me as Madame l'Architecte. My daughter was now more than ever "the lady in a hurry," for she took a serious part in the work, and spoke every minute of "my Bruyères."

I was anxious that we should be able to go into our new abode the following autumn. As for Jean Reynaud, he had his villa at La Bocca, and had no need to hurry over the one at the Golfe Juan, but I did not want to rent again the Villa Arluc.

My father could only give me fifteen thousand francs for my house, but would send me all the furniture, for there was sufficient at Chauny to furnish Bruyères, and, later on, our small flat in Paris.

My father consented, when he should have seen Bruyères, to sell Chauny, and spend the winter at Bruyères and the summer in Paris. Alice and I were overjoyed to think we should no more be separated from the adored grandparents.

"I am getting strong," Alice informed me, "doing the garden at Bruyères, and will defend you and grandfather against grandmother when she scolds you."

There could be no cellar at Bruyères, it would have cost too much.

As soon as the walls were raised I planted flowers at the foot along the front of a rose-covered trellis which would entirely cover the house. At both corners I placed some huge passion-flower plants which had been given to me. These would adorn the two balconies with their graceful boughs and large blue flowers.

The plateau was exceedingly fine, carriages would be able to turn with ease, and it was shaded by pines at the farther end.

Perrinette, a small sister of Angélique, had just lost her situation. She was fifteen years old, and her brother and sister were much distressed. I engaged her. My future domestic arrangements were therefore settled at no great expense. One of my Brigasques would look after the house in the summer, and the two others would return to the mountains and come back to Bruyères when I did.

Perrinette worked like a horse in the garden, and Alice never left her. She was her "lady's maid."

All the neighbouring peasants were friendly to me. One would bring me aloes, others ice-plants, palms, and orange-trees. My nearest neighbour offered me a dozen olive-trees; these I planted on the terrace. All my garden was to be made out of the proceeds of my Récits d'une Paysanne,

and Alice and I resolved we would buy neither hats nor dresses that year.

My terrace was a hundred metres in length. It required but little arranging, thanks to the small supporting wall which formed the boundary of my property upon the road. My three Brigasques, with baskets called *couffins* upon their heads, worked in such a way that they covered this splendid terrace with fine gravel in a few days. On Sunday André, after asking me for a wall on the other side of the road, dug up the ground and made a kitchen garden. Thus he would be able to have vegetables in the summer, and I should profit thereby in the winter.

"Bruyères started with a wizard, and now there are fairies," Jean Reynaud would say to us. He was amazed at what we could do out of very little.

Grave discussions arose between Jean Reynaud and me. He, being an engineer, was anxious to lay out my road, and feared I should spoil all the good I had hitherto done. He approved of my garden, certainly; there only remained the road to be made according to all the rules of art.

It was impossible to agree. Jean Reynaud drew plans upon paper. I drove sticks into my ground. He spoiled everything with his road, under pretence that it was necessary to lay out the slope which we

could not go beyond, six centimetres to a metre; endless circumlocution! I argued, and Jean Reynaud scolded me for my obstinacy.

"Here," I said, "is my road as I imagine it. It divides my ground into two portions; begins by a gentle slope, for I will only give it the traditional five centimetres of the slope to the foot of my plateau; but once there, hey! presto! A good cut with the whip, there is an incline of twenty centimetres; it is somewhat steep, but one can make an effort to reach it."

Jean Reynaud subsided, and raising his hat, said:

"Oh! ingenious lady, you are right, and that is the solution. The road stretching with a gentle slope in the centre of your ground will require an effort to climb. Put back your sticks, your road will be where you wished. Now," he added, "you only need water; try to get it. I tell you I think it will be difficult, if not impossible."

I hesitated to disclose my plan to Jean Reynaud.

"I should like," I said timidly, "my well to be there. It would be reached by a small staircase, and would not be far from the kitchen. I would make a footpath covered with Japanese medlars."

"There can be no well except near a torrent,"

replied Jean Reynaud. "The spot you are showing me is in the heart of the granite of the plateau. Have you tried boring?"

"No, but I think I shall find water within seven metres."

"May one inquire upon what you base your omniscience in this matter?"

"Upon the fact that . . . all my joys and sorrows are numbered by seven."

"And why should seven metres with water be a joy rather than a misfortune without water?"

"Because I am lucky at Bruyères."

"Your argument is incontestable!"

"Are you laughing at me?"

"How can you expect me not to laugh? It is ridiculous!"

I hesitated to sink my well. But . . . I remembered the words of my friend Arlès-Dufour: "Only the crazy ever succeed." So I began operations. The first three metres were easily excavated, four and five, also six—granite—and no water, not a sign of moisture. Agand, my foreman, in spite of the respect to which I inspired him as an architect and an engineer, strongly doubted my science as a well-sinker.

My daughter, who was hurt by the comments passed by Jean Reynaud, and heard the workmen

laughing at me, advised me to go and see the wizard, adding:

"He never said 'sink a well, nor make a road,' nevertheless, my road is a great success."

"That is true, darling little mother. You still have hopes for the water?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how pleased I would be! If there were water in your well I would drink it all day long."

"Moreover, that would be pure crystal water from the rock," said I to myself.

Six metres and a half—nothing! There I was, busy since early morning. I could not eat any lunch, neither could my daughter. I surprised Angélique and Perrinette with tears in their eyes. André looked furiously at the workmen engaged in building the house, and who had come to the well after their dinner with countenances freely expressing their amusement.

Agand came down to me.

"Are we going on?" he asked me, and the workmen burst out laughing.

André struck the one who laughed loudest. Both were Italians. Knives flashed.

I flung myself between them.

"Wait until there is water in the well with which

to bathe the wounds," I said to them. All thought me mad.

At four o'clock a well-sinker came up with livid countenance; we could scarcely catch the word, "Water."

A joyful dance followed. My daughter, Angélique, Perrinette, and André went on to the terrace and danced a Piedmontese measure, crying:

"Water! water!" All the workmen, headed by Agand, rushed to the well.

"Water, indeed! You are a witch!" said Agand to me.

André ran to the Golfe Juan, where Monsieur and Madame Jean Reynaud were laying out their garden, calling out to them: "Water! water!"

The news spread. People came from all parts of the neighbourhood, and my friends were all delighted. Madame Jean Reynaud embraced me, and Jean Reynaud said:

"Obstinate child, praise God, who protects you."

Personally, I thought that . . . Apollo guided and helped me.

When I left Bruyères to return to Paris, André remained on account of the garden and the workmen; there would be furniture to receive, too. All was going on capitally.

On leaving, Alice threw kisses to her house and garden, crying:

"Good-bye, my Bruyères."

Although Jean Reynaud wrote to my father, "Your daughters are like flowers revived by the sun. In spite of your medical experience you will not be able to credit the efficacy and promptitude of the remedy; it is the land of sunshine for both of them," my father could scarce believe his eyes when he saw us again.

The train now started from Cannes; although we did not break our journey at Oullins, being impatient to "tell them all about Bruyères," we were not at all tired; and what sunburned faces, what appetites we had!

I reduced my colour slightly at Chauny, for I looked like a mole, and finally arrived in Paris, happy to see my friends again, to exchange ideas with them, for I had hardly answered their letters, living as I did the life of an engineer, architect, gardener, and well-sinker.

Madame d'Agoult was amused by all my accounts, and Madame de Pierreclos invited herself for the autumn. She was anxious to spend the first fortnight at Bruyères. Edmond Adam and Edmond Texier vowed they would come and see

me the following winter and build a house next to mine.

Hardly had I returned to Paris when the dissolution of the legislative body threw us all into a state of excitement. This was the signal for action.

The "Little Olliviers," first of all, declared loudly that the influence of Carnot, and the adherents of Simon in the interior, must be done away with; and that of the followers of Louis Blanc, Charras, Victor Hugo, Ledru-Rollin, Barbés, outside.

Carnot entered into the lists and formed a committee, he, the weakened non-oath-taker. Jules Simon manœuvred to obtain a place here and there. Never at any moment of his life had he taken greater pains to perform the opposite of what he said. He attacked Ollivier, preached fidelity to abstention on one side; on the other, he intrigued with Havin, so as to be "forced" to accept a candidateship.

We, in our small circle, were in union with the exiled ones who advocated abstention, and wrote:

"Our greatest enemies during these last years have been the pseudo-democrats of the legislative body, from Jules Favre to Darimon, from Girardin to Havin; likewise the real supporters of the

Empire, those to whom it looks to prolong its life, are the candidates of the opposition."

We found proofs of the trickery of Ollivier and Havin with Morny everywhere. They understood one another thoroughly. Morny was the first to speak of the gradual establishment of liberty.

Efforts for a reconciliation with the enemies of the Empire were made among all the party divisions, but the Liberal union did not appear likely to come to anything. Thiers, Changarnier, Cochin, Mortimer-Ternaux, the Prince de Broglie, Prévost-Paradol, Jules Simon, and Carnot held a meeting at the house of the Duc de Broglie, and sought to come to an understanding. As the abstentionists counted with the Broglie Committee and the Carnot Committee, it was impossible to come to any arrangement.

A manifesto was announced bearing the names of Carnot, Garnier-Pagès, Henri Martin, Jules Simon, and Marie; there, perhaps, would be union?

But now Monsieur Thiers, after intimating that he would accept a candidateship, and then refusing it, reaccepted it.

What! the assassin of the Rue Transnonain, the enemy of universal suffrage, turning to universal suffrage? What! he who had been the most implacable of all with respect to the violation of an

oath, would take his oath? Democrats and abstentionists agreed in thinking the affair somewhat strange; but circulars by Monsieur de Persigny and Monsieur Haussman attacked Monsieur Thiers with such violence that they plainly stamped him in the eyes of every one as the enemy of the Empire, and his candidateship made rapid progress.

Proudhon had no very marked success with his personal abstentionist manifesto, counselling people to vote for the white bulletin.

With this the Opposition carried Guérault, Imperialist, the "Five" candidate who declared that the "Five" must pass before all other competition.

Ronchaud told me, too, that a committee of twenty-five was being formed in the vicinity of the Temple, which Laurent Pichat was harbouring. This committee, however, perished almost as soon as it was made.

Neither Guérault, Nefftzer, nor Havin "embarked." There was a strong polemic with Girardin against the pretentiousness of the "Five," who, on their own authority, had constituted themselves an electoral committee. Nefftzer only asked that the said "Five" would kindly—so that his religion might be enlightened—give "a collective expression of the political idea which bound them

together." It would be difficult to reply to this. The "Five" parried the question by publishing an address to the electors, which was a simple account of their works.

Laboulaye retired into the second circumscription before the candidateship of Monsieur Thiers, which was not going forward as it should, in spite of the adherence of the Butte des Moulins committee expressed to Monsieur Thiers by the delegates, among whom appeared, for the first time, the name Spuller.

Jules Simon took the oath! He was a candidate! It is impossible to describe the general amazement. Only the day before he had written: "It would have been a good thing to bring in Lavertujon. He has chances in Bordeaux, and perhaps would have decided a course opposed to that of Ollivier, for there is danger indeed in seeing this youthfulness entering upon the course which strives to reconcile the pleasures of popularity with the advantages of possibility."

And it was he, Jules Simon, who held out his hand to Ollivier. Charras, in indignation, made public a letter written by Jules Simon. Here is an extract therefrom: "As it pleased the illustrious 'Five' to join the dance and think themselves the representative of a party which thrusts them back,

the truth would be to proclaim loudly that the party itself drives them back."

There was considerable uproar at this time over a Mexican victory. Puebla was ours! And when should we possess Mexico? said those people insatiable for conquests in the New World.

Puebla reminded me of a dispute between Doctor Maure and Mérimée, which I had witnessed at the beginning of the year. Both were speaking of the Mexican War.

"An unpleasant business and absurd venture. Jecker bonds are not good; that is the opinion held by Thiers," said Doctor Maure.

"Your Thiers is a small man with a small mind and a small outlook," replied Mérimée. "Did he not deny the possibility of railways, and of the enfranchisement of the vile multitude? He does not see an inch beyond his spectacles. Rouher is right, Mexico is the most important thing in this reign. If a powerful empire is not founded in Central America to balance the development of the United States, in another fifty years it will be too late. You may write that to Thiers from me!"

Doctor Maure and I gloated over the sentiment Mérimée had gleaned from Rouher, and which he repeated like a parrot.

I went to the Salon with Ronchaud and Burty,

whom Ronchaud introduced to me. Burty is assistant to Charles Blanc, brother to Louis Blanc, on the Gazette des Beaux Arts, and had lately joined the staff of the Presse, for which he wrote artistic reviews. The great attraction and subject of discussion in the Salon that year was the Travail and the Repos, by Puvis de Chavannes.

"One likes or does not like Puvis de Chavannes," said Burty. "There is such personality in his work that many people resist that which this personality wishes to impose; but, whether one says it, or is content in merely thinking so, it is impossible to deny that he is a master. I have seen drawings of his which might well have been signed by the greatest of his ancestors."

I stayed for some time before a certain picture, Un Paysan se reposant sur sa Houx, by Millet. Burty showed me the Corbeaux, by Harpignies, and the Prisonier et le Boucher turc, by Gérôme.

"Saint-Victor, Maxime du Camp, About, were rampant about Gérôme," said Burty; "and I must own he is too fond of catching the eye of the public; but he has qualities of technique, if not of life, which have their value."

"Here is one," said Ronchaud, showing us the Martyre de Saint André, by Bonnat, "who is beginning to be himself, although this picture again

recalls Ribeira and the Martyre de Saint Janvier; but there are portions which prognosticate a Bonnat."

Ronchaud looked for a Henner, and showing it to me, added: "This one teems with paganism; these nude saints were Naïades once."

There was a general ebullition the last day of May that year. Agitation fluttered around the newspapers, excepting the Temps. Nefftzer took no part in the absorbing electoral campaign which was proceeding, pretending that in the event of a great victory the liberties given to the press would be withdrawn. He had not much to be proud of, it is true, in all he did for Ollivier in 1857. He was tired of being duped by candidates.

Jecker bonds served as projectiles to the opposition. Morny was constantly concerned in all this. Jecker, the banker, had been naturalized, people said, in order to be able to claim his money from the Mexican Government. Everything said in ambiguous terms in the Chamber was exaggerated in conversations.

At lunch one day Girardin told Madame d'Agoult and me that in the debate upon certain candidateships there were some intensely comical occurrences. Havin, among others, clung desper-

ately to a circumscription, which he refused to give up, though it was to his own interest to do so, it being the circumscription of Picard. Finally, the avowal was wrung from him that "it was the one where the Siècle had most subscribers." "Very well," Girardin told him, "if you will give up the surplus subscribers of the Siècle, I will give you those of the Presse, and the bargain is concluded." Girardin added that he had done a little "transportation," and pushed Havin into the circumscription of a candidate of the Carnot Committee, a twofold stroke, for Havin was also a Carnot Committee candidate, and Girardin laughed heartily.

"Every time there is a serious resolution and responsibilities to take, Picard is ill," pretended Girardin.

"What do you think," he added, "of those abstentionists who refuse to take the oath and have the presumption to choose those who can or ought to take it, according to them? It is contemptuous for the candidates!"

Although Girardin was wise enough not to fill Madame d'Agoult with enthusiasm, and make me furious, he praised that political judgment, "really of the first magnitude," possessed by Ollivier.

"His words are sculptural, worthy of the ancient

tablets," he told me. "Do you think the present situation can be better summed up than in these words: 'We do not ask the country, after having borne everything, to bear no more. Neither systematic approbation nor continuous opposition, but justice, independence to be worthy of liberty, wonderful!'"

"That is covering his dinner with cinders to keep it warm."

"You demon!" said Girardin.

He spoke to us of Gambetta, of one of the juniors who had taken part in all the committee discussions in a manner both lavish and judicious. "He is conducting at this moment," added Girardin, "in the sixth *arrondissement*, a wild campaign in favour of Paradol, who is nothing more than a simple Liberal; nevertheless, Gambetta considers himself a Republican, but a modern one, with other ideas than those of the 'imbeciles' of 1848."

"You cannot imagine the vitality of this fellow," he continued. "Were he better groomed, I would introduce him to you, but it is impossible. However, he is a scholar; his campaign in favour of Paradol proves that. He belongs rather to the Ollivier clan—with Floquet and Ferry. He often goes to the house of Garnier-Pagès, and frequents the young battalion recruited by Dreo to surround his

father-in-law. *A propos*, poor Garnier-Pagès went on the sly to deliver a hundred lectures in the country; he thought to hold France, and thus force himself upon Paris. It will make us laugh."

Madame d'Agoult told Monsieur de Girardin that Jules Ferry had been to beg her to help him on to the Presse, and that she had refused.

"I consider it extraordinary of Ollivier to have sent Ferry to me, that I should befriend him with you," she added. "He needs a 'junior' to himself on every newspaper, and he intended Ferry to play the same part on yours as Floquet does on the Temps. That you take Ferry is your own affair, but I will not recommend him. I will not help any one who only desires to oust my old friends. Monsieur Ferry is one of those people who are most willing to jeer at the 'high morality' of the men of 1848."

"Darimon wrote to me the most impassioned letter imaginable on the subject of Ferry," replied Girardin. "Ollivier did not dare to recommend him directly, for he knows I dislike intrusion. Besides, Ferry is too aggressive; he has a way of swaggering I greatly dislike. The amusing part is that to Darimon's letter, which demanded an answer, was subjoined a very, very mild article by Ferry."

I had seen Pelletan for the last five minutes. His eyes beneath his bushy eyebrows glowed with a fire which became more threatening as his hope of victory became more certain. The way in which he said, "I shall triumph," was enough. I could see him in the Chamber. He would terrify the majority with his tragic air. To think he was such a good, devoted friend, with his look of a *carbonaro!* Pelletan's was not a nature to be touched by bitterness and envy, in spite of the struggles of a trying family life—he had four children. But his hatred of tyranny, his passionate love for the people, turned him into a fanatic, capable of being irritated by the slightest trifle.

Jean Reynaud was set upon Pelletan's success, and, I believe, helped in some details as to certain charges which would have fallen heavily upon Pelletan, already drained by his fine, to pay which he had been obliged to sell his library.

The excitement reached its height on the evening of May 31st, from the Bastille to the Madeleine. As soon as the first results, which gave a crushing majority to Ollivier, Jules Favre, Picard, and Darimon, were known, the outbursts of joy were uproarious; for besides the partisans of the four, Hénon was elected at Lyons—even the enemies of the Empire were pleased. Monsieur Thiers had only a

very feeble majority, which, according to the "little Olliviers," was a proof that he would never have been appointed in Paris without their help. It caused some suprise that Guéroult was in the balloting, but he would carry matters with a high hand. The success obtained by Havin and Jules Simon caused no excitement. Pelletan was "named" at the third round, but was not proclaimed elected owing to an administrative error. Next December, however, he would certainly find his electors faithful, and at last be admitted into the Legislative body. Prévost-Paradol was beaten for the second time, and only found consolation in hurling invectives against universal suffrage. His legislative failure affected his success as an author.

After the election I lunched at Jean Reynaud's with Henri Martin and Carnot. They were distressed at the failure of their committee, and I was greatly mistaken if the indignation shown by Carnot against Jules Simon was not as great as it had been a fortnight before. Could it be that at future elections we should see Carnot taking the oath?

I heard through de Ronchaud that Girardin, who was accused of being the prime mover in the whole electoral campaign, had been called by Count Treilhard a hireling of the press of the interior, and that he had been the victim of violent re-

proaches. He heard that the election caused great consternation in high places; that of Monsieur Thiers had put the Empress quite beside herself. She could do nothing but repeat "We must have a *coup d'état!*"

"Compensation rains in high places," we said in fun. General Bazaine occupied Mexico! Morny and Jecker could desire nothing better. Baron de Heckeren, happening to meet Edmond Adam, remarked to him:

"With the tongue of Thiers, the Emperor will not hold out five years!"

As soon as he had obtained his seat in the Chambers, Monsieur Thiers set about forming his group, if not of partisans, at any rate of respectful listeners to his conversation with Messieurs Buffet, Lambrecht, Plichon, and Brame.

The circulars of Monsieur de Persigny departed with him and disappeared like autumn leaves. Ollivier declared to all those who cared to listen that a breeze of liberty was blowing from on high. Finally, Madame d'Agoult wrote to me that Girardin was coming from Compiègne; that he had spoken to the Emperor, and had found him practically resolved to withdraw the crumbs of liberty he had given.

It was at the hour of amendment that one saw to what point the opposition was divided. At first Monsieur Thiers did not wish to sign any of those presented by the Left side, and had a discussion with Ollivier on this subject, of which violent terms are recorded. Then, as soon as the disunion was complete, each was anxious to make his own personal amendment. Monsieur Rouher was charged by the Emperor to make a report as to the project of a new Universal Exhibition in France, another of those shows which would procure us visits of kings and princes, no doubt; another fair which would attract the dregs of the whole world and increase our lowest classes.

The author of my being discoursed at table, while eating his bread, upon the liberty . . . of the bakery just granted to us. But the event my father considered the greatest of this last half century, on account of the blows it would deal to the so-called "free-thinkers," was the appearance of La Vie de Jésus, by Renan.

My father sent for the book, and simply devoured it. His joy was exuberant. Yes, that indeed was the proper way in which to regard the personality of Jesus in order to harmonize it better and make it less divine.

I received twenty letters, each more impassioned

than the last; some for, some against Renan. Jean Reynaud was quite grieved to see such books feeding the spirit of negation and serving as a graceful standard for the sceptics. Madame de Pierreclos thought the work abominable and dangerous on account of the charm and perfection of the style. In her opinion "Renan is still the priest who has undertaken, by means of contradictory preachings, to defend the works of the devil."

Ronchaud wrote: "The book is a beautiful poem. And what a beautiful figure it has made of Jesus of Nazareth! Even those who do not believe in His divinity must admire him henceforth."

"Renan," said my father, "was once like myself—a simple, pious, and sincere student—but when he saw those whose duty it is to guard holy writings, alter and spoil them instead, then he lost his faith, just as I lost mine."

When he heard that Renan had been deprived of his Hebrew professorship, he exclaimed: "Do you see? Imperialism shows us a friend by treating him as an enemy!"

CHAPTER XIX

I TELL OF MANY THINGS, AND FOUND MY SALON

PELLETAN wrote to me: "Jean Reynaud is very ill."

I hastened to Paris and hurried to the Villa of the Boulevard Maillot in such anxiety that I dared not enter and ask for Madame Jean Reynaud.

I went in at last and found her calm, but as one controlling emotion.

"Who wrote to you?" she asked before I could speak.

"Eugène Pelletan."

"What did he tell you?"

"That Jean Reynaud was suffering."

"He should have said, 'Very ill.' It is I who saw Pelletan the day before yesterday; this morning they decided to perform the operation to-morrow."

"What operation?"

"For stone."

I felt reassured; my father suffered from the disease too. He should have been operated on several times, and intended to be some day. But he did

not worry about it in the least. I told Madame Reynaud this, and my faith seemed to reassure her.

I wanted to see him, but dared not ask. She, however, guessed my thought, and answered it. "Yes, come for a moment. Look just as you do now. He will be surprised to see you at first, but say you have come to Paris about your book."

I entered the room of my "Cannes papa." He spoke of Bruyères, adding: "I feel that your life will improve with your own people at Bruyères, and in Paris, my child. Enjoy the blessings that God bestows upon you. You have bought them dearly. Good-bye. As soon as I am well again I shall take up my abode at the Golfe at Eden, in order to superintend the building of my house."

I asked Madame Jean Reynaud the name of the doctor who was to perform the operation, and went straight to my friend Cabarrus and told him.

"Pah!" said he. "I should have preferred some one else."

Then the prediction of the wizard of Napoule came back to me: "Beware of doctors." Supposing I went and begged Madame Jean Reynaud to choose a better surgeon and remind her husband of the prophecy? The one made for me had been so fearfully realized! But, alas! I dared not. What

right had I to interfere? I was now in a terrible state about the operation, and proceeded to tell Madame d'Agoult my anxiety and ask her advice.

She told me I could not possibly take such a responsibility; that if Madame Jean Reynaud listened to me and her husband died, she would certainly be more upset than ever; and if she did not listen to me and yet the misfortune happened, she would think herself to blame.

June that year was fearfully hot, but every morning and evening I went to get news of Jean Reynaud. The operation had been postponed for two days on account of a storm which had greatly tried the patient. Upon arriving one morning the nurse advised me to wait for an hour. They were operating, and so I should hear the result. I went to the Jardin d'Acclimation and back again.

The valet said to me: "I have a sort of idea that it has not been successful. The doctors do not seem pleased."

I returned home sadly, and wept. "Beware of doctors! beware of doctors!"

Jean Reynaud was worse. I knew not what was happening the next few days. Only once did I see Madame Jean Reynaud. She kissed me, and I broke into sobs: "My father, my Cannes father!"

"It is all over with him."

"No, no, that cannot be!"

I remained there, completely overwhelmed. Madame Jean Reynaud left me. My tears flowed. I did not know where I was. I repeated, dully: "It must not be! it must not be!" Never had I suffered so much. Yes, though . . . when my grandmother died. Then I repeated to myself, "When my grandmother died."

They were coming and going in the house, but I stayed there still, weeping. Madame Jean Reynaud passed. I seized hold of her.

"Tell me he will not die!"

She folded me in her arms, and murmured so low I could scarcely catch the words: "He is dead." She was brave enough to add: "Go home, child; you cannot pray. . . ."

I found myself in the street. Jean Reynaud dead! Bruyères down by the sea was no longer blue. It was black. I walked on, not knowing where I was or whither I was going. I had lost one of my adored fathers. I reached home and wrote to Arlès-Dufour and to my father, that they should come to the funeral. I felt I must see them there when the dead body was placed in the ground, or I should feel myself absolutely deserted.

The kindness of my friends on this occasion was so great that my grief was, as it were, lulled. Pel-

letan, Henri Martin, Legouvé, Charton, and Jourdan came and mourned with me the incomparable friend they had lost, whom they had loved even before I knew him.

Madame d'Agoult, de Ronchaud, and Madame de Pierreclos, Toussenel, Hetzel, Bixio, Edmond Adam, and the Vilborts arranged among themselves that I should never be alone. I would have liked to be with Madame Jean Reynaud, but she told me I should do her harm, because I had not sufficient faith in the living soul of my "papa."

"I can see him before my eyes," she said. "He speaks to me, advises me, and is constantly present. Such kindness, such nobility of heart, such moral beauty must be immortal, and I want to live in union with the new form of life of my Jean, just as I did with the old, so that I may continue to honour him and make others do so."

My father and Arlès-Dufour now arrived. Their tenderness alleviated my pain, but the thought that one day they too must leave me thus suddenly only increased my grief.

After the burial of Jean Reynaud, my father took me to Chauny, and I promised my friend Arlès-Dufour to spend the latter part of September at Oullins, for in October I intended to return to Bruyères with my daughter, finish everything,

send for my father, and settle our future life. Bruyères must please him. Now I no longer had Jean Reynaud, what should I do, alone with Alice in that little isolated villa, far from my friends at Cannes, not one of whom could replace the one so suddenly taken from me?

I rewrote the dedication of my Voyage autour du Grand Pin. It was formerly gay and sunny; now it was gloomy and sad. I had written this book, chapter by chapter, at Jean Reynaud's side, and he had been as much amused at seeing me write it as in seeing me building my Bruyères.

It rained and rained at Chauny. When should we escape this gloomy dampness which added to our grief? Alice and I spent forty-eight hours in Paris, set out for Oullins, and from thence to Bruyères.

At last! here we were at our Bruyères. André, the gardener, had worked wonders; the two little Brigasques had understood my wishes, and all the furniture was properly arranged. The roses had been so well watered that they already reached a height of three metres. Garlands of passion-flowers hung from the balcony. It was a perfect miracle.

On the way I saw Madame de Pierreclos at Maçon, and she said to me: "Let me know as soon

as there is a mattress on the floor for me. I will feed on the 'polenta' of your little Piedmontese, I will put things in order, plant flowers. I wish to be one of the founders of Bruyères."

On my arrival I wrote at once to Madame de Pierreclos: "Come." She was almost speechless with delight and with having nothing to do; charmed, too, to see Bruyères made out of nothing, and so pretty withal.

The terrace in front of the house was ideal. Our little Brigasques had covered it with fine gravel, in which my daughter, on all fours, found the prettiest little shells in the world. One morning I saw from my window Madame de Pierreclos gesticulating violently, and declaring that as there was nothing else to do she would search for shells too. And so she did, stretched full length upon the ground.

Alice and I were overcome with laughter. Just as she was about to get up she cried: "Rambuteau! Rambuteau!" and the whole household turned out to help this large person to her feet.

She would cheer even the Radeau de la Méduse. Ah! if only Jean Reynaud had known her, how she would have amused him, true Gaul as he was.

Doctor Maure was quite proud to bring us a letter from Thiers regarding the nomination of

Rouher as Minister of State, charged with maintaining the free exchange policy of the Imperial Government in the Legislative body. Monsieur Thiers declared to his old friend that he would come down upon him as soon as the session was opened, and sustain the true and only industrial, commercial, and agricultural policy, namely, the protectionist policy.

"Monsieur Thiers is mistaken," said Madame de Pierreclos, "as he always is when progress is in question. Round about Lyons all the great manufacturers I know are certain to draw great advantages from the new treaties on commerce. I am truly distressed, Doctor, for the first time since we have known each other, not to be able to hold the same opinion as you."

Several of our friends wrote joint letters to Madame de Pierreclos and me. Ronchaud, first, about Jean Baudry, by Vacquerie, and his success.

"At last," said Madame de Pierreclos, "I am consoled for the Funerailles de l'Honneur, in which I suffered truly."

Alas! Ronchaud's letter made us feel very sad about Berlioz, on account of the failure of his Troyens.

"All the friends of Berlioz knew," he wrote, "that the Troyens was much too long. The per-

formance lasted eight hours. It was necessary to shorten it, and Berlioz had agreed to this. But every day since the first performance at the Lyric, Carvalho removes 'all that the public does not like.' Well, except a few unprejudiced musicians and ourselves, the friends of Berlioz, who are ever on the increase, there is no public that does like the Troyens. The performers are so bad that the performance drags, and we are unanimous in thinking it will not run three weeks. I am as grieved," added Ronchaud, "as if a personal misfortune were in question. I write with my eyes full of tears. To see Berlioz thus tortured makes me miserable, and you two, who love our poor 'Lucifer,' will both understand me."

"My dear pagan," Ronchaud continued, addressing himself to me; "let us rejoice, after having mourned. Such is life! A treaty, I may inform you, if perchance this has escaped you in your Thebaïde, has just been concluded in London, by which England abandons her protectorate over the Ionian Islands, which are about to be united to Greece. Long live Independence!

"The first volume of Littré's Dictionary has appeared. Now we shall be able to write. The author wishes me to tell Madame Juliette Lamber that he cannot send her such a pamphlet, but that

his colleague of Mon Village will have the little Littré."

Madame de Pierreclos and I talked a whole evening of Berlioz. He had, for any one who knew and understood him, a primitive nature, both gentle and calm. He was a son of Virgil. His passion and violence were the fruit of an ultra-romantic education, which he gave himself. He sought his inspiration in Shakespeare, in Goethe's Faust, in Beethoven, who exceeds all human limit, in Dante's Inferno, in the torments of Eurydice and Alcestes. As an artist he was an "impossible-ist"; he strove to seize that which cannot be grasped, and this constituted his grandeur! When nature is let loose in all her monstrosity he wished the despairing voice of man to be heard in the midst of all the chaos. In love and art he ever wanted new themes, and sought them with frenzy, breaking those chords which refused to sing the demoniac.

Madame de Pierreclos and I told each other continually that Berlioz was the most extraordinary genius among all those we knew and loved, but at the same time the most unfortunate. He had known nothing of life but tears; first, misery, strife, and humiliations; for he was poor, very poor. He was unable to finish his musical education, and if, by force of genius, he succeeded in

creating for himself certain personal proceedings in his composition which added to his originality, those who disputed this found in the *naïveté* of certain technical notions an argument to use against him.

And what enemies he had! It was considered good form to chaff him, to ridicule his gloomy personality, his tragic eye, his scornful lip, his proud and yet unhappy physiognomy. Yes, "unhappy," we told each other. What he must have suffered at that time! We seemed to see him in revolt against human imbecility—cursing it! He who had such a passion for the beautiful, yielding to this passion to the point of seeming mad with it. How could he understand that he himself was not understood?

If he had been denied by every one he might lose faith in himself, but there were some fanatics among those whose word was law in the musical world; so his pride was simply exasperated. He became bitter against the mediocre, and provoked mortal hatreds by his pamphlets in the Débats and by his cruel words.

Ought we to write to him? We asked ourselves the question, but finally decided that as we could not congratulate him on a success, we had better keep silence. We decided, however, to send him a

basket of flowers with these simple words: "Madame de Pierreclos and Madame Juliette Lamber send some flowers from the Golfe Juan to Berlioz."

He replied without thanks in a single line:

"Was it worth while?

"BERLIOZ."

Pelletan was re-elected. It was merely a matter of form, but all the same Madame de Pierreclos and I, who loved him, rejoiced. Girardin wrote to us:

"I was at Compiègne the 1st of June last, and knew the results of the elections, but spoke of them to no one. Suddenly, however, the Empress addressed me, saying:

"'Well, so your friend Pelletan is elected?' I bowed in silence.

"'But defend him, then,' added the Empress.

"'Madame,' I replied, 'I need not defend the victor.' She did not look over amiably to me, I assure you."

Pelletan was, for the official world, an object of horror—the Revolution in person. With his dark eyes, his black beard, his thick eyebrows, and his baleful air, he inspired more fear than the other members.

Pelletan replied to Madame de Pierreclos, who had written to him in our name, and thanked us.

He spoke of Monsieur Thiers and his political activity. Certainly he did not approve any of the ideas of the "little man," nor his parliamentary tactics; but he admitted that with him the opposition was shaping; that all the lawyers' conferences, all the writers' articles, and all the students' manifestations, would never have given the opposition the character which Monsieur Thiers had given it.

"Monsieur Thiers is not an enemy of the Imperial *épopée*," added Pelletan; "on the contrary, he has cultivated and over educated it. If he asks for liberties, it is because they are necessary. We know well that he himself, who has made laws, not over tender, for the Press, would not reduce authority to powerlessness, in face of the 'madmen,' as the citizens like to call the advanced writers. Monsieur Thiers warns the Government that if it refuses the 'old parties' the necessary liberties, the country will exact them.

"Between Rouher, tenacious, brutal, and obstinate," continued Pelletan, "with arguments borrowed from the law courts, unscrupulous as to the means of escaping the catastrophe of a proof, and Monsieur Thiers, determined, putting forward nothing with certainty, always moderate in his expressions, the struggle is a curious one, and I watch it willingly from a front seat."

As Madame de Pierreclos was leaving us the following day, Doctor Maure came to bid her a last farewell. We had our handkerchiefs in readiness.

I thanked Nefftzer for his extreme goodness about my Grand Pin, and he replied in a very charming letter. He mentioned, as a continuation of several of our conversations, the occupation of Holstein by troops of the German Confederation. "You who must frequently see Mérimée," he added, "ought to warn him that he will one day weep bitter tears for having allowed himself to be subdued by Bismarck. Now that we have seen him at work as President of the Council of Prussia, it is easy to understand his success with Napoleon III. It is the everlasting story of Eleonora Galigai and Marie de Médicis, the influence of a strong mind upon a weak one. He knows what he wants, and wants it much. The wavering policy of the Emperor fits him like a glove, and he will retain it while retaining the glove. What! this Bismarck has won Mérimée over? And Mérimée himself it is who says it. Ah! did Mérimée only know what it meant.

"They who surround Bismarck were greatly amused at the stories of the small German courts, and when the relator of these amusing anecdotes

added, 'They must be suppressed,' the approbation was general. Ah! dear Madame, when one is an Alsatian, and follows the German policy, as I do, one fears things which I cannot name without being taken for a madman, and which are fearful as threats for the future. Read this letter to Mérimée. I know he is a patriot. Perhaps it will cause some precious uneasiness in his mind.

"Believe me, dear Madame, etc.,

"NEFFTZER."

I wrote to Mérimée to come and see me and to honour Bruyères with a visit. He replied: "I had hoped to be able to thank you in person for your charming little book" (I had sent him Mon Voyage autour du Grand Pin), "but I came here ill and found sick people, so that I was obliged to nurse myself and others, too. I must give up the hope of coming to the Golfe Juan to render my thanks. Permit me, therefore, Madame, to congratulate you by letter. In my quality of old discoverer of Cannes I was delighted to see a Parisian lady do justice to this beautiful country, and to see that she had had the courage to learn it thoroughly, and the hardihood to tell her fellow-countrymen that there were flowers elsewhere than at Constantin's, and mountains elsewhere than at the opera.

I have followed you in all your excursions, and can attest the exactitude of your descriptions. They are charming, like the country which inspired them. I only desire one thing, namely, that you should compile more like these, and that our surroundings may furnish you with material for more than one volume.

"Pray accept, etc.,

"P. MÉRIMÉE."

A few days later Mérimée came to see me. He smiled at Nefftzer's letter.

I asked him if he did not wish to keep it as a document to convince me at need, one day; I, who experienced vague fears, in the sense of those of the director of the Temps, that we were grossly mistaken.

"I shall never have occasion to recall this paper," said he. "Keep it; and I authorize you, in the impossible event of Nefftzer's being right, to produce it as an act of accusation against me."

Mérimée confided to me a great anxiety he had had since the middle of November. A decree had reorganized the École des Beaux Arts on a new basis, and it was now under the direction of a commission elected for the purpose and chosen from the Académie des Beaux Arts. Beulé had written about the matter to Mérimée, and was as distressed

as he. Was not this a case of renouncing and denying traditions? Was it not compromising the spirit and perhaps destroying the École de Rome?

"I greatly admire Beulé," I said to Mérimée, "as a scholar and as an author. Moreover, for me, a Greek, has he not the unparalleled glory of having discovered the Porte? . . . Beulé at the Acropolis. I can understand what he suffers when he sees art parliamentarized, if I can judge by what I suffered when I saw letters democratized in the Petit Journal. There are so many things into which equality may be introduced, but not there."

Mérimée gave me a recent letter of Beulé's to read, in which I distinctly remember the following phrase: "It is necessary to purify souls by the presentation of what is beautiful, and not to lower art to the level of universal suffrage."

We went to Cannes to meet my father. He had returned at last, and was lost in admiration of the journey. How beautiful it all was—the sun, the sea, the blue sky, the wild flowers under the olive-trees! He talked and talked, one thing after another, as if he were teaching us all these things. And the colours of the red granite rocks, and the Estérel Mountains, and the island, and this gulf, and Bruyères. He got out of the carriage at the

entrance. "Oh, what a spacious terrace!" He wanted to walk on it, and measure it, immediately. "What a splendid road! and the well! Ah, I understand! And the plateau, the house! Is it possible, my children, that Bruyères belongs to you? It is splendid!"

Nothing but exclamations of delight. And the pines, and their odour; the heath in flower; and the Brigasques—André, Angélique, Perrinette—he knew all their names beforehand; he knew all about everything; we had said and written so much about it all; but he named everything as if to take possession.

Alice capered and danced. "What joy, grandfather likes Bruyères!"

Yes, grandfather liked Bruyères! Tired, he went to bed early, but at daybreak awoke the household.

"What is that we see down there over the sea—there where Apollo is rising?"

I arrived upon the scene. "That is Corsica, papa. Do you think the sight wonderful enough? The God of Day ascends his chariot, clothed with light; his horses, rays of light entangled in their manes, plunge from the mountains of this beautiful island into a sky tinted by the rosy fingers of Aurora. You see Apollo as I see him, is it not so?"

"Yes, I see Greece," cried my father. "To think I never understood Homer and what he wrote until to-day! This very day I will read it again with fresh light. You have our old Homer here? If not, I must send to Cannes, or Nice, or Corsica, and find him."

I almost feared to see my father so excited, particularly as he refused to put anything on his head, for he wished to be "bathed in light."

Doctor Maure, invited to lunch to celebrate the arrival of his colleague, became attached to my father from the first moment. My terrible father was really handsome, good, and charming. Doctor Maure carried him away the very same day, for he was off for the day to Saint-Césaire, and wished to show my father the magnificent view of the Saigne. They were to return by Grasse, and after to-morrow I was to be allowed to take possession of the "author of my days."

During my father's short absence I received a visit from Guillaumet, who was leaving for Africa, and spent the day with us. I like Guillaumet immensely. He was introduced to me by old Monsieur Séchan. He is at once an enthusiast of the great and beautiful, and very simple in little things. One enjoyed teasing him.

After breakfast Guillaumet, Alice, and I went

down and sat on the rocks of the little Port "Lamber." We told him that the water of the Mediterranean was blue even in a decanter. He believed us, and wanted to prove it. We sent to Bruyères for a decanter. He leaned over with his decanter filled and examined it, while we burst out laughing.

"I owe you my revenge," he said.

But presently he began to talk art; no more mockery. Alice listened.

"I watch nature," began Guillaumet. "While she is drawing her pictures, the sun's shadow trails long rays of mist, and the olive-trees are outlined in the distance. Their shape is no longer visible, only the velvet grayness of the leaves; the scattered masses of pine-trees are grouped darkly together, while here and there a white country-house cheerfully pierces their sombreness. The earth has red tones, which harmonize, without jarring, with the shining russet green of the orange-trees. Horses gallop along the road, raising a cloud of dust which settles on a flock of sheep; and the Brigasque shepherd, in his costume, passes solemnly, throwing orders to his dogs in sonorous tones. Twenty pictures have been sketched under my eyes," added he. "Nature generally offers me her models. It is for me to choose, for me to decide."

"I want to be a painter, and you shall give me lessons, won't you, Monsieur Guillaumet?" asked Alice.

"Alas! little one, I am leaving. I am going across the water to seek pictures of nature more brilliant even than these; but I shall return, and I pledge you my word as a painter that I will teach you to paint," and Guillaumet laughed heartily. It was his turn to make fun of my daughter.

I heard from Edmond Texier that Le Marquis de Villemer had an enormous success at the Odéon. The students acclaimed George Sand, and shouted: "Liberty! Liberalism! Tolerance!"

I sent my Grand Pin to George Sand, who did not answer. No doubt my book displeased her. After the triumph to which all the papers bear witness I can congratulate her. Why did she not tell me what displeased her in my book? It would have been charitable to give me a lesson in letters. I will tell her so.

George Sand was still at Paris, and her answer came quickly:

"Dear Madame: Yes, a great success. I am pleased, but not so pleased at the manifestations accompanying the success. When youth gets carried away, who knows where it will stop?

"I liked your book, which I only read yesterday, immensely. It is *true*. You have understood that in the South men are more easily stirred than elsewhere, because the life of things is more intense. Observe well what you see, my child; note your impressions of life as one does a sketch, and then fill in your pictures with an equal share of truth and selection.

"Your distant friend,

"GEORGE SAND."

It was the first time that Madame Sand had made any allusion in her letters to our distant friendship. How greatly this troubled me cannot be imagined. I dared not answer, promising myself that I would speak to Ronchaud on my return, because, in spite of my desire to know George Sand, I should never have done so without assurance that I should not thereby give offence to Madame d'Agoult.

There had been another plot against the Emperor. Madame Fauvety told me that Napoleon III summoned Edmond, Zozo's wizard, and that he predicted that he would not be assassinated, but would die in his bed. "If the prophecy is realized, as in the case of Zozo, the Emperor can sleep in peace. Why am I not a Bonapartist, that I might write to him? But you who see Mérimée, tell him

the tale of the illustrious Zozo," added Madame Fauvety.

I did so, and heard through Mérimée that he had written to the Empress, "very superstitious, like every good Spaniard."

My father emphatically declared that he felt as though he were floating on the swelling tide of new Homeric revelations. In the morning on his balcony, in the afternoon on a rock, he read the Iliad or Æneid.

Edmond Adam, Edmond Texier, and Hetzel had planned to come together to spend three or four days at Golfe Juan. They would stay at the Eden Hotel, quite near to us.

There was great rejoicing at Bruyères. Alice said she would do the honours for Monsieur Hetzel. My father would receive Texier, whose wit amused him, and I would entertain Edmond Adam, whom I loved and honoured most of all my friends.

Edmond Texier added some gossip to his letter announcing his arrival. According to him, L'Ami des Femmes of Dumas Fils has been an honourable failure, save for Madame de Pierreclos, who declared it to be admirable.

"Dumas is very ill," wrote Texier. "He has been forbidden to work or think, at risk of endangering his reason. He leaves for Le Puy with

a very great Russian lady, Madame N., who will take care of him in expiation of what she is accused of at St. Petersburg."

I answered Texier that he was unjust to Dumas's piece, as Madame Fauvety also said that she thought it very beautiful. Texier then sent me a page from the preface of L'Ami des Femmes, where I read that "woman is an outcast angel." Thanks for such a friend!

Our three travellers were favoured with marvellous weather. The very day after their arrival Edmond Adam and Edmond Texier bought plots of land close to Bruyères. Adam bought the first, which he gallantly named the Grand Pin; and Texier bought the second, which he would call Brimborion.

Auguste Villemot came to Cannes, enticed by Hetzel. Doctor Maure invited us all to breakfast at Grasse, and we set out for Cannes in a big landau. We took Villemot with us. Hetzel, as a young man, took the box seat, and Alice insisted upon room being made for her between him and the coachman.

On the way Adam told us that he had written the night before to his friend Armand Heine and to Eugène Forcade, telling them to buy the plots of land adjoining Grand Pin and Brimborion.

We should form a colony. My father was more and more enchanted. He drank in Texier's words, who, feeling that he had a very new and a very enthusiastic listener, grew excited, and then followed a joust of sparkling wit between Hetzel, Villemot, and myself.

The simplicity of a question put by Villemot gave me the idea of playing a trick on him. I could not then decide what it should be.

How can I describe the passages of wit and repartee during this excursion, at breakfast, and on the return journey? It was a kind of review of everything, either serious or humorous, which had happened since I left Paris.

At every moment Doctor Maure made a grimace, and stupefied our *boulevardiers* by answers worthy of any one of them. And how these Parisians could eat, taste, and enjoy the dishes and wines!

"Long live the colony of Golfe Juan!" cried the good Doctor, raising his glass as we were rising from table.

Villemot had been eating dates with great enjoyment.

"Are they from the palm-trees we see here?" he asked.

I answered quickly:

"Certainly, my dear Villemot; and if you like

we will go and get some from a friend of the Doctor's, who lives quite near."

Every one guessed my intentions. The palm-tree was in the garden of my daughter's little friends.

"Shall I buy a pound?" she whispered.

"Yes." The cunning little thing had understood.

We reached the garden. The dates were artfully strewn on the grass round the palm-tree.

Villemot fell upon them, and tasted one.

"They are excellent."

"Let us see."

We all tasted them.

"Excellent," all repeated.

The master of the house gave Villemot a bag; he filled and carried it away. He ate them himself and passed them to us, to our delight, all during the return journey.

"Don't forget to speak of the good dates of Grasse in your article in the Temps," said Hetzel. "Say that they are excellent. It will be only the truth, and you will flatter the obliging owner of the palm-tree."

Villemot did not miss a single detail of his harvest of dates at Grasse.

On my return to Paris, how Nefftzer reproached me with Villemot's dates!

Armand Heine and Eugène Forcade had bought their land.

Next year I should have to superintend the building of Grand Pin and Brimborion. I should be appointed to mark out the gardens. I was honoured by so much confidence.

My father wrote to my mother that she might put the house at Chauny up for sale. It was quickly done. Our notary wanted it for himself. Upon my return to Paris, while my father disposed of some cumbersome furniture, my daughter and I were to look for a little summer lodging.

Bruyères and Paris, what a dream it would be! Life with my daughter and father, in the midst of dear friends, so worthy of affection! Such joy could not last!

My "papa of Cannes" if he lived would say again, and this time with truth, "Dark days are storing up light for bright days."

I was grieved. Meyerbeer had died almost suddenly while finishing the score of L'Africaine. Weill told me that the last time he saw Meyerbeer he said: "Velléda will soon see Sélika."

The morrow of my return to Paris I set about finding lodgings. For ourselves I should have liked to find one in the Rue de Rivoli. My daughter wanted one looking on the Tuileries, where she

"much enjoyed" herself during her short visits to Paris.

My father timidly admitted that he would like the "Quartier des Écoles." I called him an old student, and said that the Rue de Rivoli had been the scene of all the revolutions, and that he would have a front seat at the next.

We began our search from the corner of the Place de la Concorde. One, two, three houses. In the first apartments visited we found our ideal rest on the fourth floor, with a large balcony looking on the Tuileries. They were to let. We wanted them at once. Who was the landlord? Monsieur Soufflot. I remembered hearing Jean Reynaud mention him as a friend. I looked upon this as an omen. The paternal spirit of Jean Reynaud had guided me here. We hurried (Alice and I) to Madame Jean Reynaud, who gave us a letter for old Monsieur Soufflot.

How charming he was—my landlord! Everything I asked he granted. The rooms were to be cleaned, repainted, and the rent reduced. The lease was sent to my father, and signed three days later.

Some furniture being sent from Chauny, Alice and I took up our quarters among the workmen. Things progressed so favourably that a month

later my delighted father and mother joined us, and could feast their eyes upon the beautiful view afforded by our apartments by day, and on the magical illuminations at night. In a word, we were Parisians, and extended our house-warming over eight days.

What excitement there was the day of our house-warming dinner-party! My mother drove us mad (Alice and me), declaring that the guests would be famished, because there were only five courses.

Our apartments were rather high, but the wide stone staircase was easy, and it was so cool there in summer. It was tastefully arranged, and pleased all who saw it. My friends spoiled me, each one sending some pretty souvenir. At last our guests arrived, greatly honouring our dovecot.

Edmond Adam, Edmond Texier, Toussenel, Peyrat, Nefftzer, Challemel, Ronchaud. Madame d'Agoult as yet visited no one. Madame de Pierre-clos was at Macon.

The dining-room being too small, dinner was served in the drawing-room.

Émile Ollivier was the first and principal subject of conversation at table. Nefftzer was attacked. It was he who had "invented" and supported him in 1857. Challemel-Lacour quoted a saying of

that time: "The election of Ollivier in 1857 was due to a party intrigue of which Nefftzer was the moving spirit."

"The moving ass, you mean," replied Nefftzer.

We laughed and spared him, but Challemel and Peyrat were relentless, and returned more fiercely to Ollivier. Edmond Texier, in a few brief words, marked out the chief points of their attack.

The recorder of the law of coalitions was appreciated, as he deserved, by true Republicans. This policy had no longer any secrets from Peyrat. To Ollivier's formula against "systematic opposition," Challemel substituted that of "systematic conversion." The judgment given by Monsieur Thiers was recalled: "Ollivier has not only burned his boats, but all his fleet." Disowned and excommunicated, his infatuation remained unchangeable; he never ceased to believe that alone he could group together the elements of a Liberal Imperialist party.

A sally of Hetzel's caused great amusement.

"Émile Ollivier's policy," he said, "will carry him straight to the Academy."

This was greeted with cries of protestation.

"But undoubtedly," continued the imperturbable Hetzel, "just as Dufaure's policy led him there."

"It isn't the same thing. It's just the opposite," said Peyrat.

"It is just because it is the contrary that it amounts to the same," replied Hetzel. "The day that the Academy at a certain moment, for a certain motive, has a certain political election to make, it will unfailingly elect Ollivier."

We shrugged our shoulders.

"Ollivier," said Edmond Adam, "is a strong man. He has a power which will never fail—his vanity. He will draw upon it for all the energies he requires. He is the first among us who has profited by the compromises of his conscience, and history will lay the chief guilt at his door. Our faltering is the outcome of his compromise, and from it will proceed our future facilities. There are no half measures in honour or in word. Ollivier bequeaths dangerous opportunities to the Republicans. Conservatism alone could continue to solidify the Empire until of itself it became exhausted. Liberalism will weaken it, and I fear that such a jumble of false political doctrines may some day give birth to a false republic."

"Bah!" said Peyrat. "Let the Republic first come; then we shall see."

"They will Jacobinize it, eh, Peyrat? All the French will be compelled to believe the same as

Peyrat and Challemel," added Nefftzer. "That is, if Challemel and Peyrat will consent, for the public good, to think for once alike. If not—ah, well, the Republic will be purified according to the views of one or the other. I, as you know, am more inclined to a Liberal Empire than to Jacobinism, and if Ollivier inspired me with confidence I should be well satisfied with a Liberal Empire, for as long as French Governments last."

"Though I thought a Liberal Empire possible," threw in Challemel, "I would not lend assistance at any price. It is nothing less than treachery to give help to the enemy, to galvanize them and render victory possible to them."

"Think, Nefftzer," cried Toussenel, "of what Ollivier might have said, it is surely monstrous; and having been a Republican, is it not apostasy to dare to assert that 'a constitutional and Liberal Empire will become the Government of France'?"

"All questions of internal policy are small compared with the external events which are hatching to threaten the future of France," replied Nefftzer, with real sadness.

"The illustrious Jeremiah come to life," cried Peyrat. "Listen, he begins. Hark to the recital of the massacres of the Palatinate, the revenge of Jena! Listen to the plaintive Nefftzer!"

"You provoke me, Peyrat, and compel me to say what perhaps I should not say here, although my audience is well worth running the risk of mockery from you. Yes, the revenge of Jena has been prepared in Prussia for the last forty-five years. The promoters have said that they require half a century. The time is near. Prussia deceives you. Bismarck—note it well—is a man of the stamp of Cavour, with brutal and useful powers in addition. France commits error upon error. She bungles her advantages. The adventure upon which Napoleon III has sent Maximilian to Mexico will end badly, and will create for us dangerous enemies in Austria; whereas, both for Austria and for ourselves, we must at all costs remain on good terms. Juarés has not disarmed, and Spanish blood will not suffer invasions. What will happen if the Mexicans throw our imperial *protégés* into the sea?" *

* The people of Ragusa predicted from this time either violent death or madness for Maximilian, Charlotte and a great number of the Imperial family of Austria, because they had chosen the island of La Chèoma as a country residence. The Archduke had driven the monks out, turned their cemetery into a garden, and had thrown their bones into a common grave, or into the sea. When the last monk left the island, he prophesied that after seventeen cases of violent death or madness among those who inhabited the island, the monks would return.

"Oh!" said Peyrat; "though I have no belief in the prophecies of monks, it makes me shudder. While waiting their fatal end, Maximilian and Charlotte seem to be enjoying themselves at Mexico."

"Will you take a bet, Peyrat, upon the conference of London to settle the Danish-German quarrel?" said Nefftzer, gravely. "You are following it, are you not?"

"Yes; it is even interesting."

"It will come to nothing. You will see the peace that Prussia will patch up. I read the Berlin papers, and I know what is wanted on the Spree. They want to mock, dupe, deceive, promise, but not perform; lie for the sake of lying."

Monsieur Drouyn de Luys found Bismarck, President of the actual Council of Prussia, when he represented his country at Paris, "a man to be mocked." Alas! we shall see the man at work; he is more than dangerous, he is terrifying!

"I was anxious to know the business of the German Jewish agents in Paris," said Toussenel. "I can well see that they tear us to pieces morally, making light of what we respect and compassionating humanity in general, to make nothing of our love of France. Do you think that a Vallès alone invented such sayings as the one which I shall some

day make him swallow: 'That coloured handkerchief called a flag!' Some one wishes ill to our race, our character, our heroism. I feel it, I see it, I see signs of it on all sides; but I did not quite grasp who that some one was. You say, Nefftzer, that it is Prussia. Your time is not lost; you have given warning to a patriot who is not cold-blooded. Thanks!"

Toussenel pronounced these words with a restrained emotion which was impressive.

Little by little Nefftzer's ideas on external policy made headway with me. Things which I had read became proofs.

My dear old friend Arlès-Dufour, "the father," had for Germany an admiration which was as a warning to me.

"Leipzig is as good as Lyons to you," I said one day to him; "and you find as many friends in Berlin as in Paris."

"Yes, Germany is more intellectual, more serious, more humanitarian, than France," answered Arlès-Dufour; "and I have an affection for her."

"Are you German on any side?"

"No, I am Provençal; but I place science and progress before all, and I find them more honoured, more loved, more sought after in Germany than in France."

I commenced also to discuss "Germanism" with one of my young friends, introduced by Hetzel during his short stay at the Golfe, and to whom I had quickly become attached, so fond were we of arguing upon our differences of opinion.

Gaston Paris, the son of Paulin Paris, was particularly attractive. Eager for truth, sincere, a seeker, curious, learned, he had lost none of the qualities of youth, poetry, and dreams. But what led one to desire him as a friend and brother was the charm of a surpassing kindness.

Later I knew only Madame Sand, whose devoted friendship was as absolute.

After the death of Gaston Paris a kind hand sent me the letters I had written to him, whom I always called brother, as I have called Jean Reynaud and Arlès-Dufour "father."

The gods have showered upon me the blessings of friendship in every shape—paternal and fraternal. My life has been blessed in affection, and I have rarely suffered the great grief of the loss of friendship. I may have been separated from living friends by opinions and ideas, I have never ceased to love them.

Under my eyes I have one of my letters to Gaston Paris, dated July, 1864. Sainte-Beuve advised him to undertake a complete review of an

edition of Rabelais. Gaston Paris hesitated. I was quite of the opinion of Sainte-Beuve, as I had written to him. We both insisted.

"To measure one's self with such a genius, my dear friend," I told him, "is to enlarge one's self. You are afraid of the old prudish scholars; why? Accept, accept. Intimacy with Rabelais will harden you. Re-read Lucretius, who taught me so much about Rabelais."

Gaston Paris was one of the young men of my generation, whom for a long time I followed hour by hour. Life separated, but never disunited us. I loved him as a friend, and honoured him for the honour he did his country, as no scholar ever carried respect for his own methods of research so far.

In his Histoire poetique de Charlemagne so greatly did he identify himself with his hero that he came to resemble him.

Having studied in the German Universities, he spoke of Germans with admiration—among others of Frédéric Diez, who had been his master in the Romane languages. But if Gaston Paris had a great liking for Germany, in all his discoveries he learned the love of France. It is in the depths of our history that he learned that love; he awoke and enlarged our past. It is only by the studies of Gaston Paris that chivalrous France, the poetry

of the Middle Ages, the literature of old France, have been completely revealed to us in all their truth and beauty. The nobility of his life and his disinterested labours earned him the universal esteem of the world of letters; from his first works all honour was given him throughout his life.

Arlès-Dufour was in Paris. We were all delighted to welcome the " good genius " at our table. He was coming from the International Congress of Geneva for succouring the wounded in times of war. With his illusions he believed we had seen the end of barbarism. His dear friends, the Prussians, had been nothing less than gentle during the war of the Duchies. He groaned when speaking of it, and said that the Kingdom of Prussia, which he " greatly loves," had suffered enormously, and that was why she took so great an interest in the formation of societies to succour the wounded.

Arlès-Dufour was in great grief. The doctors had given up Enfantin. When his master and friend died, my old friend suffered as I suffered at the death of Jean Reynaud. He had all my sympathy, and my own sorrow was awakened at sight of his.

I saw Madame Jean Reynaud, who told me that after Enfantin's death she would collect certain papers left by Jean Reynaud and carry out his

wishes respecting them. These papers she would classify and seal up in a strong box, to be opened at a distant date.

I don't know why I should have imagined that these papers of which she spoke contained more than one Saint-Simonian story, such as that told me with great emotion by Jean Reynaud, relating to Madame Bazard. Madame Jean Reynaud, however, would tell me nothing about them.

Before leaving, Challemel brought me his fine essay on Guillaume de Humboldt, which was much spoken of, and which it was agreed showed our friend's full value at last.

He seemed to have gained what Prévost-Paradol appeared to have lost after his political defeat. The latter could not recover his sarcastic serenity. He had become soured, and we know the reason too well. Hetzel said that his "sourness is no longer shared."

We were at Bruyères, and even my mother was more serene, taking a less gloomy view of life, and let herself be cheered by the light.

I had been quarrelling with my friend Gaston Paris, who wanted me to take an interest in a German-French society.

This is my answer to him of December 2d:

"We shall see many Büchners in your German-

French society, but of Büchner and Germany a little goes a long way. I can see your disgust from here. You groan over my obstinacy and ignorance. Speak to me of the early days of our old Gaul; write your thesis, which I will read to the best of my ability, but let the Germans be German, and you remain French. The spirit of other countries invades our spirit quite sufficiently, and we have no further need to scatter ourselves. I am centripetal French and you are centrifugal."

Eight days later I wrote again:

"You try to bribe me by describing your idea of a Franco-German society as an intimate creation into which you have put your last hopes of seeing the ideal realized. Let us make a bargain. We will agree that you are German as I am French. Renounce your title of Frenchman, and I will call you neither traitor nor renegade. I defend my country with a sharp pen. I prevent an intellectual invasion of 1814. I march armed to my frontier. Beware! my glass will hold your Rhine. Your spirit is the spirit of Germany. Your method and philosophy are her method and philosophy. You prefer the poetry, science, simple literature, and love of tradition that she prefers. Our revolutionary genius alarms you. Your analytic mind is no pioneer. You love our old epopées of the Middle

Ages because Germany loves them, and because they have some affinity with the Niebelungen. Is that the German spelling? What happiness to know only one language! To be an ignoramus one is saved from dreams of abnormal alliances, and of fusions of contrary elements. One does not attempt to compel the people on one side to think and act as their neighbours. One does not cherish a system, a Utopia with assembly-rooms, prospectuses, placards, and a lantern with an inscription: 'This is to light you in a foreign fashion, which is better than your own.'

"Ah, sir! I am ready to drink your Rhine from my glass. I defy you to drink my Seine."

I have reproduced these letters from among those Madame Gaston Paris returned to me after the death of the noblest and most admirable of husbands, because their proper place is at the end of this volume, as they throw a light upon the evolution of my mind, and the patriotic sufferings I was preparing for myself in the events towards which France was advancing.

Like an echo to my intuitive letters to Gaston Paris, I received a visit from Mérimée, who gave me a letter from Bixio to read, adding:

"It is in the same vein as that of Nefftzer."

"Prussia alarms me," writes Bixio to Mérimée.

"She is making formidable preparations. She began by Denmark, and will continue with Austria and ourselves. Cavour himself told me the proposals made to him by Prussia, in event of a common action against Austria."

"Well," I said, "are you not convinced by all these assertions of men of weight on the plans of Prussia? Do you still believe the King of Prussia and Bismarck are friends of France?"

"I believe it because I know it," answered Mérimée.

"Showing me the Redoutable, the Second Squadron of the Mediterranean, in the waters of Golfe Juan," he added, laughingly. "Until Prussia has a navy our vessels will have plenty of sea room. Besides, is not France still and always 'La Grande France?' Why should she fear little Prussia? Is our patriotism less? Has the Imperial rule destroyed the military spirit?"

"Yes, when it will not use the arms it carries to defend our most noble sentiments of heroism. Yes, Imperial rule destroys the military spirit when it gives over our admiration of the classics, which inspired us with beauty in art, to vile mockery; it betrays the spirit of France, delivers it up to scorn, and strikes at the very source of our patriotism. La Belle Hélène after Orphée-aux-Enfers.

This is the spirit of irreverence which will attack, permeate, and vilify everything."

"It is French merriment," replied Mérimée; "and they say that La Belle Hélène is funnier than Orphée-aux-Enfers. Do you really care so much that honour should be given to the gods of Greece?"

"Because I worship them, and because I believe that to attack one religion is to attack all. Your religion is patriotism—the army. It will be made as ridiculous and grotesque as our legendary gods."

"When a nation laughs it does not think of revolutions."

"Unless its laugh is one."

In autumn, when I was bidding farewell to Madame d'Agoult before leaving for Bruyères, she said:

"My dream for you, little Juliette, is that you should have a *salon*—quite small, very select, with the traditions of mine. We will found one on your return. I will send you some instructions on the subject this winter, upon which you will meditate."

I received from Madame d'Agoult the following beautiful page:

"Happiness comes only from abnegation and wisdom. To gather round one a group of men

and some intelligent women, one must present a serene or happy appearance.

"One must simplify one's life, letting no complications appear to the eye, even though life be troubled.

"To keep friends round one it is necessary to create an impersonal and peaceful atmosphere, which gives repose.

"Consult the first members of a *salon* before admitting others, that there may be founders, or some who believe themselves so.

"Avoid the exchange of confidences, which creates too great an intimacy and compels advice which at some time you will be reproached with.

"Be modest without effacing yourself; combine simplicity and elegance. Inspire confidence in the strength of your opinions, that you may appear at once immovable and tolerant.

"The first duty of her who would hold a *salon* is to keep up the interest of those whom she has gathered round her.

"To impress upon them that she is more taken up with them than with herself."

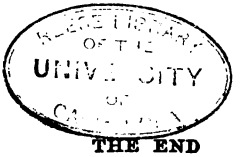
I thanked my dear great friend for her high wisdom, and promised to assimilate it, precept by precept.

She added:

"You need twenty men friends and five women to found a *salon*. You have them. Mine will remain the big winter *salon*, yours will be the little summer *salon*, and thus our intimate set will never be quite dispersed."

Alas! this little *salon* was destined, very soon after its formation, to deprive me of a maternal friendship, the loss of which caused me as much grief as the death of Jean Reynaud.

George Sand's great affection did not console me, because, estranged from Madame d'Agoult, I could no longer cherish the hope of reconciling the two greatest feminine personalities of my day and love them both at once.



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